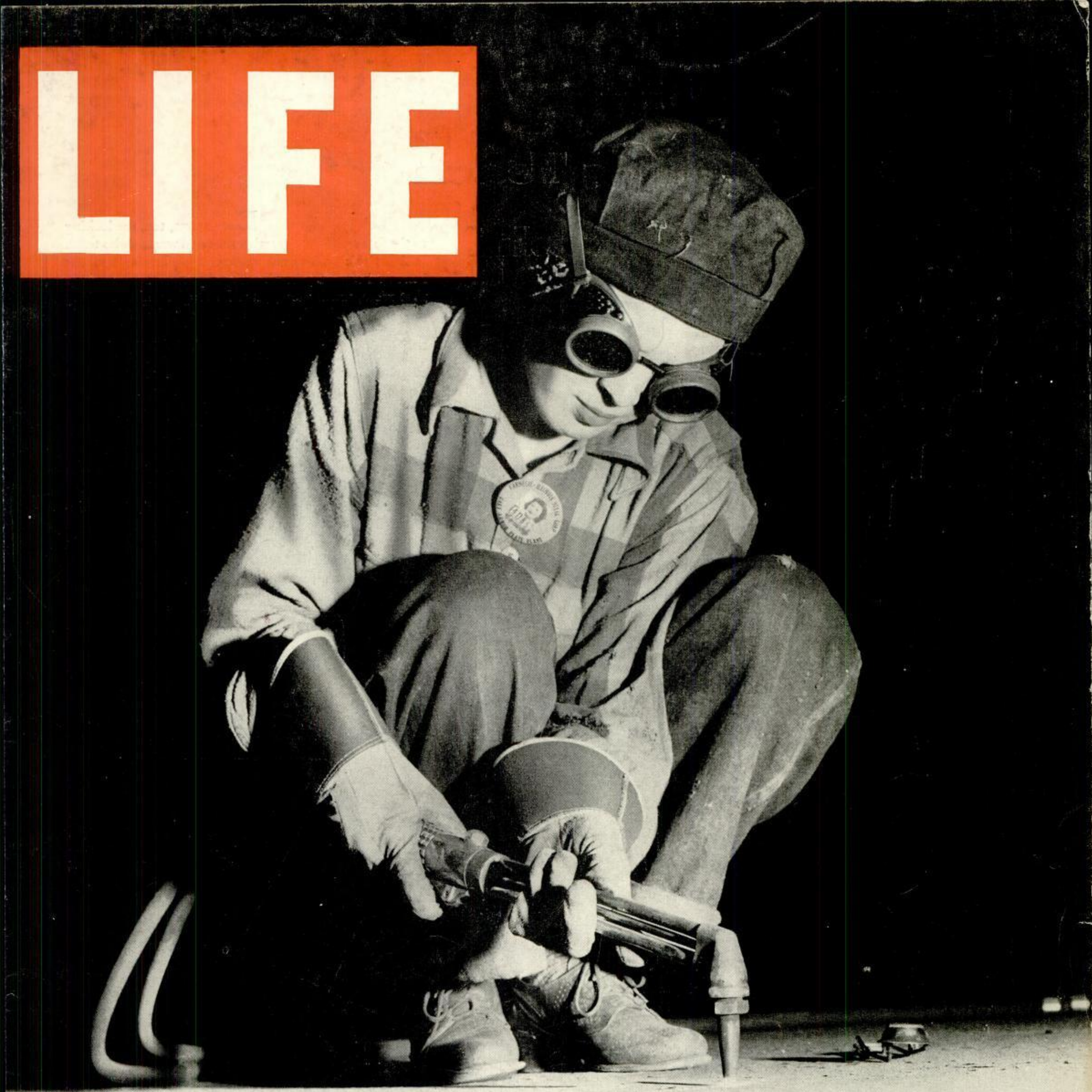
LIFE



STEEL WORKER

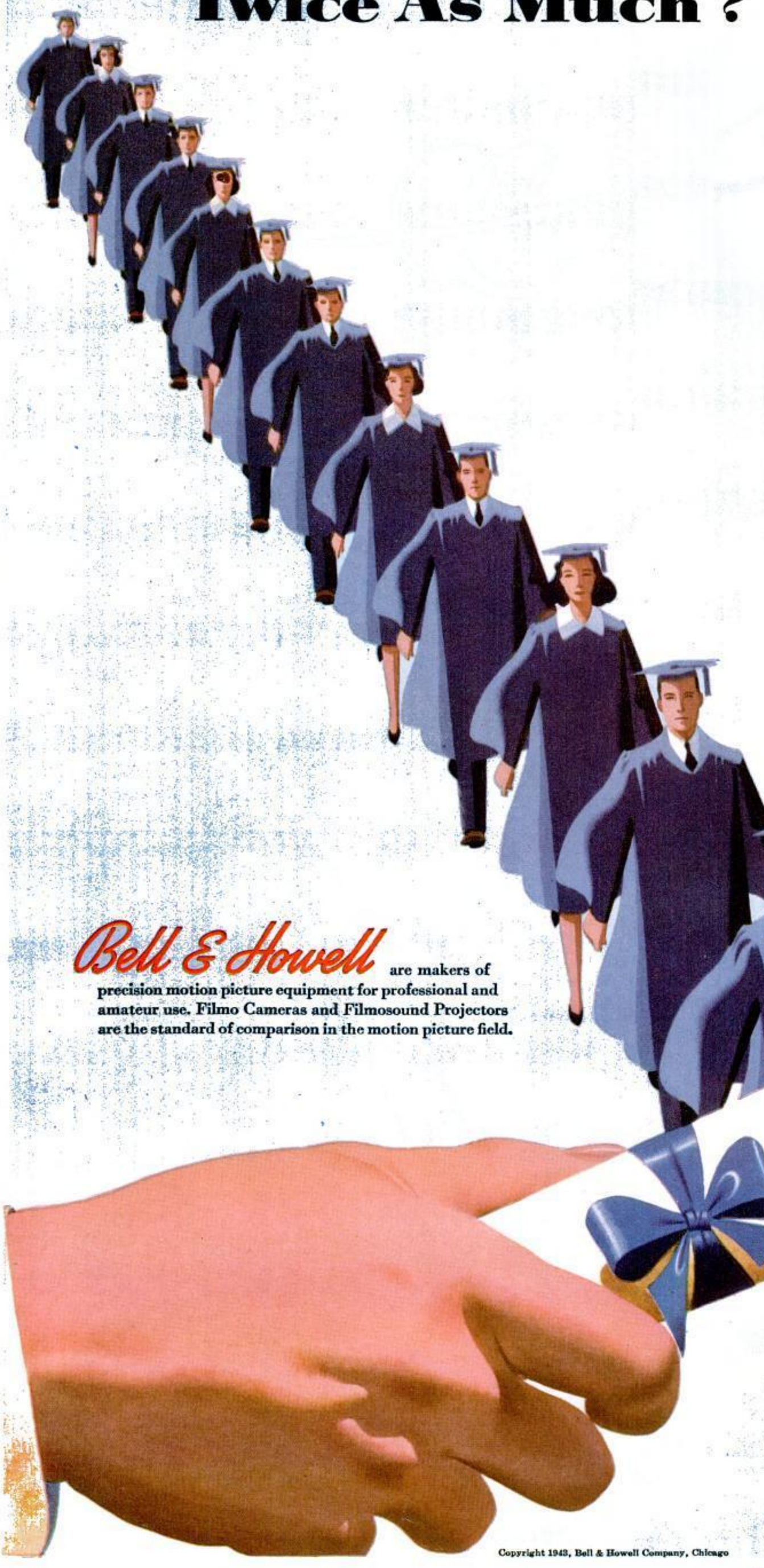
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Can Colleges Teach Twice As Much?



EDUCATORS, too, are looking to the future. The progressive men and women who teach in America's schools and colleges are planning now for increased efficiency in educational processes. They know that more, much more, must be taught without taking additional productive years from the student's life.

Already much has been done. With Bell & Howell Filmosound Projectors in classroom and lecture hall, sound-movies have increased the speed and thoroughness of learning. *Millions* are now being trained in the Army and Navy with Filmosounds. On the screen the lesson *lives* and the *double* impression of sight and sound gives greater understanding.

Filmosound will be an important aid to the educator of tomorrow.

As a pioneer in the field of fine motion picture equipment, Bell & Howell are co-operating with educators in making the slogan, "What you see—you get," come true in the classroom. Bell & Howell Company, Chicago; New York; Hollywood; Washington, D. C.; London. *Est. 1907.*

Opti-onics
BELL & HOWELL

Opti-onics is the combined sciences of Optics and Electronics. Related and simultaneous research and engineering by Bell & Howell in these and the mechanical sciences have brought important advantages to our fighting forces. Opti-onics will bring many new things to American living, after the war.

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Bell & Howell are makers of precision motion picture equipment for professional and amateur use. Filmo Cameras and Filmosound Projectors are the standard of comparison in the motion picture field.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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Horsepower Wins Wars



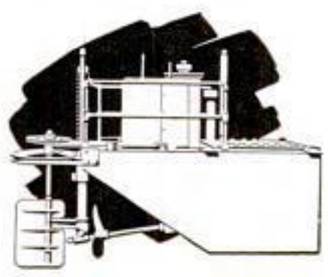
Chrysler marine engines—sturdy, powerful, reliable—are making good where victory and men's lives are the stake.

CHRYSLER FIRE PUMPER

RAPID movement of men, munitions, weapons and supplies is essential to victory in a mechanized war. This is a struggle of horsepower and manpower.

One of the biggest items in the Chrysler Division's great war production program is horsepower—engines, engines and more engines. Chrysler Marine engines in a large variety of war-time uses are enhancing the reputation that they made in civilian service. They are driving commando barges, landing barges, personnel boats, patrol boats, picket boats and many other types of small boats essential to the prosecution of the victorious campaigns of the United Nations. They are guarding our home shores; they are helping to get our fighting men to the far-flung fronts, from the Aleutians to the South Pacific, from the Amazon to the Arctic.

CHRYSLER MARINE TRACTOR



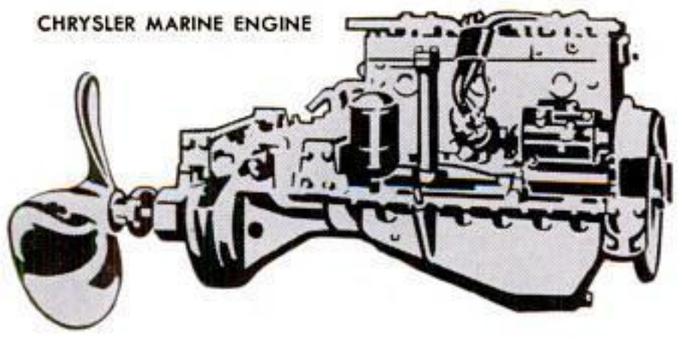
Regardless of the type of work demanded of them, Chrysler marine engines are proving their worth—the natural result of Chrysler's unequalled engineering genius in design and high precision in manufacture. They are taking all kinds of punishment on the seven seas. Their Superfinished bearing surfaces insure long life, smooth performance and the fuel economy that is such an important factor when operating in foreign waters, far from the sources of supply. In a war in which transportation efficiency is a larger and more important factor than ever before in history, they are making good even beyond the Government's exacting requirements.

CHRYSLER SEARCHLIGHT REFLECTOR

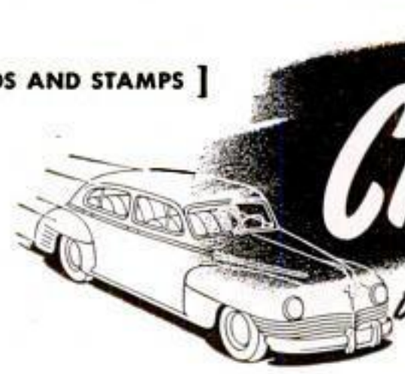


Not only with the marine type but with industrial, automobile and tank engines as well, the Chrysler Division is bringing its tremendous productive capacity to bear on the victory effort.

CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINE



[BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS]



CHRYSLER

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

WAR PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER DIVISION: Industrial Engines . Marine Engines . Marine Tractors
Navy Pontoons . Harbor Tugs . Anti-Aircraft Cannon Parts . Tank Engine Assemblies
Tank Parts . Airplane Wing Panels . Air Raid Sirens . Gun Boxes
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THE NATIONWIDE CHRYSLER DEALER ORGANIZATION OFFERS OWNERS SERVICE FACILITIES TO MEET THEIR WAR-TIME TRANSPORTATION NEEDS

This One
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How to be a "breakfast angel"!





JOHN: *"YOU'RE AN ANGEL, HONEY! A SMART ONE, TOO! IMAGINE FINDING A BRAN AS SWELL TASTING AS THIS* ***NABISCO.*** *IT'S MY FAVORITE CEREAL FROM NOW ON!"*

MARY: *"MINE TOO—THIS* ***NABISCO 100% BRAN*** *IS MADE BY THE FOLKS WHO BAKE RITZ, YOUR FAVORITE CRACKERS. THEY SURE KNOW HOW TO MAKE FOODS TASTE GOOD!"*

MARY: *"AND THAT'S NOT ALL! IT'S SUCH AN EASY WAY TO HELP RELIEVE CONSTIPATION DUE TO INSUFFICIENT BULK!"*



IT'S GENTLE . . . IT'S EFFECTIVE

And no wonder. A special Double-Milling process breaks down the fibers of Nabisco 100% Bran making them smaller, less likely to be irritating. Eat this bran as a flavorful cereal or for an added taste thrill, try it in muffins—a grand recipe appears on the package. Be sure to look for Nabisco 100% Bran in the *yellow and red* package.



This seal means that the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association has accepted this product and approves this advertisement. (If your constipation is not helped in this simple manner, see a competent physician.)

NABISCO

BAKED BY NABISCO • NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

SINBAD

Sirs:

Thanks for giving us Richard Wilcox's delightful report on the dog, Sinbad, in the July 19 issue. I read it aloud to my cocker spaniel. I now realize that it was a mistake. Spotty believed every word of it. As I finished he growled. The next morning I picked him up on Main Street, following a sailor.

SETTIMIA FERRI
Westport, Conn.

GRABLE-JAMES

Sirs:

Thanks for the thrilling pictures of Betty Grable and Harry James.

MRS. ROGENE LYNCH
Wellington, Kan.

Sirs:

Grable's legs were art, but her kiss ain't!

BETTE CARPENTER
ANN STEWART
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sirs:

Here is a picture of a stalwart member of our armed forces planting a much



G. I. TECHNIQUE

better kiss than that of Harry James.

WILLIAM E. AUSTELL, JR.
Warrensburg, Mo.

BLIMP HANGARS

Sirs:

Here is an interesting sidelight, reported by one of our field engineers, on the Navy blimp hangars which you pictured in the July 19 issue. It seems the doors of one of the hangars were left open one afternoon recently and a low-hanging cloud drifted into the huge interior. There the sudden change in temperature caused the moisture in the cloud to condense, bringing on a full-fledged summer shower inside.

J. I. BYRNE
Byrne Doors Inc.
Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

One couldn't help but be impressed by the dramatic series of photographs of the giant wooden blimp hangars in the July 19 issue. More impressive, however, would be the five-alarm fire one of these huge structures might make.

MAXINE DENHAM
Silver Springs, Md.

Sirs:

Your readers might like to know that the Navy blimp hangars are built of wood that will not burn. It is specified that all wood in the hangars be fireproofed by pressure chemical treatment.

P. R. HICKS
Chicago, Ill.

GIRAUD-DE GAULLE

Sirs:

Your editorial (LIFE, July 19) brings new life to me and to France Forever. It is superb and says everything that we have been trying to make Americans listen to and believe since the day General de Gaulle arrived in London and offered himself and the future of France to Mr. Churchill.

MRS. WALTER BREWSTER
President
France Forever
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

The attitude of the U. S. and British Governments toward General de Gaulle results, I believe, from a clear understanding of all phases of a delicate situation.

No one can fail to recognize the great contribution which de Gaulle has made to the future of France in rebuilding the French spirit after the degradation it suffered in 1940. But equal credit must go to the British Government for its forward thinking and assistance to this new movement.

The present withdrawal of this support reflects the realization by our leaders that de Gaulle's place in French affairs should be undergoing a change. The French Army should act as a military body rather than as a political one, and this would have been possible were it not for the extreme position taken by the de Gaullists. General Giraud has recognized this fact and has made no attempt to build a political following.

The U.S. and British Governments, recognizing the sacred trust which the Committee for National Liberation holds for the people of France, are therefore endeavoring to prevent the betrayal of this trust by the personal aspirations of any one individual.

FRANCIS C. LAWRANCE
Westfield, N. J.

GIRL PILOTS

Sirs:

Shirley Slade, the pretty girl pilot on the cover of the July 19 LIFE, is also the wife of A/C Wilson K. Thomas in training at Omaha, Neb. She is going to



CHECKUP

beat husband "Will" to a pair of wings by about six months. The enclosed picture shows Cadet Thomas checking up on Shirley's progress as reported in LIFE's essay on girl pilots.

E. L. BANKER
Omaha, Neb.

Sirs:

Your July 19 issue with its excellent article, "Girl Pilots", came just in time to add insult to injury. In the same mail arrived a letter from the Fort Worth headquarters of the W.F.T.D. rejecting me from the training because I fail to meet the minimum height requirement, 62½ inches. I measure 62¼ inches. I'm rejected for one measly, insignificant ¼ inch. Can LIFE readers tell me how to gain that ¼ inch?

JEAN WHITE
Sioux City, Iowa

Sirs:

Have just finished reading your article on women flying for the Army. It is very nice that our women can do such things when the need arises but there are plenty of men that are perfectly willing and able to do the work. Why don't they give the "washed-out" cadets a chance? There are thousands of these boys who, although they might not be good combat pilots, could perfectly well take over the job of ferrying planes.

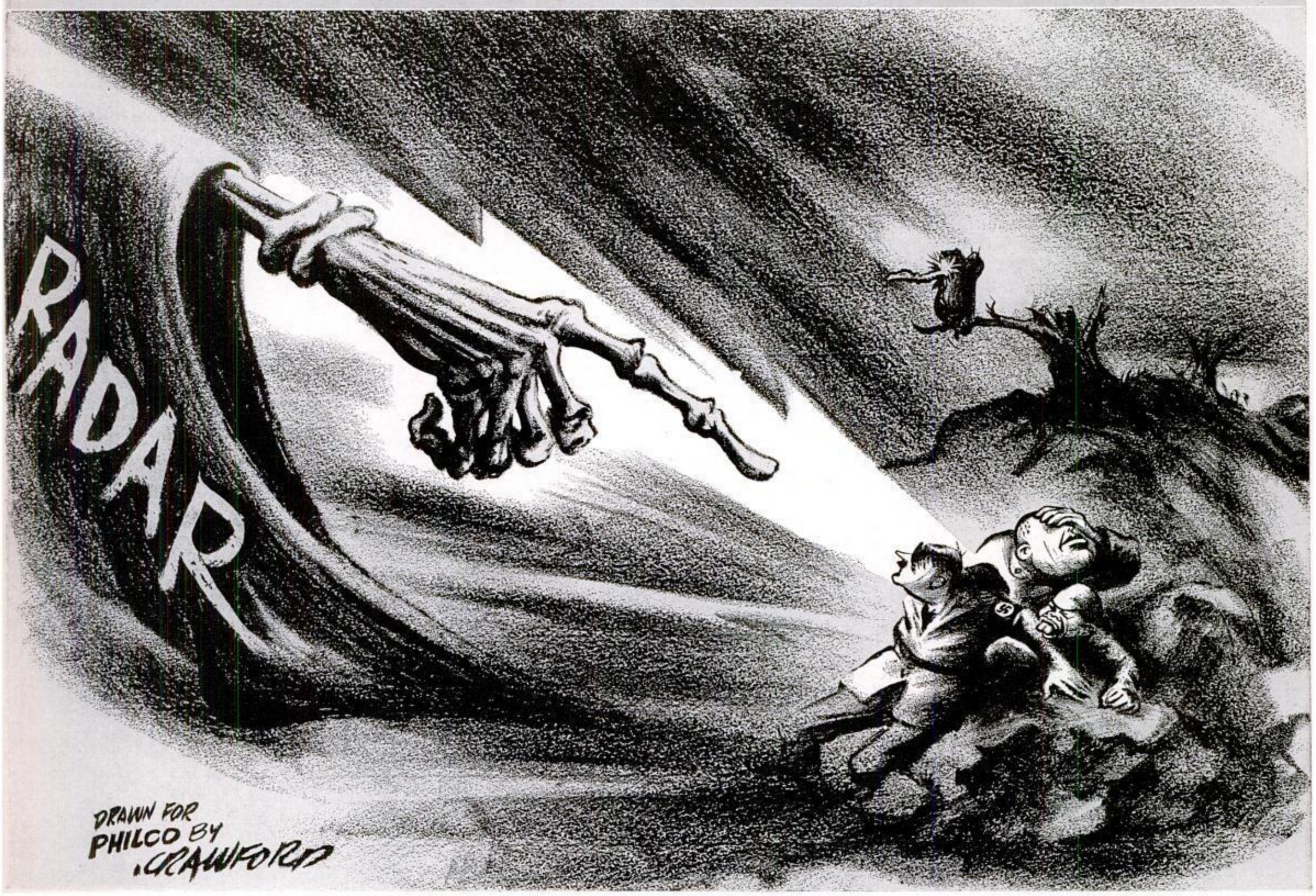
PVT. JAMES D. McGILVRAY
Bakersfield, Calif.

(continued on p. 4)

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There's No Escape!



Copyright 1943—Philco Corporation

W. H. Crawford makes this contribution to the series being drawn for Philco by America's leading editorial cartoonists depicting the significance of America's productive might. While available, a full size reproduction of the original drawing will be sent, free, on request to Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask for Cartoon No. 61D.

RADAR, the fabulous radio device that *"sees through"* fog, clouds and darkness, that searches out enemy targets and warns against the approach of hostile forces, has given us a thrilling story of American ingenuity. Long before Hitler launched his war of nerves with ominous threats of secret weapons, the scientific branches of our Army, Navy and government were quietly developing this miracle of radio.

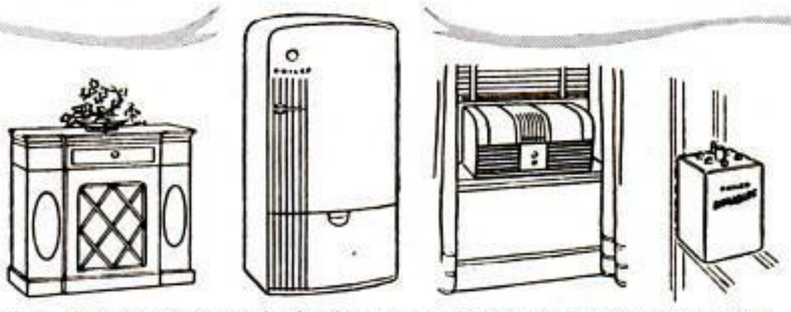
The time came when the radio industry of America was called upon to produce Radar quickly and in decisive quantities to turn the tide of Axis conquest. That's when Philco, with the facilities of the world's largest radio manufacturer and with vast research experience in the field of ultra-high frequency radio waves, was able to render its vital service to our fighting forces.

Today, Radar is one of Philco's most important war production activities. Tomorrow, the scientific progress achieved in the Philco laboratories will appear as peacetime miracles of radio, television, refrigeration, air conditioning and electronics for the homes and industries of America—under the famous Philco name.

PHILCO CORPORATION

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Hasten Victory . . Build for tomorrow . . Invest a part of your income in War Bonds.



Philco distributors and dealers are doing their utmost under wartime conditions to service your Philco Radio, Phonograph, Refrigerator, Air Conditioner, or Industrial Storage Battery.

LISTEN TO
"OUR SECRET WEAPON"

Hear Rex Stout expose Axis lies and propaganda. Every Friday evening, CBS stations.

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Short Cuts to Social Success

by BOB HOPE



1. There are a dozen ways to be a social success ... looks, clothes, money, brains, money, personality, family, money, youth, beauty, and your own checking account. Me, I became a social success by putting on a big front . . . well, I didn't exactly put it on . . . I took my girdle off.



2. First, dress carefully to make the best impression. I never wear anything beyond ten days—I tire of things quickly, also that's when the free trial offer is up. Of course, if you really want to have something after ten days' trial, try Pepsodent. You'll have a bright smile that nobody can take away from you.



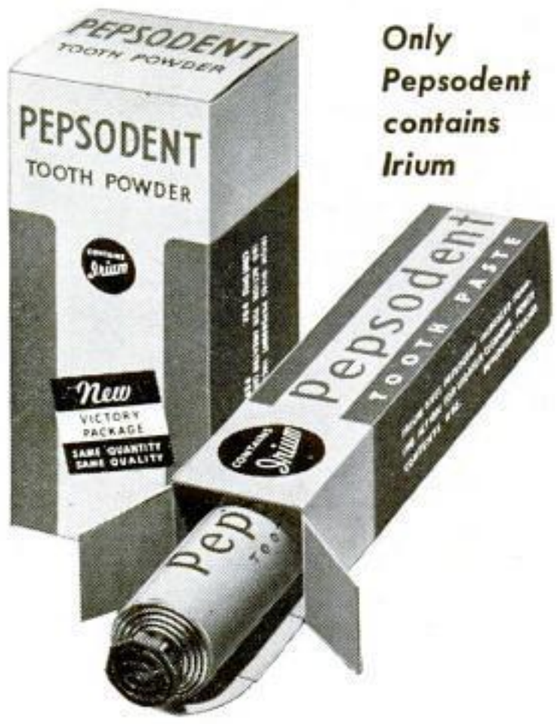
3. Next, always be friendly. Unless you're leaving town anyway, never greet a stranger by saying, "Well, what d'ya hear from your Draft Board?" Instead, give him something pleasant to think about, like..."Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium. It's the special film-removing tooth paste."



4. Learn to dance. I know what it is to be a wallflower. In fact, I once sat in a corner so long I had clinging ivy growing up both legs. Clinging ivy is bad enough. But film clinging to teeth is worse. It dulls your teeth and dims your smile. But Pepsodent with Irium sure gets rid of film in a hurry.



5. Above all, watch your manners. For example...when you drink tea, extend your finger. This is not only polite, but in case anybody tries to steal your sugar, you can poke 'em in the eye. Otherwise, never point . . . unless it's to show how Pepsodent, the film-removing tooth paste, keeps teeth bright.



Only Pepsodent contains Irium

How PEPSODENT with IRIUM uncovers brighter teeth



Film on teeth collects stains, makes teeth look dingy—hides the true brightness of your smile.



This film-coated mirror shows the result when commonplace methods don't clean film away.



But look what Irium does! It loosens film—floats it away, leaves the surface clean and bright.



That's how Pepsodent with Irium uncovers the natural brightness of your smile . . . safely.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

SOYBEANS

Sirs:

Your article on soybeans in the July 19 issue came just in the nick of time. I was wondering what on earth I could do with the nine 50-ft. rows of soybeans now in full bloom in my victory garden. Now I know how to prepare them, and with only a few more hours of work, my family of five will eat this year!

HELEN F. FOX

East Hartford, Conn.

Sirs:

Shame on you for suggesting to us in the State of Massachusetts that we break the law of the Commonwealth by using milk bottles for sprouting soybeans.

H. J. PHILLIPS

Weymouth, Mass.

Sirs:

It was unwise to suggest the sprouting of soybeans in milk bottles.

California makes such use of a milk bottle an offense carrying from $25 to $500 fine.

N. R. BARNES

San Diego, Calif.

● LIFE must depend on its readers to judge the law for themselves.—ED.

PRESTON'S MALARIA

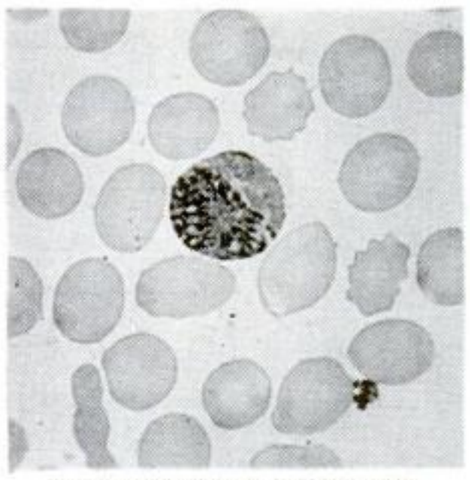
Sirs:

Usually accurate in medical terminology, LIFE skipped a cog in reporting that Photographer Preston's malaria was due to a bacillus. ("War World Without War," July 19). Malarial parasites are not bacteria or plants as the term "bacillus" indicates. The disease is caused by the plasmodium, of the phylum Protozoa, which means that this organism is one of the lowest forms of the animal kingdom, rather than plant life.

With malaria becoming the world's most important medical headache, it is essential that the causative organism be clearly and accurately called by name.

H. F. MEYER, M.D.

Chicago, Ill.



PLASMODIUM IN BLOOD



GROUP OF TYPHOID BACILLI

● Dr. Meyer is correct. Above are pictures of a malaria plasmodium inside a red blood corpuscle (*first picture*) and a typical bacillus—that of typhus—for comparison.—ED.

(continued on p. 6)

TELL ME ANOTHER SAYS **Kleenex** AND WIN A $25 WAR BOND

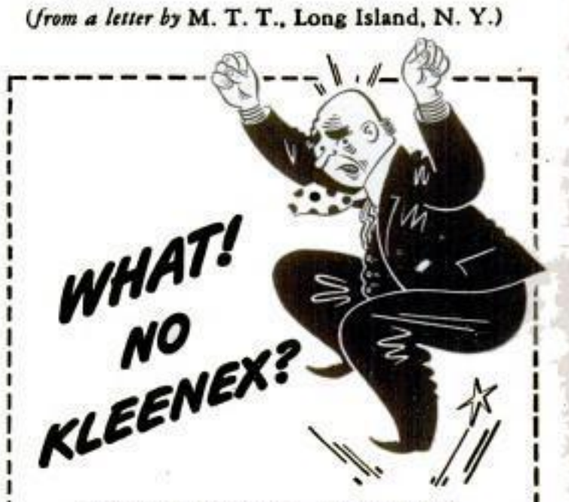
for each statement we publish on why you like Kleenex* Tissues better than any other brand. Address: Kleenex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



I'm no fisherman!

Why fish for tissues so hard to get out of ordinary boxes? With **KLEENEX*** it's pull a tissue and up pops another, ready for use!

(from a letter by M. T. T., Long Island, N. Y.)



IF YOUR DEALER IS OUT OF ***KLEENEX***, PLEASE BE PATIENT —HE'LL HAVE SOME SHORTLY. QUANTITY IS SOMEWHAT CURTAILED, BUT WE ARE DETERMINED, REGARDLESS OF WHAT OTHERS DO, TO MAINTAIN ***KLEENEX QUALITY*** IN EVERY PARTICULAR!



VITTLES FOR VICTORY

No more stained dish towels at canning time since I wipe the top of each filled jar with clean, absorbent **KLEENEX!**

(from a letter by C. F. C., Prineville, Ore.)



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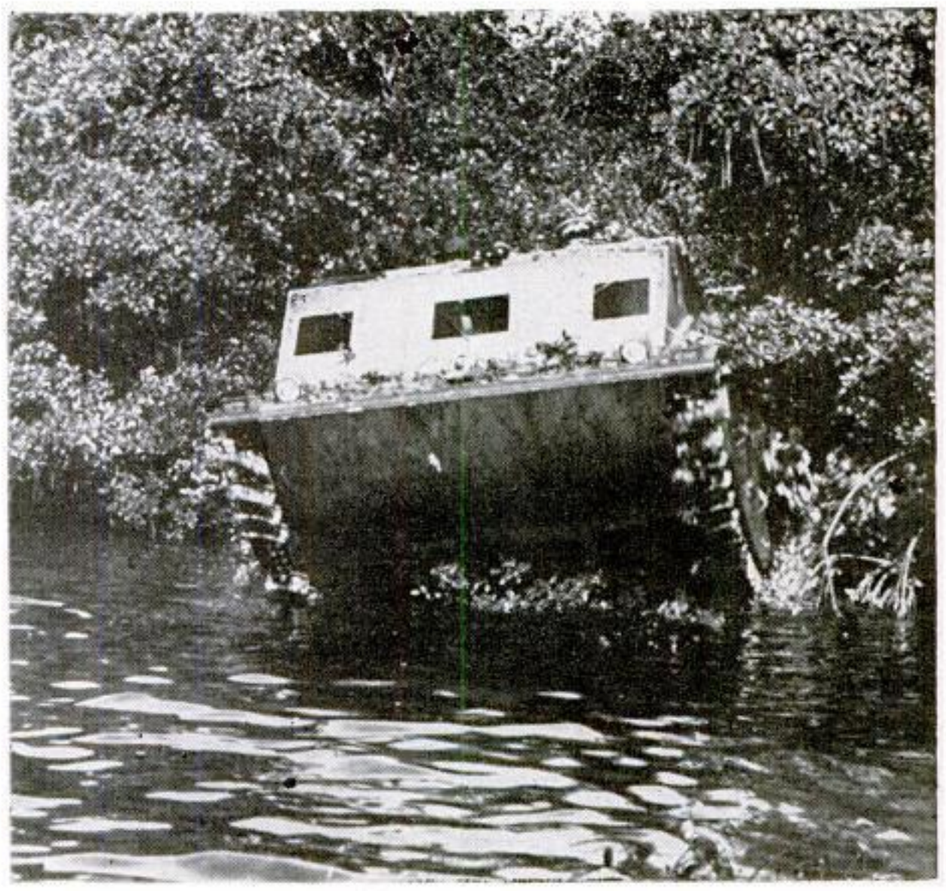
In war or peace

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

Photo courtesy White Motor Co.









A million pounds of rubber products every day—and 7 "E" awards

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

IN THE picture in the lower corner are little rings of synthetic rubber being inspected under a powerful glass. Some rings like these are large and some are so small you could hardly put the point of a pencil through them, several thousand weighing only a few pounds. Yet all are necessary hydraulic seals in war planes.

From these up to rubber pontons so big they can support bridges, there are more than a thousand distinct types of rubber war products—and for speed in producing them plus other accomplishments, men and women at seven B. F. Goodrich plants have received the Army-Navy "E" award. The output of these plants has averaged far beyond a million pounds a day of finished rubber war products, plus big tonnages of war goods not even made of rubber.

Some of the products made in these plants are original B. F. Goodrich developments—such as rubber springs for the "centipedes that swim," tanks that can travel on land or water (photo, upper right); "square tires," the endless band tracks for the army's half-track vehicles (upper left); airplane De-Icers (lower right); also V-belts for powder and chemical plants, made of rubber that can conduct electricity, thus preventing sparks that might blow up the whole place; rubber bearings for ships; Koroseal insulation for battleship cable—and other things we don't even have space enough to mention. In some cases the "developments" are improvements in familiar products or faster manufacturing methods.

The Army-Navy "E" is awarded for excellence in the production of war materials. It has been awarded at B. F. Goodrich plants in California, Kentucky, Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, Tennessee and Texas. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, O.*

B.F. Goodrich

RUBBER *and* **SYNTHETIC** *products*



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"Pfthgobg!" says Mary...

Here's what Mary Ellen Gardner means, when she gives an interview:

"Just say I owe my success to Johnson's Baby Powder and Johnson's Baby Oil! *They're* why ladies in funny hats stop on the street and gurgle over my luscious skin!

"Ever since I was a *little* girl, mother's been smoothing me with Johnson's Baby Oil. I don't mean every *minute*—matter of fact, lots of times she gives me cool sprinkles with Johnson's Baby *Powder*.

"Me—I love 'em both!"



"Now *I'll* tell it!" says Mary's mother, who's a nurse...

Mary's mother is Mrs. R. H. Gardner Jr., of Port Washington, L. I., a trained nurse. Mrs. Gardner says:

"Everybody in the medical profession knows the name Johnson & Johnson. That's why I chose their Baby Oil and Baby Powder.

"When Mary's skin or scalp needs an *oil lubricant*, I fix her up with Johnson's Baby Oil. It's a pure mineral oil with lanolin... grand for baby skin.

"And when it's a case for a *dry lubricant*, I use Johnson's Baby Powder. It's soft and pure and cooling—wonderful for chasing away little chafes and prickles."



That's why nurses use

← Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder →

on their own babies



Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

STRENGTH OF SAP

Sirs:

Your statement in the Letters Column, LIFE, July 19, that the tensile strength of sap and water is greater than steel wire is fantastically inaccurate.

There is no liquid that has any tensile strength whatsoever.

ARTHUR T. MURRAY
Springfield, Mass.

Sirs:

Very few scientists or engineers realize that liquids can show tensile strength. The tensile strength of tree sap, which contains dissolved air, is at least 3,042 pounds per square inch (measured by Dixon in *Proceedings of the Royal Edinburgh Society*, Volume 14NS, page 229, 1914).

You are to be congratulated on your presentation of an unusual scientific fact.

ROBERT B. DEAN
Stanford University, Calif.

MRS. ARTHUR DEHN

Sirs:

I thought you might like to know that Mrs. Arthur Dehn, whose golden wedding anniversary you pictured in the July 19 issue, passed away peacefully on Tuesday, July 6, at St. Lucas Hospital in Faribault, Minn. She was 71 years old. Mrs. Dehn was buried at the German Lake cemetery on Friday, July 9, just a week before the pictures of her anniversary appeared in LIFE. I am sorry she never saw them.

ROBERT WHITE
Le Center, Minn.

CORN

Sirs:

Your article entitled "Corn" (LIFE, July 19) has come to the attention of the McLean County Farm Bureau, where it has caused much unfavorable comment. Here in McLean County there are a considerable number of livestock producers and feeders who operate on a large scale and, consequently, to assure a sufficient supply of feed must of necessity have some stocks of corn on hand.

Mr. Hubert, to whom you refer in some of the pictures, has employed a method of economical feeding in which he figures about 6½ bushels of corn per 100 pounds of pork, whereas you quote 10 bushels in your article. We believe that you will agree that with this efficiency in production Mr. Hubert has not wasted corn in his operations.

You could more fairly have presented the corn situation had you conducted a survey of corn stocks which are being held by strictly grain farmers who sell cash corn, and not singled out one of the largest feeders who has only sufficient corn for feeding needs. There is, of course, some corn being held in this area, but frankly we believe that it is only a very small proportion of the 16,500,000 bushels of corn which McLean County produced last year.

BYRON D. KLINE
President
McLean County Farm Bureau
Bloomington, Ill.

Sirs:

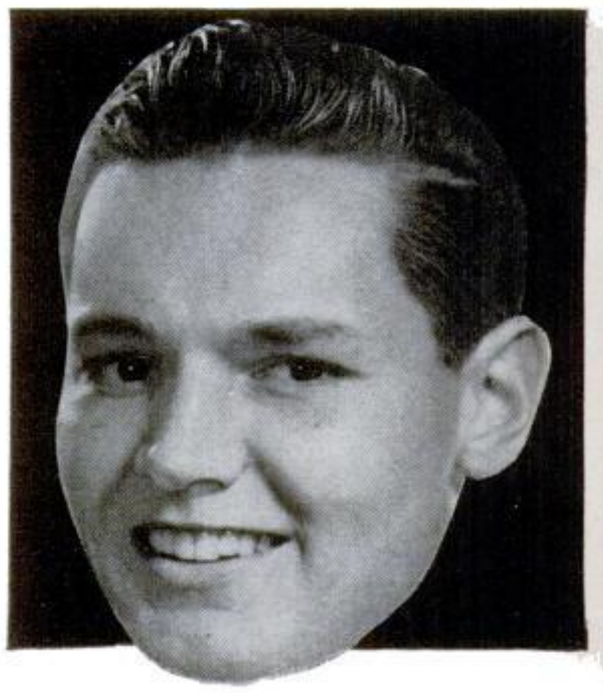
This year the farmer is faced with reduced corn-crop prospects because of floods, in face of the fact that he has increased demands from larger herds of hogs, cattle, sheep and flocks of chickens. In past years it has been considered good management to hold corn until the new crop returns were assured. Just as soon as this year's crop is a certainty, you will see old corn move out of hiding.

LAWRENCE M. GABEL
Oskaloosa, Kan.

● LIFE's over-all facts and figures on corn hoarding came from the War Food Administration and the Department of Agriculture.—ED.



Pro-phy-lac-tic NYLON Tooth Brush



ELIMINATE

unpleasant scalp itching, unsightly flecks of loose

DANDRUFF

Keep your hair well-groomed by massaging every day with

JERIS

for Loose Dandruff

At All Drug Stores and Barber Shops

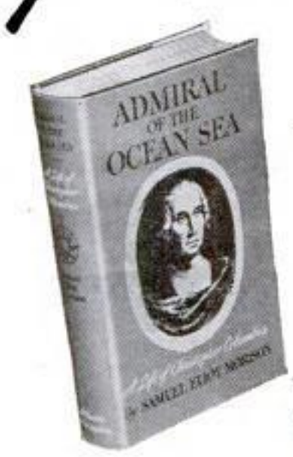
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ALL BOOK·OF·THE·MONTH CLUB SELECTIONS

Why keep on missing important books like these?



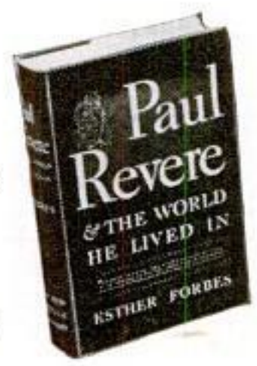
WESTERN STAR
BY STEPHEN VINCENT BENET
and
U. S. FOREIGN POLICY
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(double selection)
COMBINED PRICE TO MEMBERS
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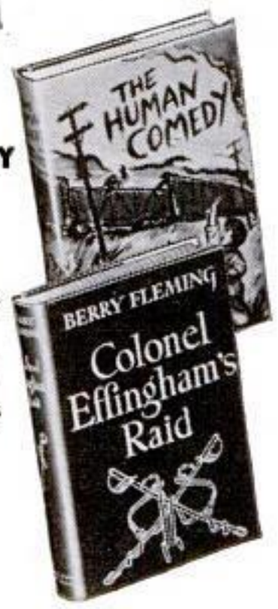
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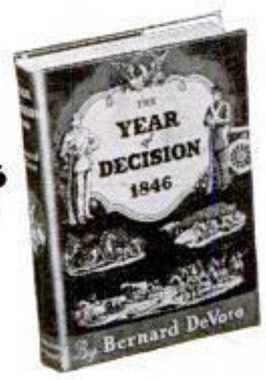
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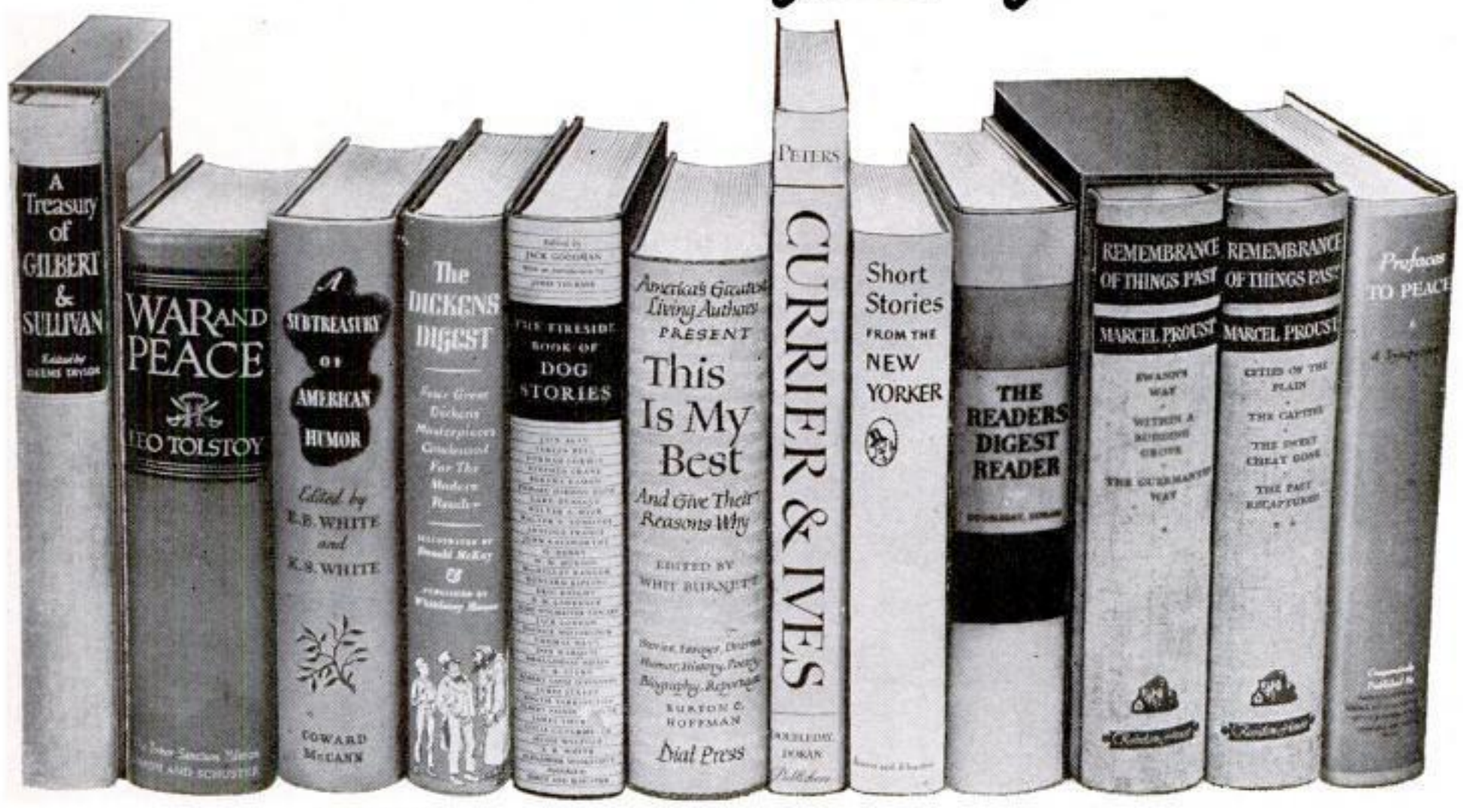
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SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . HOLLYWOOD GIRLS ARE ALL THINGS TO SERVICEMEN



Wounded sailors in a naval hospital chose Leslie Brooks as "The Girl We Would Like Most to Have Pneumonia With."



Starlet Barbara Hale was selected by a unit of Army paratroopers as "The Girl We'd Like Most to Bail Out With."



U. S. submarine crew selected RKO's limpid-eyed Anne Shirley "The Girl We'd Like Most to Share a Crash Dive With."



Gene Tierney was chosen by marines stationed on Guadalcanal "The Girl We'd Like to Guard on a Lonely Pacific Isle."



Bombardiers at Mather Field chose Maxine Barrat "The Girl Whose Hair We'd Like Most to Have in Our Bombsight."



Joan Leslie has been the chosen favorite of an even 100 service groups. The fanciest title given her is "All-Out Girl."



Even dignified Greer Garson has been chosen "Girl We'd Like to Lead a Victory Parade through the Streets of Tokyo."



Paulette Goddard, like Anne Shirley (*top right*), was picked by submarine crew "The Girl We'd Like to Submerge With."



Royal Air Force unit in England chose Paramount's Veronica Lake as "The Girl We'd Like Most to Make Our Objective."

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Recently a group of soldiers at an Army camp in Texas chose Dorothy Lamour as "The Girl I'd Like Most to Be in the Back Seat of a Car With, Lost, Out of Gas and with My Ration Book at Home." With this title, a small section of the phenomenon known as Hollywood at War reached its absolute zenith. Servicemen (assisted by squads of civilian press agents) have been given to choosing Hollywood actresses as their favorites, but titles such as these are a high-powered new development. Examples shown here are typical. Many have the distinctive character of the men who confer them. A paratroopers' unit chose Hedy Lamarr "The Girl We'd Like Most to Jump in a Double Parachute Harness With." Submariners say that they would like to submerge with Anne Shirley or Paulette Goddard.



Janet Blair was given title of "Girl We'd Like to Take on a Night Bombing Mission" by Big Spring, Texas, bombardiers.



Olivia De Havilland was chosen "Dinghy Girl" by *Bombs Away*, an Army Air Forces weekly printed in North Africa.



Champ Pin-Up Girl Betty Grable is "Girl We'd Like to Fly With in Plane with an Automatic Pilot" to Ferry Command.



Soldiers in Caribbean Army outpost, dispensing with cumbersome props, named Jinx Falkenburg "Girl We'd Rather."



Marguerite Chapman, by coincidence in *Appointment in Berlin*, is "Girl We'd Like to Keep Appointment in Berlin With."



Ordnance unit at Santa Anita, Calif. picked Anne Gwynne as girl they would like most to take out to a chicken dinner.



An Army unit in North Africa selected Betty Hutton as "The Girl We Would Like Most to Spend a Howling Furlough With."

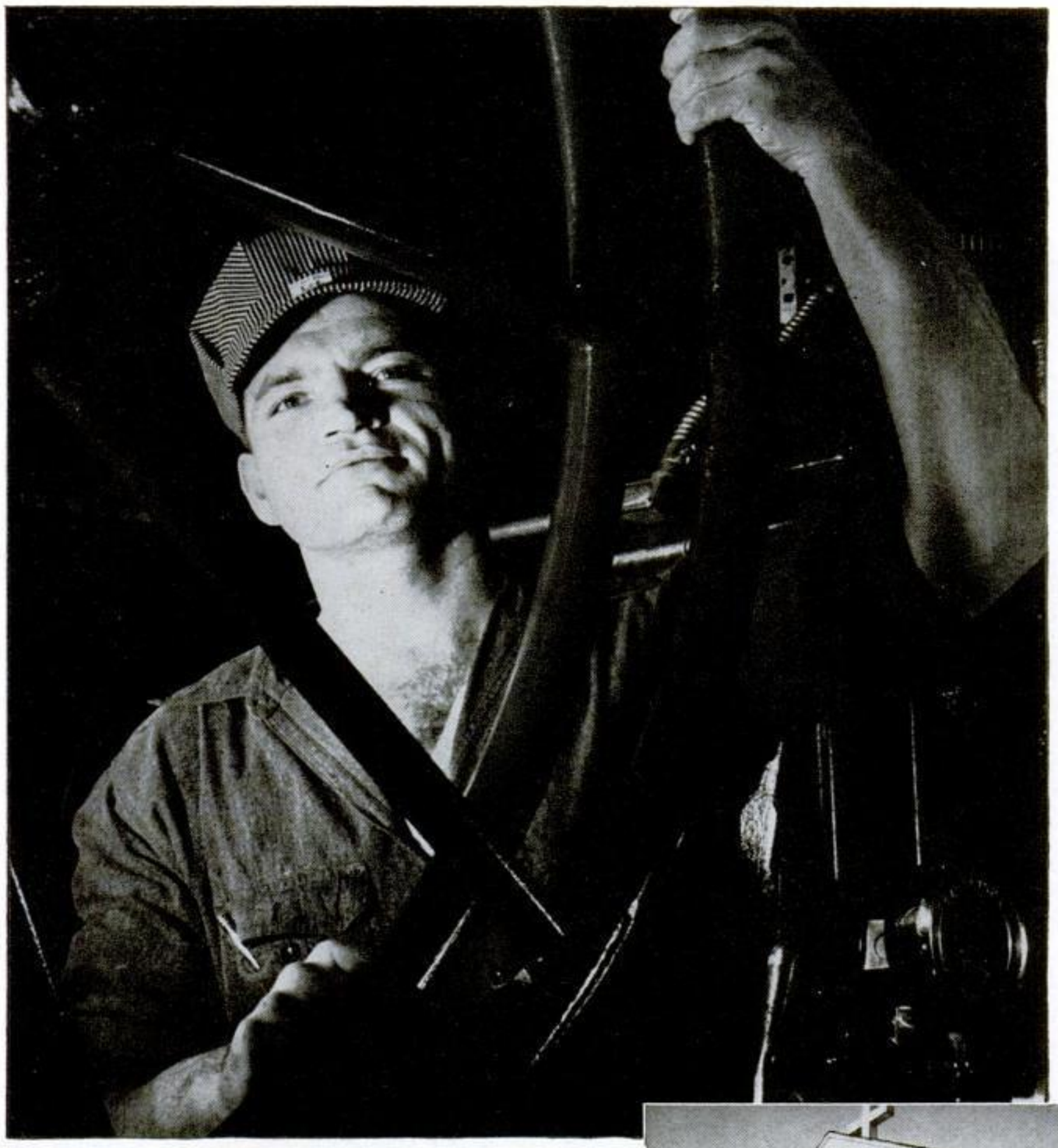


Army post in Alaskan area chose Dancing Star Marjorie Reynolds as 'Girl We Would Like Most to Have Warm an Igloo."



At risk of life and limb, Dolores Moran was chosen "Target for Tonight" by bombardiers at the Deming, N. Mex. airfield.

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George works on the two-high tandem roll, finishing brass. The work he's doing is his family's best insurance that they and all of us can go on having everything to look forward to.

★

George Hann started work at the Dallas Division of Revere in 1936. Since then he has been promoted again and again. Finally he became a roller, turning out light gauge metal. When Revere was converted to war work, he was one of a selected group chosen for the personnel of the new Ordnance Plant, where his skill is highly useful in producing brass for ammunition to smash the Axis. George Hann is typical of that army of Revere workers, young and old, who are fighting the battle of production to bring Victory sooner. He, like every one connected with Revere, feels a personal responsibility toward the war effort. Like all of us, he is eager to do his share toward preserving the American way of life, and a time-honored American tradition—Freedom of Enterprise.

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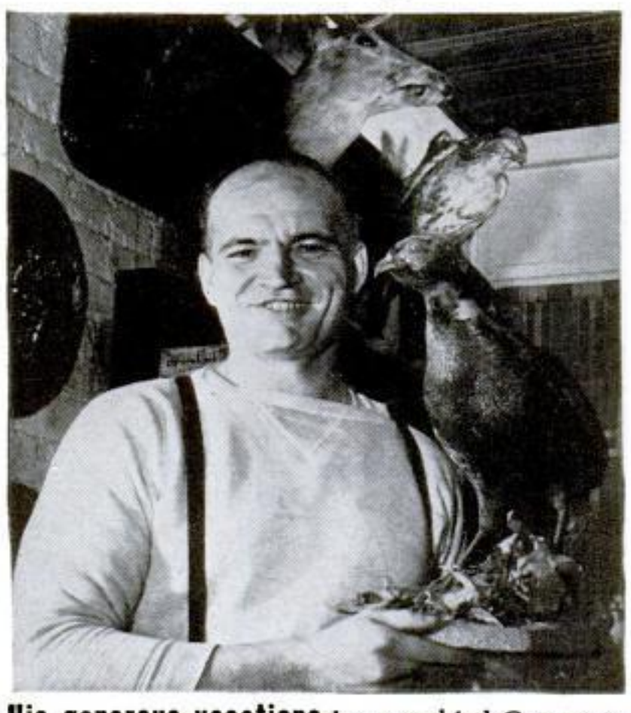
George Hann



Freedom of Religion has real meaning for the Hann family. They all go to church. Freedom to worship openly, whatever their faith, is one of the reasons George is glad they live in America.



The Aleutians, thousands of miles away, seem just next door to George Hann. His awareness of the indispensable part copper and brass play in the complicated organization of modern warfare, keeps him working at top efficiency.



His generous vacations have enabled George to devote time to his hobbies, hunting and fishing. He does both on his brother-in-law's farm at Savannah. He is a skilled amateur taxidermist.



Mrs. Hann cooks for the family, bakes, puts up her own vegetables. She gets maximum use out of her modern, well-equipped kitchen, with her Revere copper-clad stainless steel Kitchen Ware. It saves her time, fuel and energy, because it cooks food quickly and evenly over low heat.

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SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



Rita Corday is "Girl We'd Like to Have on the Beach of Our Next Pacific Isle."



Tank outfit picked Maureen O'Hara "Girl to Ride With on a Bumpy African Road."



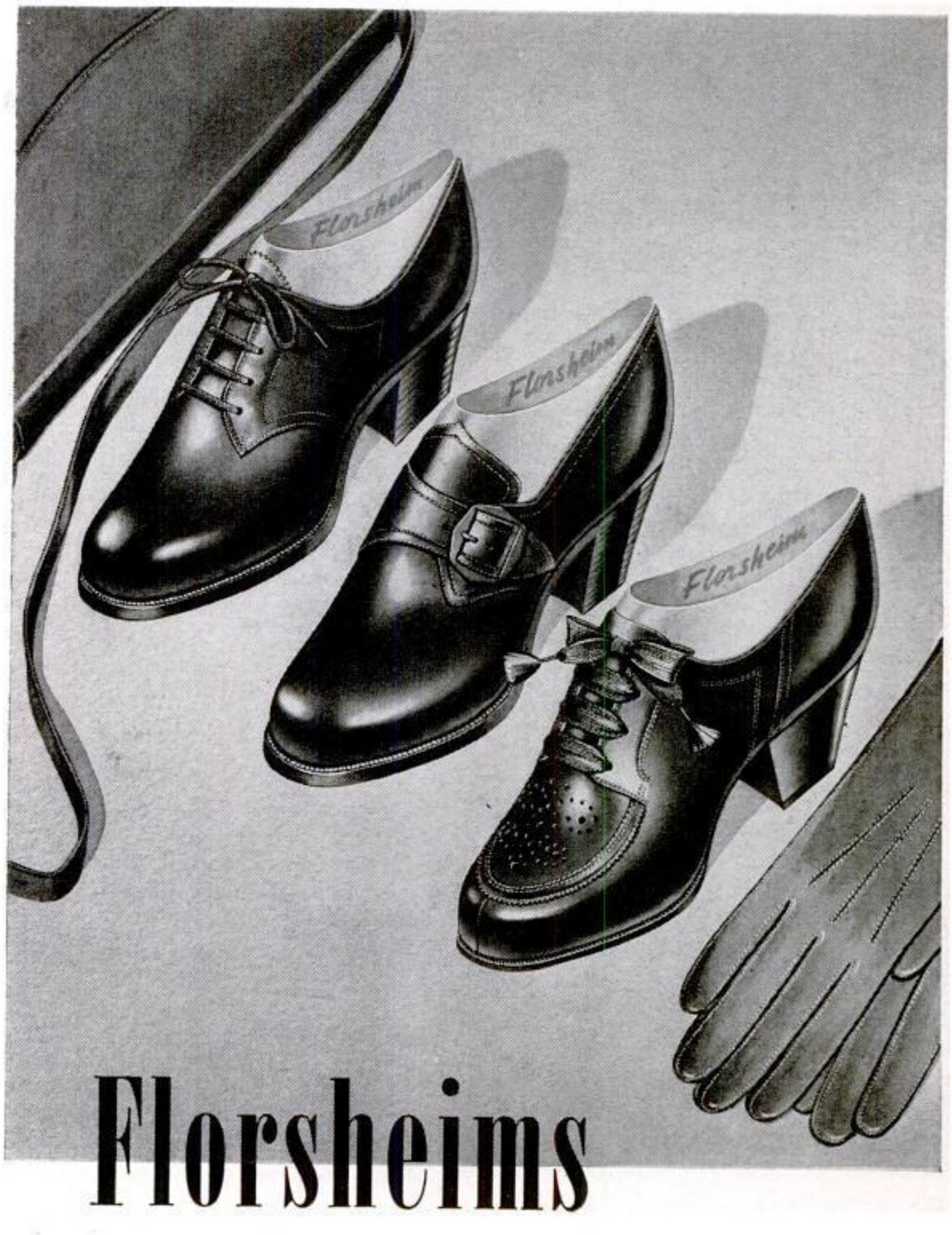
Evelyn Ankers is "Girl We Would Like to See in Camp" to Camp Kohler, Calif.



Army fliers wanted Rita Hayworth for "Girl We'd Like to Be Cast Adrift With."



Infantry battalion chose Starlet Margaret Landry as "Girl We'd Like to Keep Our Foxholes Tidy." When possible, the girls make personal appearances before admirers.



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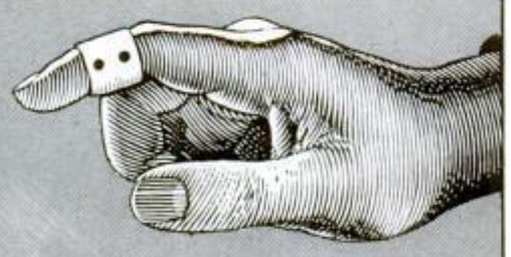
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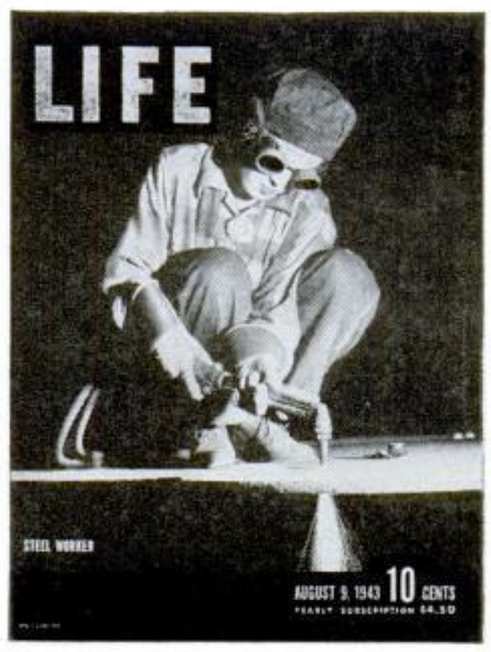
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LIFE'S COVER: Ann Zarik has been employed in Carnegie-Illinois Steel Works at Gary, Ind. for five months. She is a flame burner, and her job is to cut out pieces of armor plate for ballistics tests. Her father is a millwright at the Gary Works, and her sweetheart is in the Air Corps stationed in North Africa. For a story on women steel workers, see pages 74–81.

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CONTENTS

THE WEEK'S EVENTS

Italy 15
Editorial 28
Strange Case of John Durfee 31

ARTICLE

Adventure in Sicily, by Jack Belden 82

CLOSE-UP

"Flip Corkin", by John Bainbridge 42

PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY

Women in Steel 74

AGRICULTURE

The Speed of Growing Corn 32

ARMY

Negro Division 37
Col. Lovelace's Record Parachute Jump 69

POSTWAR LIVING

Kitchens of Tomorrow 53

THEATER

"The Army Play by Play" 60

MOVIES

Lucille Ball in Technicolor 65

MEDICINE

Curare 90

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

Letters to the Editors 2
Speaking of Pictures: Servicemen Pick Hollywood Favorites 8
LIFE Visits Chicago Servicemen's Country Club 94
Pictures to the Editors 98

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LIFE'S PICTURES

When Margaret Bourke-White started photographing steel mills back in 1928 it was unprecedented for a woman even to enter a foundry. The pictures on pages 74-81 are a far cry from Miss Bourke-White's last LIFE assignment, the air battle over North Africa (LIFE, March 1.) However this documentation of U. S. women steel workers has an interesting parallel in her pictures of Soviet women laborers (LIFE, Sept. 1, 1941).

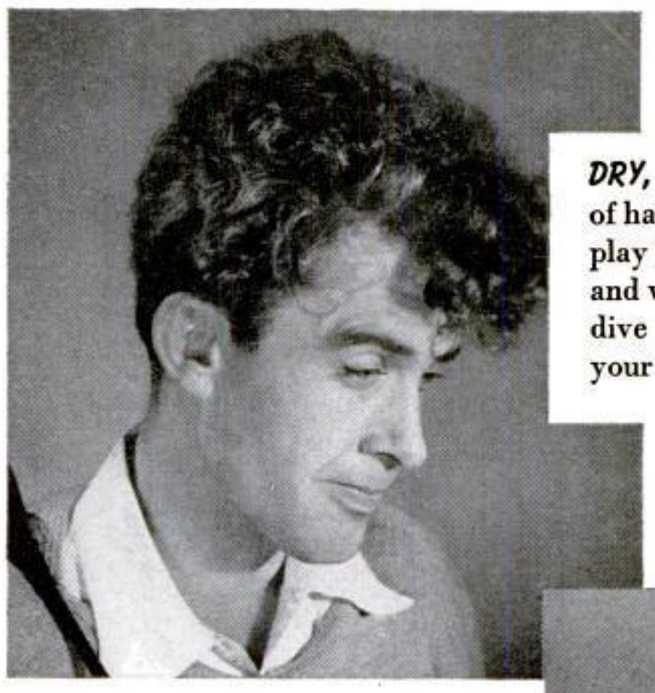
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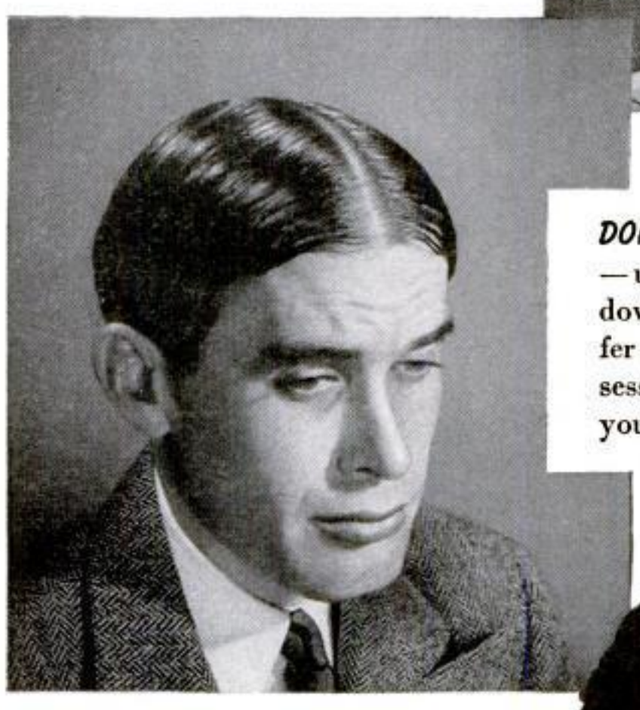
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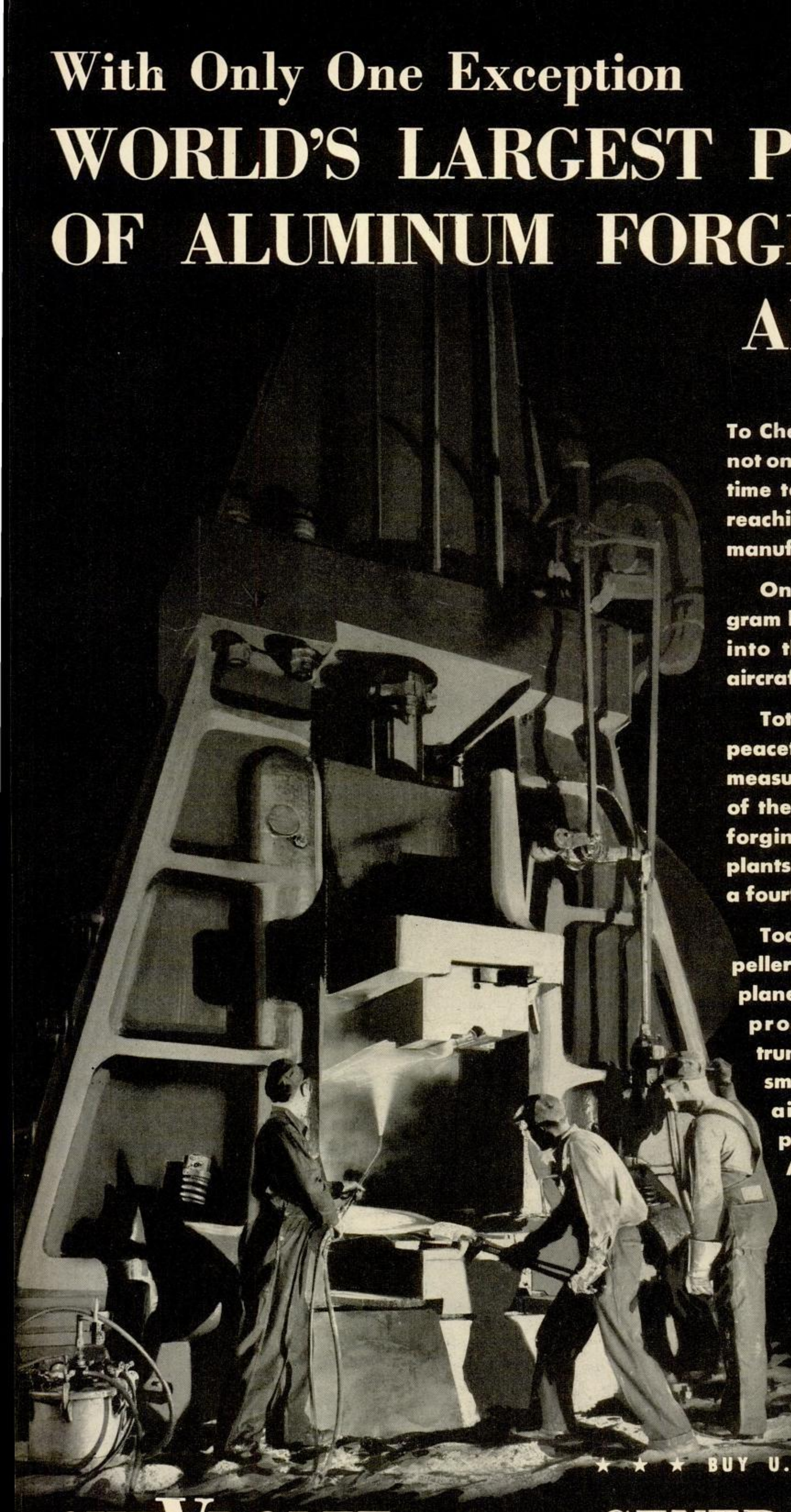
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PIETRO BADOGLIO, DUKE OF ADDIS ABABA, MARSHAL OF ITALY, FARMER'S SON, NOW 72, HAS FOUGHT IN ALL ITALY'S IMPERIAL WARS FROM 1896 ON

ITALY LOOKS IN DESPERATION FOR A STRONG MAN

If ever a nation needed a first-class leader, it was Italy last week. And he was hard to find, after 21 years of Fascist extermination of honest men. The King's candidate was Pietro Badoglio, seen above. The King and his Premier were both over 70, and both of the race of Piedmont in the north. Badoglio has been a capable officer for 47 years. He has had a reputation for being plain-spoken and trustworthy. But his first week in charge of Italy called for a great deal more than that.

For huge events were fulminating under the old soldier. The German Army had up to ten divisions in Italy, as against only 19 Italian divisions at home. It was Hitler's decision, not Badoglio's, as to whether Italy would be defended or abandoned. The Allies were knocking at the Messina Strait. General Eisenhower had offered "honorable conditions" of surrender, qualifying the previous "unconditional surrender," if Italy would safeguard Allied prisoners from the Germans. The Italian people were in a mind to riot, not to fight. Whichever way Badoglio jumped he was in trouble. And events might blow him sky-high before he made up his mind.

His first acts were to dissolve the Fascist party, promise elections four months after the peace and declare, "The war goes on." This canceled out and added up to nothing at all. What he obviously hoped was that the rest of the world would forget all about the crimes of Fascist Italy and give "reformed" Italy a clean pardon. All Italian political groups hastened to try to load the whole burden of guilt on the departed Mussolini and to maneuver for allied backing after the armistice.

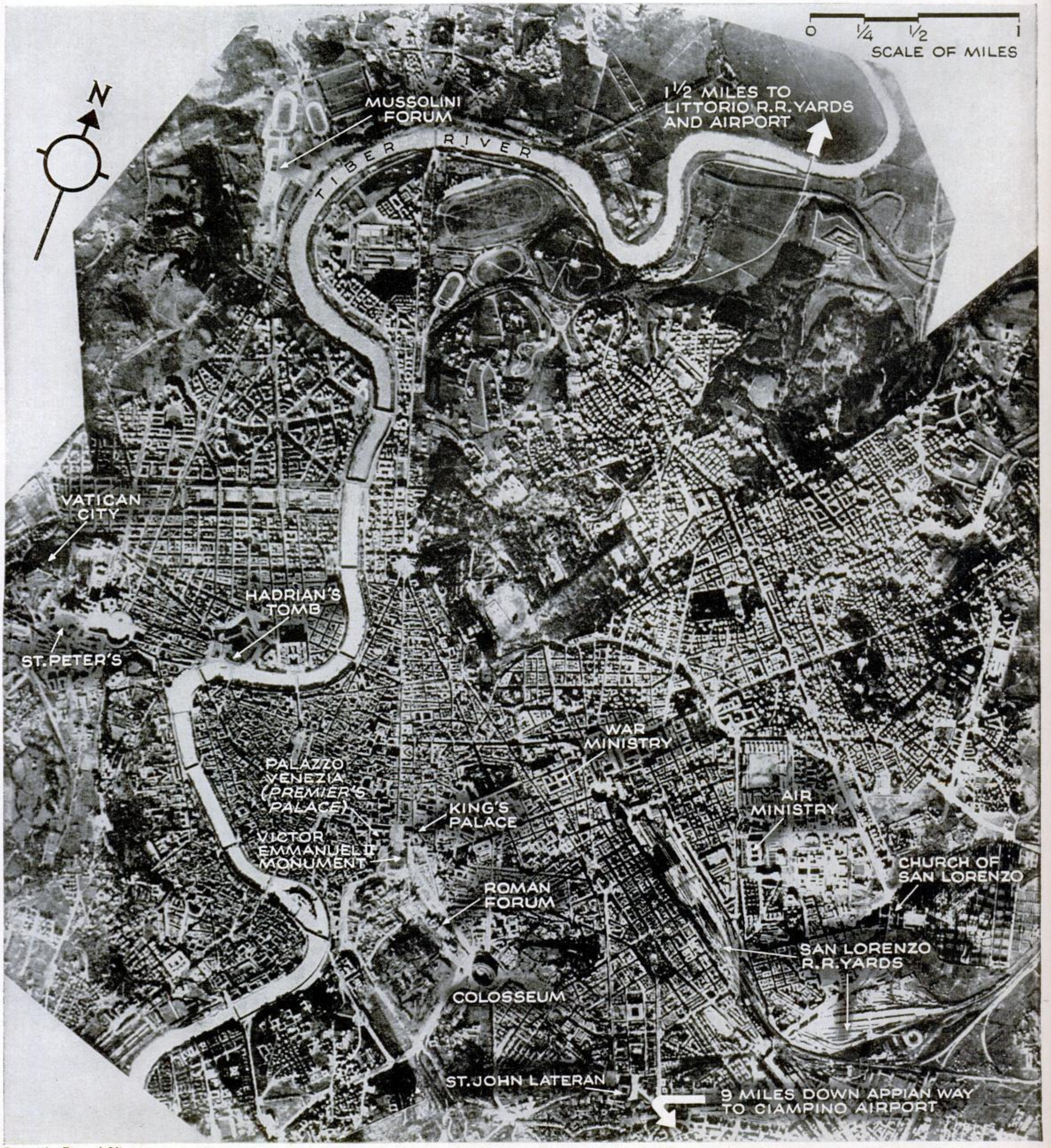
The Allies wanted just one thing: surrender. And the hope was strong that if Italy should fall, Bulgaria, Rumania and Hungary would quit Hitler too.

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THE BOMBING OF ROME

The first pictures of American attack show what blew Mussolini and his Fascists out of power

Mussolini was at Brenner Pass July 19 hearing bad news from Hitler, when in the bright hot sky over Rome there appeared the first of 500 all-American bombers out to bomb Rome for the first time in this or any other war. Six days later, in the morning of Sunday, July 25, Mussolini was compelled to give his resignation to King Victor Emmanuel. The one event unquestionably led up to the other. The accurately aimed bombs that smashed the San Lorenzo railway yards leading to Rome's chief station also blew Benito Mussolini out of power. A better load of bombs was never carried, even though one Roman church was added to the long sad roster of English, French, Polish and Russian treasures damaged by bombing.



Rome, the Eternal City, is spread out here along the Tiber. Three points were marked "Must on no account be damaged" on maps shown U. S. bomb crews. They were Vatican and St. John Lateran (*marked on picture*) and Basilica of St. Paul Outside the Wall (*off bottom of picture*). None was hit, but San Lorenzo and Littorio freight yards and the Ciampino airport, the latter two off the picture, were badly battered. The only church hit of Rome's thousand was the very old San Lorenzo Outside the Wall (*marked above*), built during the Roman decadence.

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On the right-hand page can be seen the astonishing accuracy with which the Americans bombed the San Lorenzo railway yards without lapping over west of the tracks toward the ancient city. The other two objectives were well outside the city. On the left-hand page is an air view of the Eternal City, on which the greater landmarks are indicated. It can be seen that ordinary area bombing of Rome would have slopped over toward the Colosseum, the Roman Forum above it, and the mass of ancient churches below it. The clean-cut precision bombing of the Americans kept to the target.

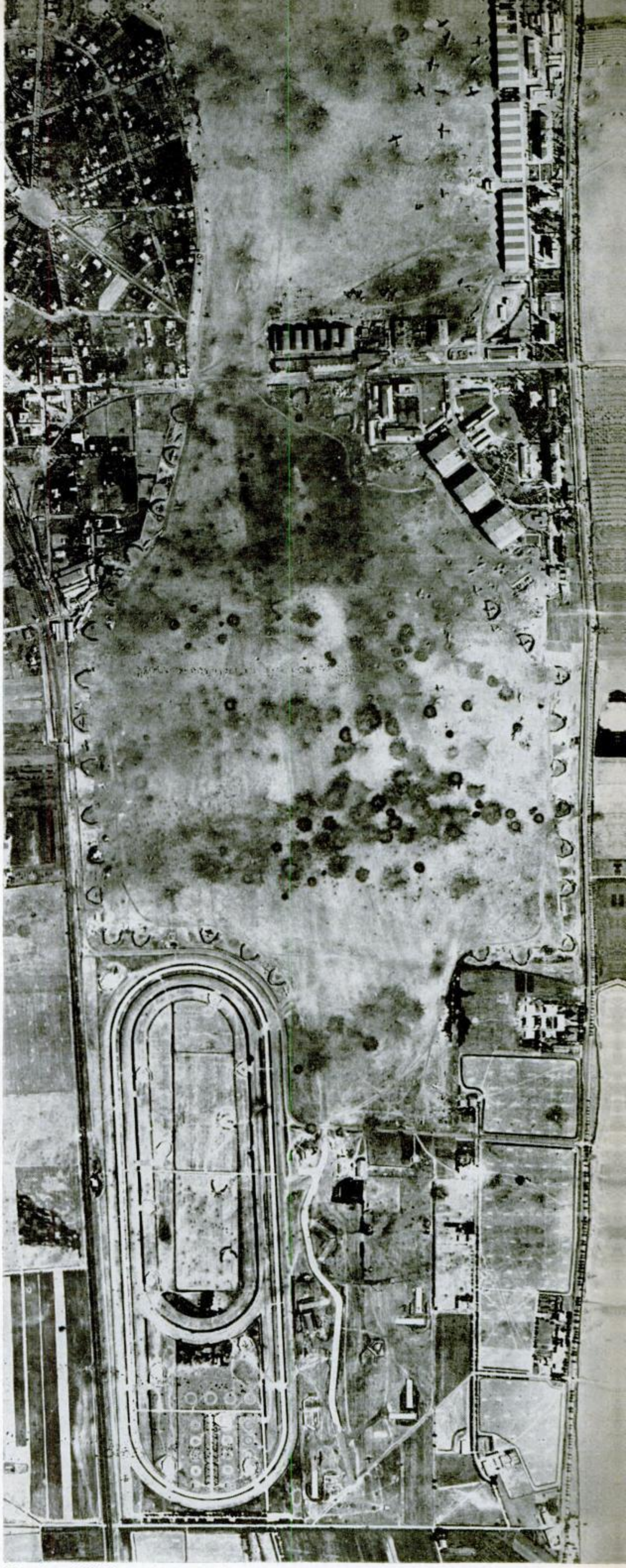
Winston Churchill said last week that if the Italians repaired the railway yards and continued to use Rome as military headquarters, it would undoubtedly be bombed again.



Littorio railway yards, a mile and a half above the big picture on opposite page. The locomotive depot was badly mauled and traffic was 50% stopped. The tracks shown here jammed with trains handle most of the supply trains going to German and Italian troops in southern Italy and Sicily.



San Lorenzo railway yards are to be found again in the lower-right quarter of the air view on the opposite page. The damaged Church of San Lorenzo is just above the square white building at top, hit by a bomb that fell short. These tracks lead to main railway station off the top of the picture.



Ciampino airfield nine miles south of Rome was severely pitted. Notice line of revetments all along the edges of field. Planes are in many of them. Notice the big planes at upper right. Many of these have certainly been wrecked. There are hits in the hangars.

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The great talker was Giuseppe Mazzini of Genoa. A passionate apostle of liberty, he saw and joined in the earliest revolts against Austrian rule. He favored a republic instead of a House of Savoy monarchy, founded the Young Italy society to free his country, later the world. His great hour was as chief triumvir of Rome during brief republic of 1849.



The great soldier was Giuseppe Garibaldi of Nice. A military genius in handling small bodies of troops, he began by fighting for a republic with Mazzini, later decided that the monarchy of the House of Savoy was Italy's best hope. He gave it the south, Naples, Sicily. His greatness lay in that he cut through the caution of statesmen, and struck.



The great statesman was Camillo Benso, Count Cavour, of Turin. He became the House of Savoy's Premier in 1852, made Piedmont a modern state, introduced machinery, irrigation, modern farming and wangled the actual freedom and unity of Italy. He brought Piedmont and later Italy into councils of the great powers and gave it powerful allies.



The great king was Victor Emmanuel II, son of Charles Albert. Their House of Savoy is 900 years old, and their Iron Crown of the Lombards (*see opposite page*) is about 1,400 years old. Victor Emmanuel became King of Savoy, Piedmont and Sardinia in 1849, King of Italy in 1861 after giving up Savoy. He is by far House of Savoy's greatest king.

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MODERN HISTORY OF ITALY BEGINS WITH FOUR PATRIOTS AND A REVOLT IN 1848

For about 1,400 years after the fall of the Roman Empire, what we know today as Italy was a political mess. Its little republics, kingdoms, duchies and papal states, dominated mostly by Teuton tyrants, lacked any urge to get together until Napoleon I unintentionally demonstrated the advantage of union. Then four great Italians whose pictures are shown on the opposite page achieved the unification of their country.

Modern Italian history dates from the revolutions of 1848 against Austria and its puppets in Italy. Piedmont's Charles Albert of the House of Savoy supported the revolutions with his army and took such a drubbing at Novara that he had to abdicate in favor of his son Victor Emmanuel. Though the revolution failed, the revolutionary spirit was kept alive for the next decade when it was finally successful. Meanwhile Cavour as Premier of Piedmont was playing high international politics to set the stage for Italy's emergence as a world power.



OLD LOMBARD CROWN OF ITALY WAS ONCE WORN BY INVADER NAPOLEON BONAPARTE



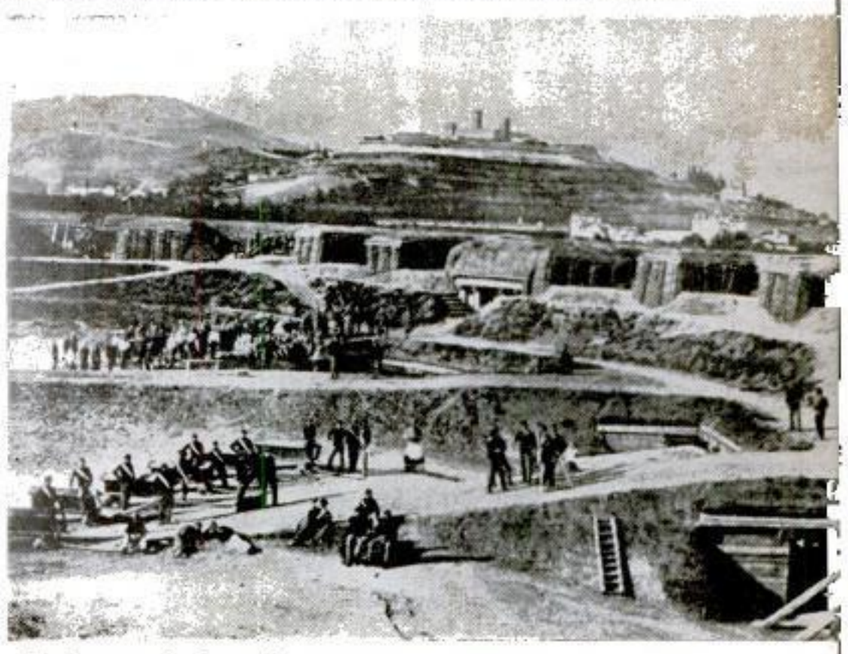
Garibaldi and Mazzini (*right*) first meet in 1833, while running the republican revolt. Patriot and propagandist made a strong team for freedom.



Charles Albert of Piedmont led first serious revolt against Austrian rule in 1848. It was ruthlessly crushed.



Field Marshal Radetsky of Austria defeated the Piedmontese Army at the battle of Novara (*see below*).



Early war photograph in 1848 shows victorious Austrians in the Italian defenses of Verona. The Italians had made armistice, but denounced it and fought again.



Italian disaster was at the battle of Novara, 1849, when Charles Albert, left in the lurch by the Pope, Mazzini and Naples, was routed by Austrian Army. Charles Albert, failing to get himself killed, had to abdicate.



The first job of Charles Albert's son Victor Emmanuel (*left*) was to ask terms for another armistice from victorious General Radetsky after Novara. He got them.



"Hyena of Brescia" was name given Austrian General Haynau for slaughter of revolutionists during 1849 mop-up of Palermo, Florence, Rome, Brescia.



Attack on the Vatican by people of Rome was a by-product of the war, because Pope Pius IX was supported by Austrians. He fled, leaving a republican triumvirate under Mazzini.



As a world power for the first time, the kingdom of Piedmont is represented by Count Cavour (*left foreground*) at Paris Congress after the Crimean War in which Piedmontese troops fought bravely.



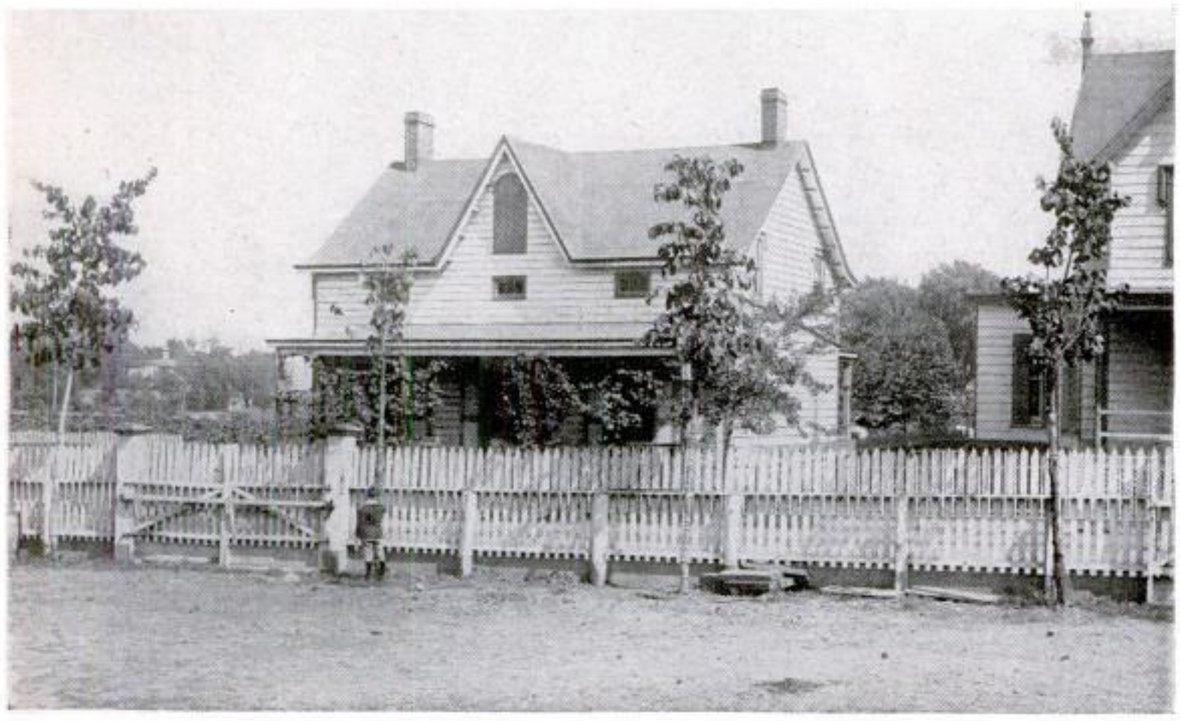
King Victor Emmanuel (*center*) has heir Humbert on left. For this intelligent, courageous monarch, Victor Emmanuel Monument in Rome was built.

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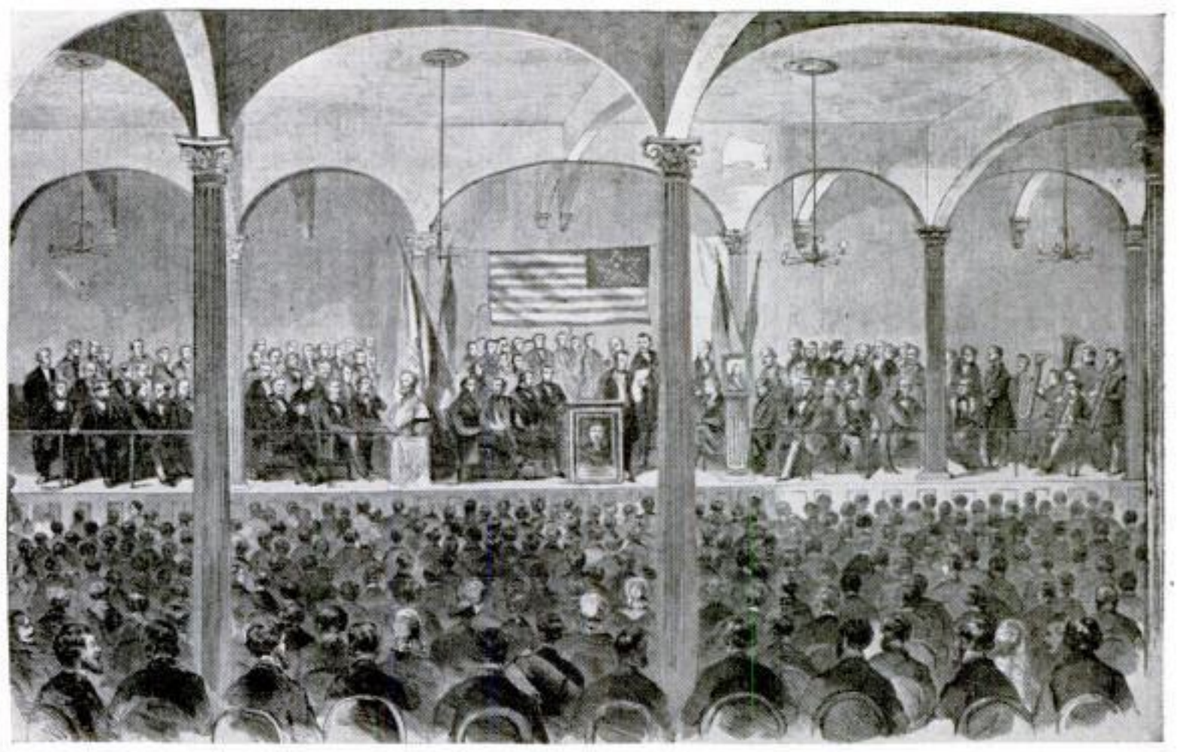
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Napoleon III of France (*on horseback*) ransoms Italy after Premier Cavour of Piedmont has artfully maneuvered Austria into declaring war. Here the French roundly defeat the Austrians at the battle of Magenta, June 4, 1859. Meanwhile the Piedmontese began rounding up the rest of Italy behind Napoleon's back, with the help of Garibaldi. Piedmont got Lombardy but not, as promised, Venice, whereupon Cavour indignantly resigned. Napoleon wanted to weaken Austria but not by any means to create a strong and united Italy. Italy, however, foxed him.

Second victory by Napoleon (*right center*) over Austrians was at Solferino in northern Italy June 24, 1859 (*above*). Already Garibaldi, under the banner of Savoy, was sweeping through Lombardy with his Alpine Hunters. Then, on his own, he took ship for revolting Sicily and freed it in short order with a thousand Red Shirts. Below, he crosses the Messina Strait to land in Calabria on the toe of Italy. He marched north, meeting Victor Emmanuel near Naples. All this somewhat embarrassed Cavour, who was afraid of getting Napoleon overexcited.



In Staten Island, N. Y. Garibaldi lived in this house five years (1849–54) between Italian revolutions, working in a candle factory. He was naturally backed with funds by Italian patriots in America. Before this he ran a revolution or two in Uruguay and Rio Grande do Sul in Brazil.



American rally was held in New York's Cooper Institute Dec. 18, 1860 for Garibaldi, who by then saw accomplished his great work of liberating the Italian peninsula. Garibaldi remains outstanding Italian patriot to Americans. Statues of him are found in many American cities.

NAPOLEON III WAS MIDWIFE AT BIRTH OF UNITED ITALY LED BY THE HOUSE OF SAVOY

The violent events of 1859–60, during which a nation of 5,000,000 became one of 22,000,000 in 18 months, are shown on these pages. The Italian people themselves accomplished this feat with aid of Napoleon III of France. Cavour, with a French alliance up his sleeve, provoked the Austrians into declaring war. While French troops were cleaning up on the Austrians at Magenta and Solferino (*see opposite page*), the Piedmontese and Garibaldi did the internal fighting. Then, as usual, the wave of revolution started in Sicily and Garibaldi hurried down there to capitalize on it.

With the Austrians beaten by the French, Victor Emmanuel thwarted Napoleon, had a meeting with Garibaldi and proclaimed himself King of united Italy in March 1861. The first Italian parliament had met in Turin in February 1860. The Austrians held on to Venice until 1866 and the Pope held Rome out of the unification until 1870. Then the capital was moved to the Eternal City. It was not until 1929, however, that the Pope recognized the existence of modern Italy.



British volunteers march into Naples to join the thrilling cause of Garibaldi whose deeds had stirred whole world. Garibaldi and Mazzini had identified the Italian specific program of getting rid of their Austrian overlords and puppets with the universal revolt against tyranny.



"King of Italy," Garibaldi calls Victor Emmanuel (*right*) when they meet outside Naples, which Garibaldi has just conquered for him. Here Garibaldi turns over his conquests to Italy united under the House of Savoy. The first true Italian parliament met several months later.



Humbert I succeeded father in 1878 as King of a united Italy including Rome and Venice. Previously Nice and Savoy went to France.



Overture to Germany is made by King Humbert (*right*) on visit to the Kaiser in 1889. Triple Alliance was more or less in effect.



Greatest disaster in Italy's empire-hunting was massacre of the Italians at Adowa in Ethiopia in 1896. Above: Italian prisoners.



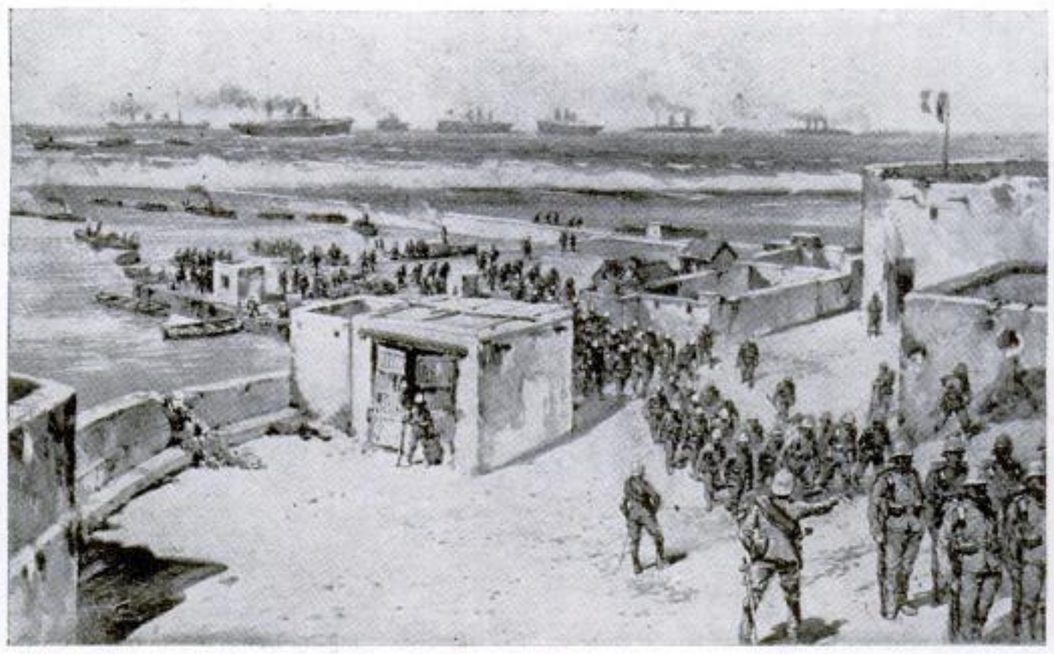
Assassination of Humbert I in 1900 was by an anarchist from Paterson, N. J., one Bresci (*right foreground*). Other assassins had missed.

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The current King, Victor Emmanuel III, ascends the throne at 31 in 1900. Strikes, a terrible earthquake, graft attended his reign. Voters increased from 3 to 8 million.



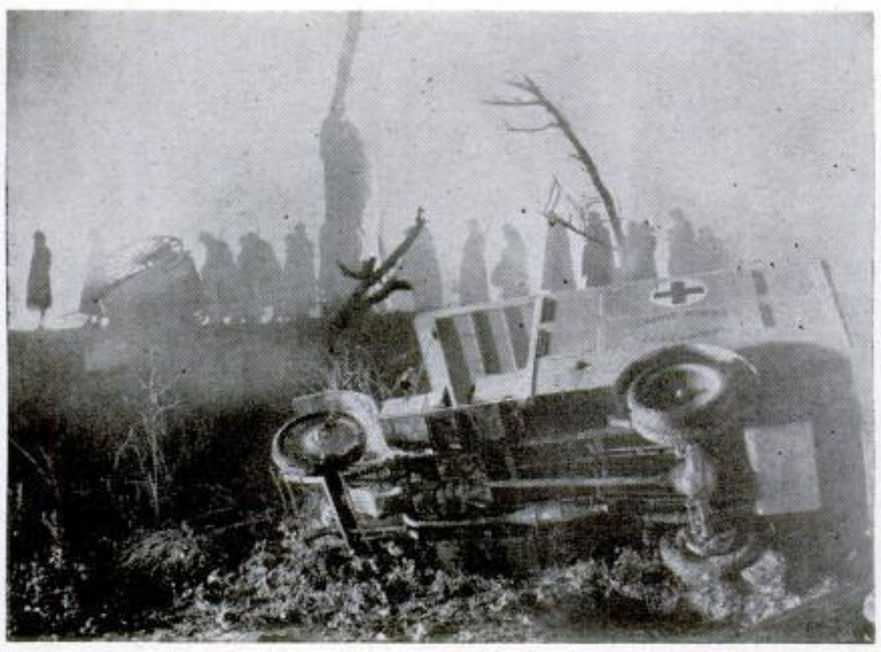
The Libyan empire was nailed home in a brief, cheap war with Turkey. Here the Italians land at Bengasi in 1911 after naval bombardment. They had previously been very indignant when France took Tunisia, because Italians had colonized it.



Unknown man is Italian premier who kept Italy out of World War I in 1914, put it in on side of Allies in 1915. His name was Salandra.



General Cadorna won victories for two years on the Austrian front.



Caporetto, the Italian rout of 1917 pictured in the Hemingway movie, *Farewell to Arms*, grew out of trap planned by General Badoglio which misfired and let Austrians advance 100 miles almost to Venice.



Re-armed in 1918 with tanks and Allied help, Italy in October 1918 launched an offensive that knocked Austria out, captured 600,000 prisoners.



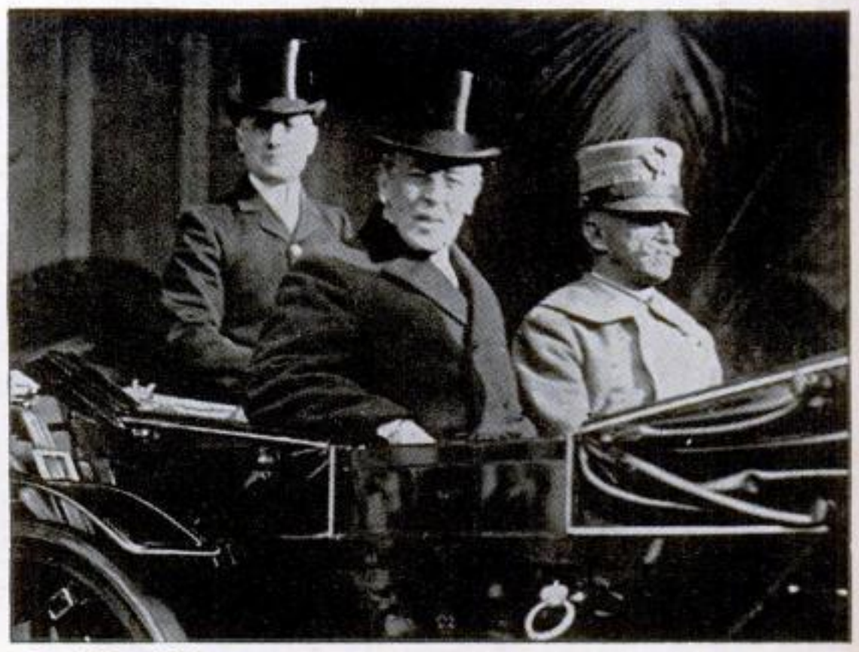
General Diaz was victor who gave Italy bits of the old Austrian Empire in Istria and Trentino plus Rhodes.



D'Annunzio (*reclining with flower*), was fearful Italy would not claim city of Fiume, occupied it with his hotheads in September 1919, and gave it to Italy.



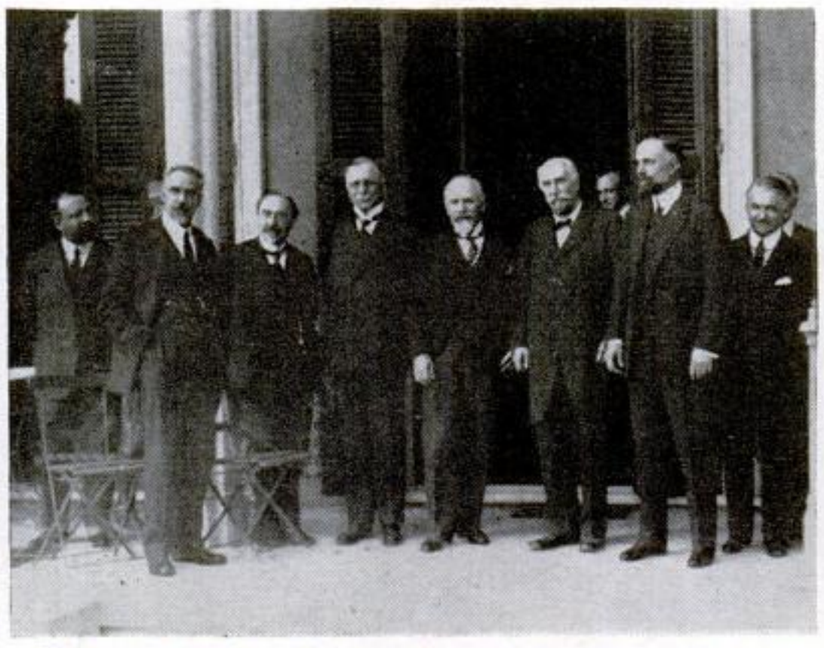
American troops also happened to be in Fiume in the Army of Occupation. They left indulgently when D'Annunzio began acting up. The Italians quarreled with French colonial troops.



President Wilson rides with King Victor Emmanuel on his brief visit to Rome before the Peace Conference opened at Versailles. Italy wanted much more than his "Fourteen Points" honorably allowed.



Premier Orlando of Italy (*second from left*) was one of the "Big Four" (Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Wilson), but he was much the least potent.



The treaty with Yugoslavia at Rapallo, 1920, was one of the last appearances of the tall handsome liberal statesmen, Giolitti and Sforza (*right*). Badoglio was also present at Rapallo.



Riots and strikes by the Socialists, Communists and Anarchists swept Italy from 1920 to 1922. Here Anarchists pass the Colosseum. The tolerant liberal government rapidly lost control, opening way for Fascists.

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First Fascist Grand Council in 1923 centers around Mussolini sitting at desk. Seated at the far left is Balbo. Standing at the right are Starace, Quadrumvir Bianchi and General Teruzzi. There were about 14 members, who were mostly men in their late 30's when they first took over Italy. Actually the Fascists at first improved the situation in Italy, for the Leftist governments had been fantastically corrupt, notably in Socialist Milan. They abolished the five-hour day, free passes on railways, railway thefts, sinecures and some graft.



Matteotti, a distinguished Socialist deputy, was outrageously kidnapped and murdered by Fascists in 1924.



Treaty with the Vatican in 1929 ended the "imprisonment" of the Popes since 1870. Pius XI then made his first appearance outside the Vatican. Mussolini (*seated, right*) never claimed to be a Catholic but cooperated with the Vatican.



Fascist aggression is symbolized by two empty chairs (Italy and Germany) at League of Nations council meeting (*marked by arrows*) while the Ethiopian delegate was replying to Italian attack in 1935.



The Ethiopian horde, a barefoot rabble, marches out to meet mechanized Italian invasion. The war drums echoed bravely from hilltop to hilltop and Haile Selassie hurled defiant words, but none of this did much good. Ethiopia was a push-over.



Marshal Badoglio was put in charge of Ethiopian campaign six weeks after it opened in October 1935. The failure to enforce League of Nations sanctions against Italy was the death-blow to international law and order.



Haile Selassie and his papillon dog flee Ethiopia by British cruiser to Palestine.



Mussolini dynasty was supposedly carried on by wedding of his daughter Edda to Count Galeazzo Ciano in 1930. After getting Pope's blessing, the couple went into Italian foreign affairs. Ciano eventually became Foreign Minister. Edda toured South America and made an impression on Latin society. She is now 33, the mother of three.







Friendly gesture was Ciano's witnessing wedding of King Zog of Albania and Geraldine Apponyi. Next year Italy chased Zog, Geraldine and 3-day-old baby into hills. Right: Zog and family today in England.

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At Adolf Hitler's headquarters during first summer of the invasion of Russia, Mussolini is let in on the Nazi campaign.

THE DICTATORS

Mussolini and Hitler had their fun but they will have to pay for it

Twenty-one years of Italian history are darkened by Mussolini and his Fascism. More than any other man alive, he set the evil pattern of dictatorship for the modern world. He acted out the cheap pantomime of the lord bully, the braying braggart. His mind brewed a poison that corrupted men and nations. At first the Italians, with their old love of men on horseback, were flattered by his yarns about their high destiny but even they came to realize it was all nonsense. He teamed up with Hitler and together they made Franco. Looking back at the goose-stepping, at the babies in uniform, the glitter and tinsel and parades and posturings, some people laughed at Mussolini—at the dictator—and called him a clown.

But Mussolini was worse than a clown. Relatives of the dead Ethiopians, the dead Spanish Loyalists, the dead Albanians, the dead Greeks and dead Italians, do not think he was a clown. He started something and, though he did not finish it, the anguish is written deep in history. Blood and pain were the acids that etched out swaggering scenes shown here. For him it was fun, —cruel, arrogant fun—being top dog and pushing people around. But now the fun is over for him and last week neutral countries were warned not to give him asylum because he is to be caught and punished—by ax or rack or rope or electric chair or firing squad—for his crimes, not only to Italy but to the whole world.



Destruction in Russia is shown Mussolini (*in left foreground*) while the German Army is still going strong in October 1941.



Fun on the balcony is enjoyed by Hitler and Mussolini when Hitler came to Rome in May 1938. Balconies became almost a Fascist symbol under this pair. Mussolini gave his whole heart to Hitler and staked himself and his country on Nazi

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power and the destruction of the democratic empires.

In Madrid, the Italian troops who had helped the Franco Fascists win their revolt against the elected government, parade for the little Spanish dictator on the platform. Here the evil of Fascism began to overrun free nations of Europe. It rapidly spread from Gibraltar to the Arctic Ocean and the Black Sea.

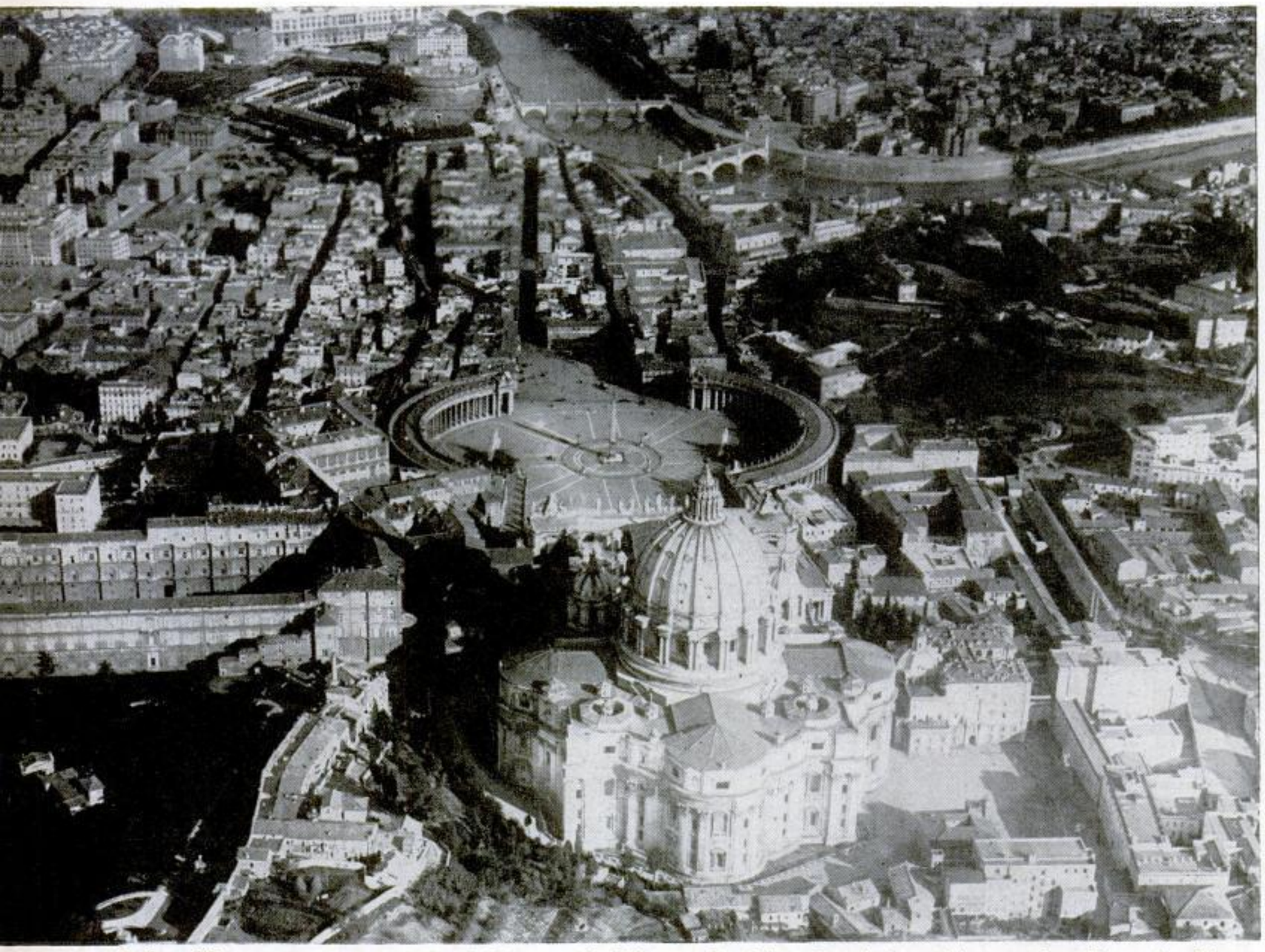
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ITALIAN CITIES PRESENT WORLD'S BEST STAGE SET FOR GREAT AND SAD DEEDS

If a noble background could only make heroes, Italians would rule the world. On these pages are the glorious centers of six Italian cities, whose very forms must stir the whole civilized world, but have notably failed to inspire greatness in modern Italy. The cathedral squares of Venice and Pisa are like unfaded dreams of the 12th Century when the fleets of the Italian republics ruled the Mediterranean. Mussolini wished to skip over this great age to the more ambitious glories of ancient Rome.

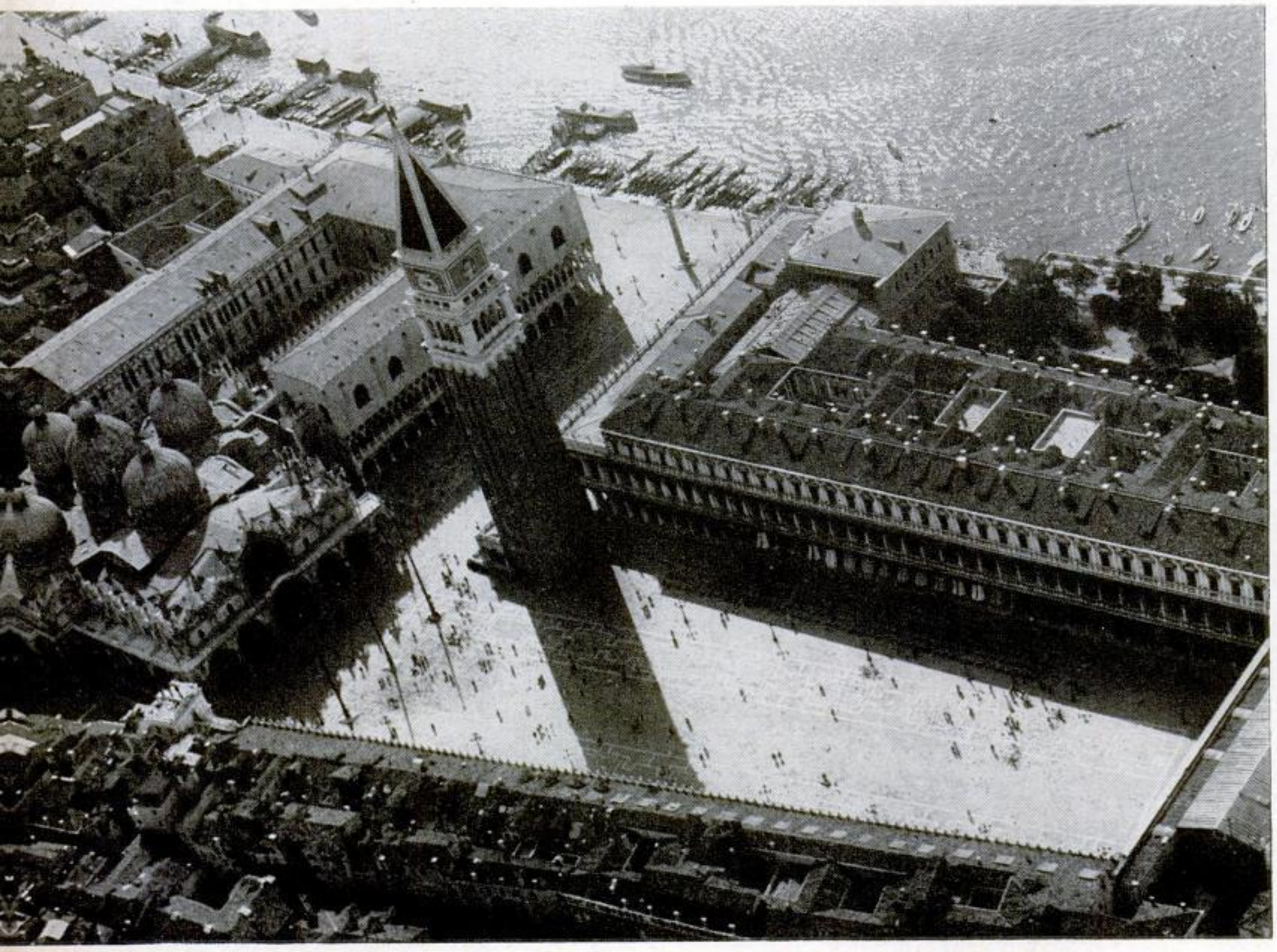
The cities of Italy presented strange contrasts last week. Sicily, where revolution customarily starts, was occupied by Americans, British and some fading Germans. Rome was quiet except to rally around the King. The deep sleep of Pisa and even of Venice was almost unbroken by alarums. But in the northern in-



Vatican City, looking across St. Peter's Piazza to the Tiber River, was where many Romans fled to escape the American bombing. Crowds formed here to cheer Pope after Mussolini's fall. The Pope spoke out strongly against one-man rule.



Turin, here shown looking toward the River Po down the wide St. Maurice Street, was a center last week of North



Venice's Piazza of St. Mark, paved with trachyte and marble and surrounded by the strange thousand-year-old church of St. Mark (*lower left*), the lovely bell tower and beyond it the Palace of the Doges, seemed fairly tranquil last week.



Florence and its wonderful Duomo, the cathedral whose great dome was done by Brunelleschi and whose other work was

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dustrial cities, especially Milan, all hell was breaking loose. In Bologna they were hanging Fascists. In Socialist Milan Communists harangued the crowds. Troops fired once on the people, then mutinied when ordered to fire on them another day. A band of Fascists held out all week against military siege in the building of Mussolini's newspaper, *Popolo d'Italia*. When the crowd outside asked them to give up their leaders, they threw one off the roof, by report one who had helped kill the Socialist Matteotti 19 years ago. The people broke into the Cellulare Prison and released the prisoners. Workers in the four great factories of Pirelli, Bianchi, Breda and Marelli went on strike and railway saboteurs tried to prevent German troops from reaching the line of the Po. With Mussolini gone, a mob tore down his statue and beheaded it.

Strangest of all was the one-night orgy of Rome where women in nightgowns hurled invective at the dark balcony of Mussolini's Palazzo di Venezia and danced and howled in the streets.

All of this was apparently unorganized, pointless and gauged to accomplish nothing without leadership. Italy had yet to find brave and honest men, for Benito Mussolini had spent 20 years getting rid of them.



Italian rioting against the Fascists. Crowds shouted, "We want peace." Five anti-Fascist parties appeared overnight.



Rome had one night of hysteria, kicked walls of Mussolini's Palazzo di Venezia, cheered the King and slept it off. Here, beyond Victor Emmanuel II's huge monument, is the Colosseum. People sang anti-German hymn, *Piave*, from last war.



done by Giotto, Donatello and Michelangelo, were calm last week. Little church (*foreground*) is the exquisite Baptistery.



Pisa's Cathedral Square goes back practically intact to the 12th Century. Beyond the cruciform church is the Leaning Tower, where Galileo experimented with gravity. The burial cloister (*foreground*) has 53 shiploads of Jerusalem earth.

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EDITORIAL

JOBS FOR VETERANS

WE OWE THEM MORE THAN A POSTWAR GOVERNMENT DOLE: WE OWE THEM A BIG, CONFIDENT AMERICA

If you could drive around your country today, and if all the new stories could be told and all the pictures printed, you wouldn't recognize the little old U. S. A. For the U. S. A. has changed during these intense war years; the scenery is all different. Old factories are bulging with new machines, old towns bursting with new citizens. From Maine to California, from Montana to Florida, 130,000,000 people are embarked upon an historic job that has shifted whole populations, established new industries, brought forth new inventions and opened up new horizons on every hand.

The land is full of industrial surprises as breath-taking as its own dramatic scenery. On the Pacific Coast there is a huge Navy Yard that makes people gasp when they first see it. There are the gangling Kaiser enterprises, the singing shipyards of Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, the scrawny towns like San Pablo, Calif. whose population has jumped from 2,000 to 13,000, half of it housed in trailers. At Las Vegas, Nev. the biggest magnesium plant in the world has burgeoned from the desert like a gigantic, dusty flower. On the eastern plain of the State of Washington, near the foothills of the beautiful Coeur d'Alene country, a little city by the name of Spokane, whose population was held almost stationary for decades by adverse freight rates, is now marked by great smokestacks rising against the clear northwestern sky—a Pittsburgh of light metals, where the Aluminum Corp. of America and the Electro Metallurgical Co. have invested more than $100,000,000.

In the Groove

The busy scenes are not all in the Far West. Travelers across the Kansas plains at night see a great glow in the sky as they approach Wichita—brand new aircraft factories working around the clock. For all its great open spaces the State of Texas has become an industrial region. In the quiet little Hoosier town of Charlestown, Ind., whose population was formerly 958, a $75,000,000 powder plant and a bag-loading plant now employ more than 10,000. Once upon a time people visited sleepy Mobile, Ala. to have a look at the old wrought-iron fences, but now it's hard even to get a Pullman reservation, and the telephone trunk lines are jammed all day with queries and commands for the Mobile shipyards. Smoke belches from the industrial jungle around Chicago and hangs like a pall over the murky rivers of western Pennsylvania. Giant machines take shape in the long corridor of the Mohawk Valley, and endless varieties of human skill are brought together in little New England factories huddled in hilly towns. Everywhere farmers are toiling to feed the hungriest America they have ever known. And all night the long freight trains bang and crash through lovely moonlit valleys, carrying a bigger tonnage than they have ever carried before.

It is true that the great U. S. war machine is not producing as much as it conceivably could. It is true that production was behind schedule for June. It is true that the administration of the home front has been confused. All these criticisms have been made on this page many times. Yet it is well once in a while to lift your eyes to a broader view; and when you do this you discover this new America, utterly different from the tired and discouraged nation of the 1930's. There is a new spirit abroad in the land. Little towns and big cities alike are proud of their enterprises, and with true American booster spirit each claims its own as the most important for the war. Americans look happier, because Americans like to work, and right now they have plenty of what they like. The little old U. S. A. is in the groove.

The Challenge

But everywhere you go you hear the same question: Why does it take a war to do all this? Why can't we be just as busy in peace?

It is a sensible American question, yet the answer has been difficult to discover—and chiefly because of a state of mind. This was pretty well illustrated in Mr. Roosevelt's radio talk to the nation last week. Mr. Roosevelt had some welcome things to say about taking care of the boys in the armed forces when they return as veterans. His six-point program included mustering-out pay, large enough to cover a reasonable period between discharge and a new job; unemployment insurance "in case no job is found"; education, social security credit, and liberalized hospitalization. There certainly isn't any political issue here. Everybody in the U. S. intends to see that the boys are taken care of, and the six measures listed by the President would seem to constitute an indispensable minimum. But the President's speech illustrated a state of mind which, however useful in the past, can only baffle Americans when they try to look ahead; for he spoke only of guaranteeing the boys *against misfortune*, and he said nothing whatever about going forward, nothing about expansion or the steps to achieve it. He did not give the boys any hint of how we can assure actual jobs for them when the war is over.

It would certainly be a hell of a note, after fighting Japs and Germans for $50 a month, to come back home and have to live on a government dole. Yet this is exactly what will happen unless we can catch the new and throbbing spirit of our country and turn it to the needs and aspirations of peace. We owe our heroes economic insurance. But we owe them much more than that. We owe them a big, confident America that knows how to employ more than 60,000,000 wage-earners instead of the mere 44,000,000 we were employing before 1940. We owe them opportunity, adventure, a new challenge to their energies and their minds.

But if we are going to fulfil this obligation to the boys we must change our point of view about peacetime jobs. We must stop thinking in terms of *making* jobs. In order to last and give satisfaction, a job has got to be a real job—that is, it must exist for the purpose of getting something done. The reason there are so many jobs in the U. S. today is because we have something tremendous to accomplish. We have an overwhelming inducement which calls forth all our brains and capital, all our resources and manpower. And the reason we were not so busy before 1940 is because we had no such inducement. After the war it will be just the same. If there is no big inducement there won't be enough jobs; but if the inducement is big enough there won't be enough workers. So the idea is to make the inducement plenty big.

The Big Job

And actually, the way to do this isn't so mysterious. The U. S. has the greatest record of expansion of any nation in history, and the system that the U. S. has always used is a system called capitalism. There is no denying that capitalism has sometimes gone haywire, with the result that everybody is now shy of the word. But unless we want *something else* we had better put the word back in our vocabulary and make it tick. It doesn't have to mean exactly what it used to mean—indeed, it will mean exactly what we make it mean. We shall insist, for example, that capitalism fulfil its social responsibilities by providing minimum guarantees for every member of society. But if we want an expanding America we must also insist that the creative forces within it be released.

For instance, there is not a home in America, not an automobile, not a radio or refrigerator that does not need to be improved. We must replace them all with new and better ones. We must people the skyways with airplanes and helicopters and crowd the ether with television. Yes, we must rebuild America. And yet even this will only be a beginning. For there are two billion people on this earth and most of them want an American standard of living, and it would be enormously to our advantage to help them get it. So we must not only modernize America but we must show other people how to modernize themselves, and give them a lift here and there. And the purpose of all this would not be just to make jobs, but to make the earth a better place on which to live, for ourselves as well as for others; to encourage the arts and sciences; to strengthen the forces of civilization; to bind men more closely together, so that they will seek their satisfactions in the rewards of peace rather than in the horrors of war.

Maybe this sounds fantastic. But maybe this is because we have for so many years lacked the courage to imagine it. If we really intend to fulfil our obligation to the boys we must now summon up that courage. We must begin to think about this job realistically, and talk about it, even now in the midst of war. We must learn how to provide inducements for the brains and the capital, the energy and the ingenuity, to open up the biggest vista we have ever had. Oh sure—let's protect the boys (and everyone else) against starvation. But let's not stop there. Let's make an America that will give them something to work for bigger than themselves.

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What's **MORE** *important than a toothbrush?*



choose this daily necessity extra wisely

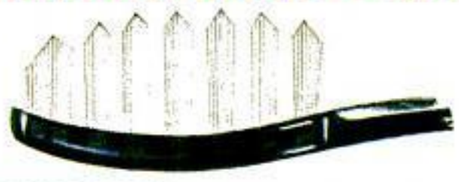
Your dentist knows the size and shape of toothbrush best suited for your needs. Consult him. Then get that kind with the added advantage of "EXTON" brand bristling, a feature for longer life and more efficient tooth cleansing found only in a Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft. A toothbrush is a prime essential of your life—an important wartime health protection and a real aid to good looks. Get the best money can buy—Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft.

50¢

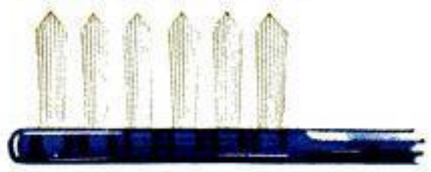


IN ADDITION TO THE FAMOUS REGULAR SHAPE, DR. WEST'S NOW OFFERS

Two Great 2-Row Brushes



"PROFESSIONAL" **A smaller brushhead in the famous Dr. West's double-convex design—a brush that is preferred by many.**



"ORO" **Designed at the request of leading dental specialists. The shape many dentists recommend for cleaning and massage.**

Dr. West's
Miracle-Tuft
The only brush with "EXTON" brand bristling

Copr. 1943 by Weco Products Company

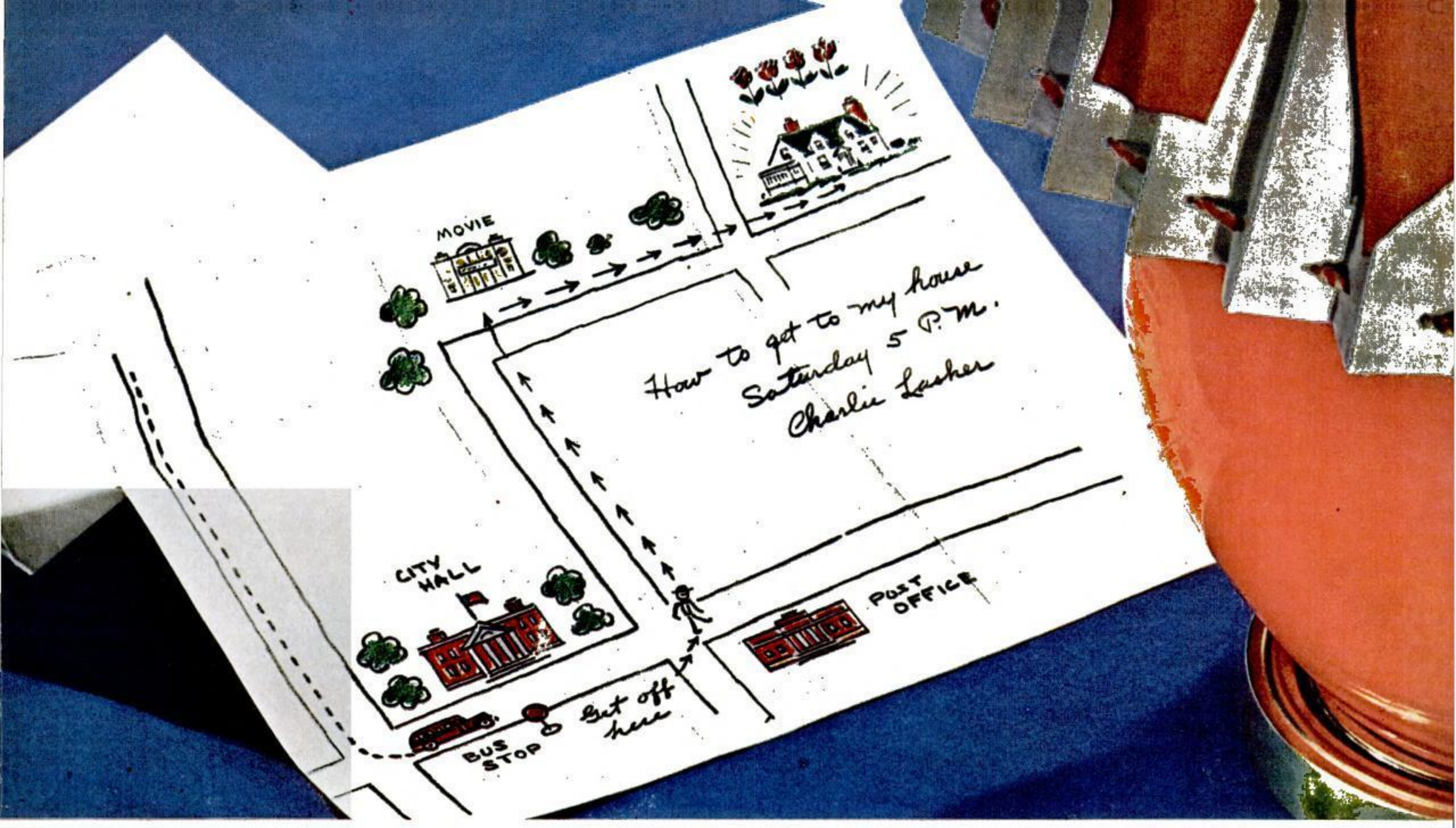
TEMPORARY WARTIME PACKAGE

Miracle-Tuft now also in cartons 50¢



No change in quality, only in package. **Great numbers of our famous glass tubes have been enlisted to carry medicines and serums to our fighting men. That's why many Miracle-Tuft Toothbrushes are now packed in cartons.**

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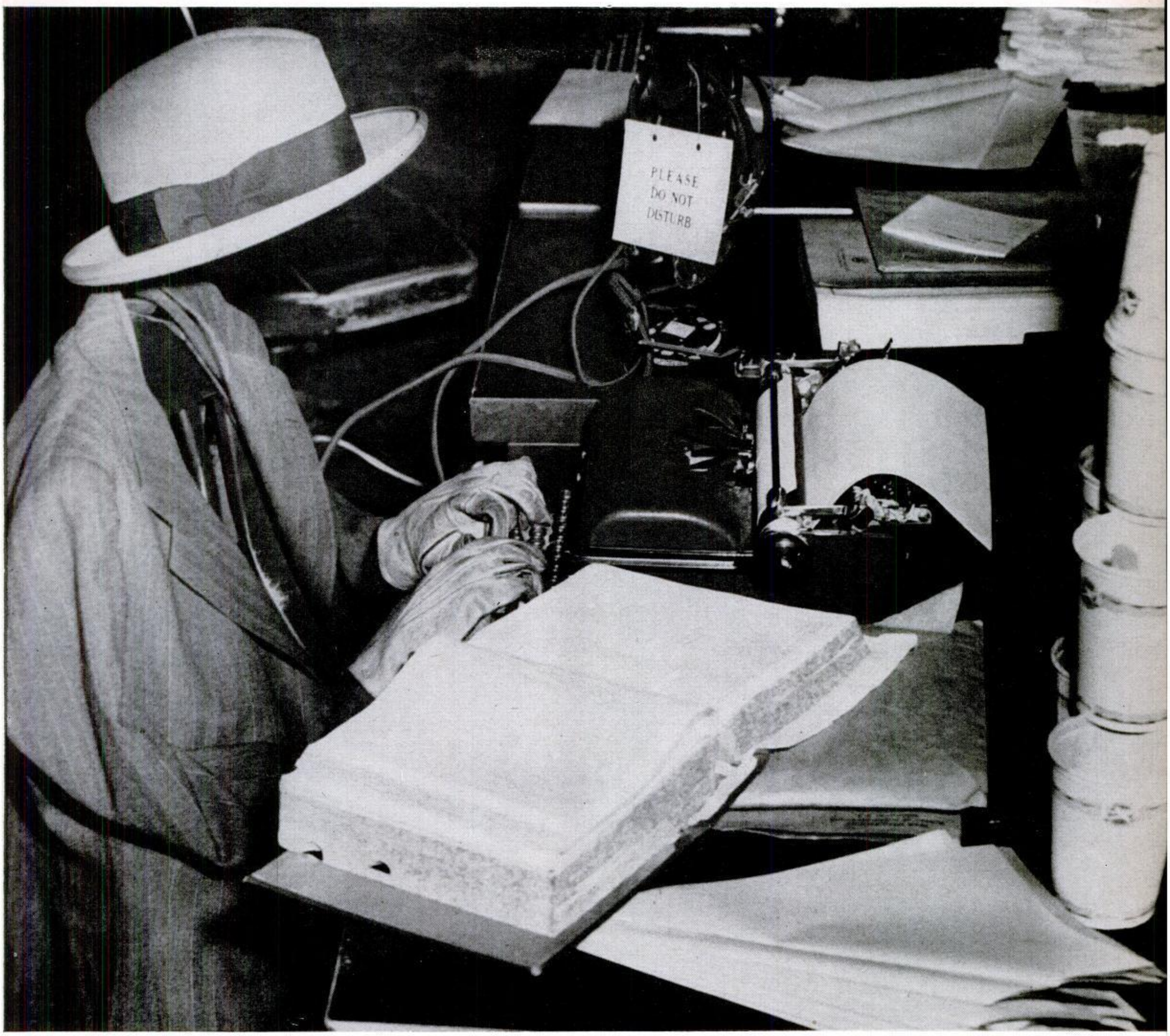


How to get to Charlie's House

Reason for getting to Charlie's House



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THE NEW YORK "WORLD-TELEGRAM" RAN THIS AS "ONE OF THE VERY FEW ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF JOHN DURFEE, THE WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN POLITICAL COMMENTATOR"

THE STRANGE CASE OF JOHN DURFEE

On Monday night, July 26, more than 24 hours after the news of Mussolini's resignation, the Office of War Information sent a short-wave radio broadcast to Europe announcing that fact and describing typical American reaction. The broadcast, made by an unidentified announcer who called himself "The Voice of America," quoted Samuel Grafton, columnist for the New York *Post* on King Victor Emmanuel as follows: "The moronic little King, who has stood behind Mussolini's shoulder for 21 years, has moved forward one pace. This is a political minuet and not the revolution we have been waiting for."

In the same short-wave broadcast the OWI announcer referred to "a well-known American political commentator" named John Durfee, who was quoted as saying that "while the news of Mussolini's resignation is welcome to Americans, it is not regarded here as an event of great importance."

The next day at his press conference President Roosevelt disowned the OWI's attack on Italy's King. He declared that the OWI overseas division had not consulted him, Secretary of State Hull or its own director, Robert E. Sherwood, before launching this attack. When reached by reporters, Sherwood explained that his aides in New York had unsuccessfully sought guidance on U. S. policy toward Italy on Sunday night after Mussolini's ouster and then had gone ahead on their own. "It was a nice summer evening and it was Sunday," he said. "We couldn't get anybody on the phone. It was just a tough break of luck."

Discovering that there was no political commentator named "John Durfee," the newspapers had a field day. They had caught the OWI faking in an official broadcast to Europe, and they made the most of it with every available journalistic weapon. But in their boisterous fun they, too, got some of the facts twisted. According to one, John Durfee had made the July 26 broadcast. Some attacks were so vague that confused readers linked Durfee with the "moronic little King" epithet. The New York *World-Telegram* front-paged the photograph above, purported to be Durfee at ease and at work. In addition to a satirical biography of Durfee, the *World-Telegram* ran a Washington story by Thomas L. Stokes, who wrote of Durfee as a "new national figure" who might be related to John Doe or Joe Doakes. In conclusion Stokes reported a rumor that Durfee was dead and lamented, "So young to die, so wise to die."

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WATCH THE CORN SHOOT UP

Camera records its phenomenal 5-in. growth in 24 hours

Maybe nature has a sixth sense. This year, due to floods and manpower shortages, U. S. corn got off to a very late start. There were dire predictions that despite the critical need for more and more corn, this year's harvest would fall off sharply. But in recent weeks corn-belt farmers have been smiling. The corn is catching up, coming along in the home stretch with the spurt of a racing thoroughbred. Said one farmer, "You can hear that corn popping, it's growing so fast."

To record this happy phenomenon, LIFE sent a photographer back to the same Illinois cornfield pictured in July 19 issue. He photographed an average corn plant in action over a period of 24 hours. The amazing results (five inches in one day and night) are shown on this and the following pages.









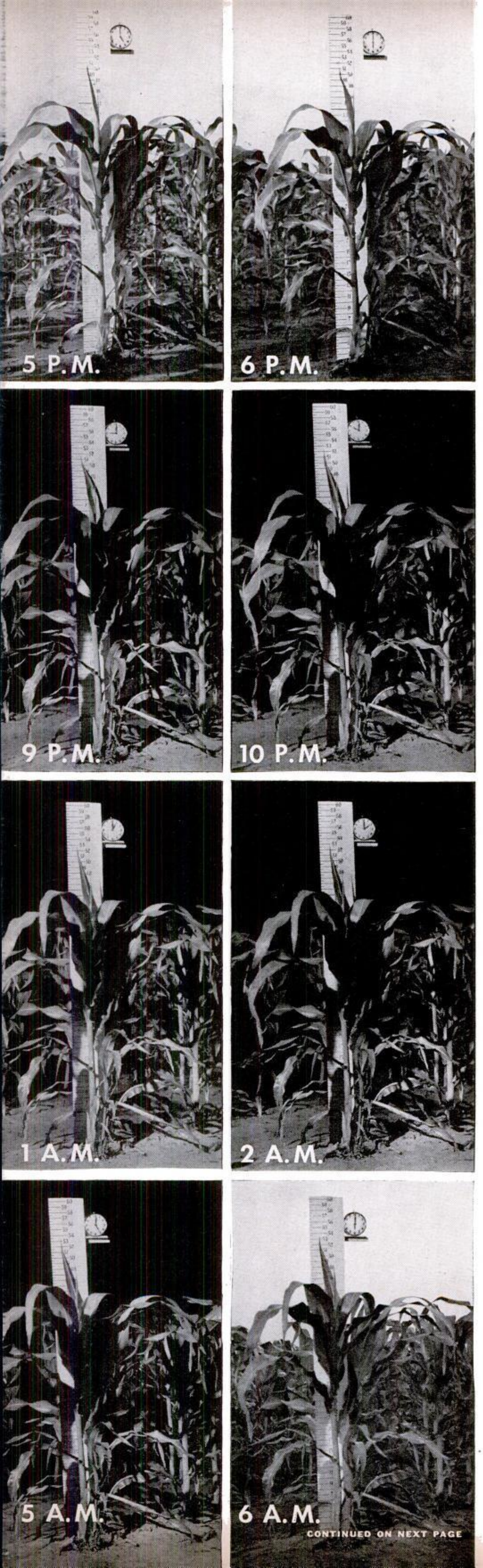












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Work Shirts with Many a "Plus"

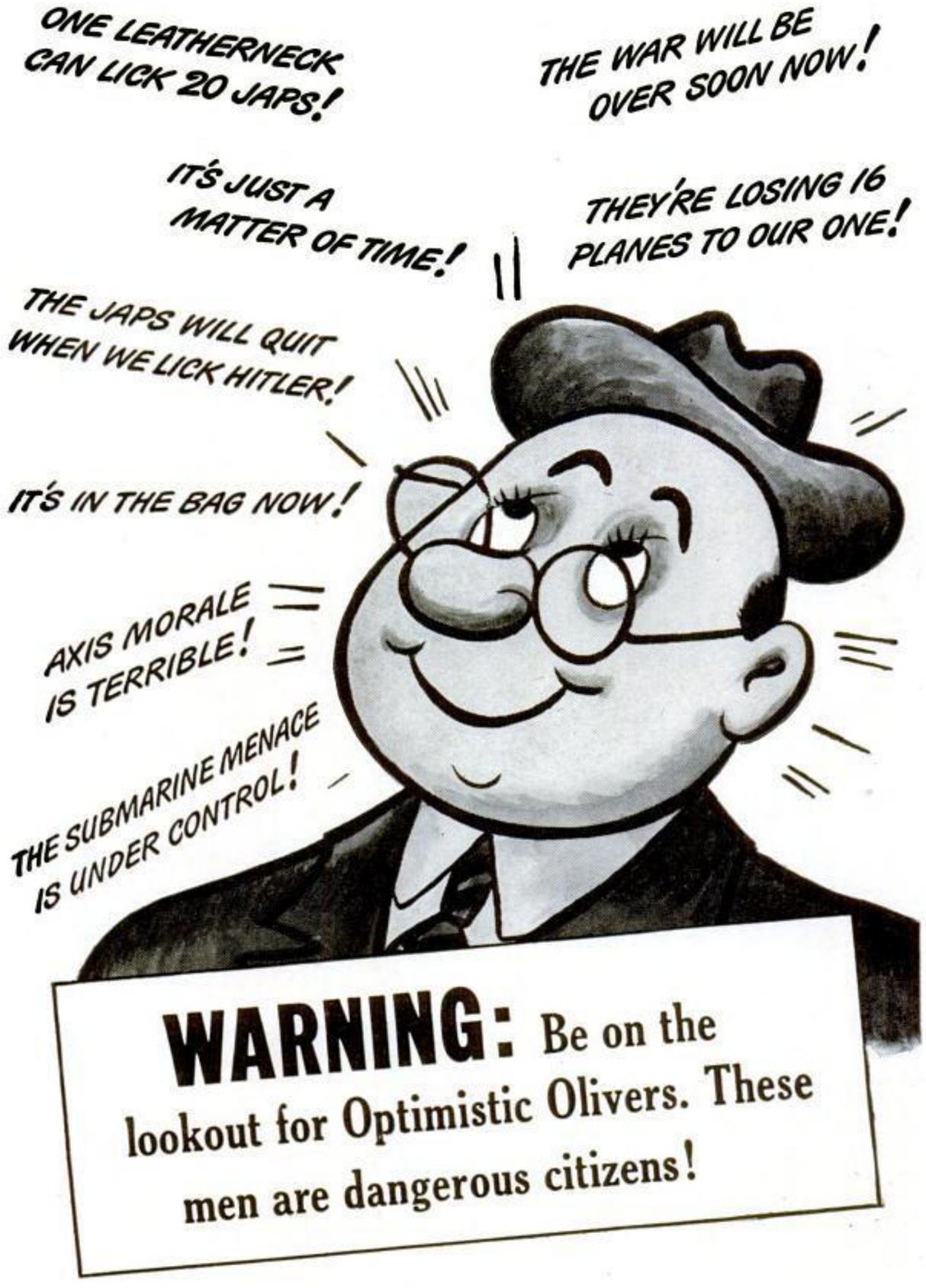
Big Yank patented features include Convenient Pocket for cigarettes or watch, Safety Sleeves that don't gap or dangle to catch in machinery, and Strain-Proof Yoke. Big and easy-fitting all over. Fabrics tested for toughness. These are Big Yank's "plus" features. No wonder Big Yank Shirts and Trousers are first with millions of wartime workers. Buy Big Yank at good stores everywhere—and take your change in War Stamps!

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
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MAKERS OF Big Yank Work Clothing • Aywon Shirts • Ensenada Shirts and Slacks • Universal Pajamas • No-Tare Shorts • Happy Home and Kay Whitney Frocks • Parachutes for Men and Matériel

Reliance BIG YANK

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WARNING: Be on the lookout for Optimistic Olivers. These men are dangerous citizens!

THEY'RE American citizens, it's true ... but they're worth a million dollars apiece to our enemies. This "it-won't-be-long-now" talk spreads like wildfire. Rosie-the-Riveter and her co-workers take an afternoon off for a permanent ... Mrs. Jones isn't so careful about saving her tin cans ... Joe Zilch guesses he doesn't have to put so much of his pay check into War Bonds. That's what a few Optimistic Olivers can do to our "all out" war effort. It's up to you to button their lips.

There's no short cut to victory ... it's a long road—an expensive trip! Let's not kid ourselves ... nobody's going to win this war for us. We can drag it out, or we can wind it up with a terrific wallop. The sooner those War Bond dollars pile up in Uncle Sam's pockets, the sooner we can give those guys that double shellacking.

What's your score? Would you care to match it with that of a Marine just back from Guadalcanal? 10% is only the beginning. When you've figured just how much you can afford to invest, double it. You can do it. Remember ... those dollars are just loaned. When this war is over, you'll be holding a very substantial investment ... shares in the finest country in the world.

FACTS ABOUT WAR BONDS

1. War Bonds cost $18.75, for which you receive $25 in 10 years—or $4 for every $3.
2. War Bonds are the world's *safest* investment—guaranteed by the United States Government.
3. War Bonds can be made out in 1 name—or in 2, as co-owners.
4. War Bonds *cannot* go down in value. If they are lost, the Government will issue new ones.
5. War Bonds can be redeemed, in case of necessity, after 60 days.
6. War Bonds begin to build up interest after 12 months.

WE'VE GOT TO WIN!
BUY BONDS...AND KEEP ON BUYING

THIS ADVERTISEMENT SPONSORED BY
HOFFMANN-LA ROCHE, INC.
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Published in cooperation with the Drug, Cosmetic and Allied Industries

(continued)

"I'M NOT PLAYING FOR MARBLES..."

This is it.

We're headed straight for the open doors of hell, and when we get inside they'll slam 'em shut and lock 'em. Maybe I'll come out alive, and maybe I won't.

I'll take that chance. I'll take it because I know, now, what I'm playing for over here. And it isn't marbles.

I'm not fighting for the right to wait in line for my daily bread.

I'm not using a bayonet and a knife to carve myself a hole where I'll hide in fear for the rest of my days.

I'm not betting my life out here so anyone back there can tell me where and what and how to worship.

I'm not outguessing madmen with machine guns in their hands for the privilege of being told what to say and when to say it.

I'm fighting for freedom!

I'm fighting for the things that made America the greatest place in the world to live in . . . that are going to *keep* America the greatest place in this world to live in!

So don't anybody tell me I'll find America changed.

Don't anybody tell me there's no future any more in America.

Don't anybody tell me there's a ceiling on my opportunity to make a million or be President.

Don't anybody tell me there's a bridle and bit waiting for me with *my* name on it!

That's what took the humanity out of the men I'm up against now. And I don't want any part of it!

I want to come back to the same America I left behind me . . . where our way of living has always brought us new and *better* things . . . and always will . . . the America where there's clean, hard work to do . . . where there's freedom, and justice, and opportunity for all . . . where, if you can think and plan and act on your own, there are no limits on how high you can rise, how far you can go.

That's what I'm fighting for.

That's America to me.

Keep it that way until I come back!

. . .

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT

Back Up Our Boys! A War Bond Dollar is a Fighting Dollar! Buy More War Savings Bonds and Stamps!



NASH KELVINATOR

In War, Builders of Pratt & Whitney Engines and Hamilton Standard Propellers.

In Peace, Nash Automobiles, Kelvinator Refrigerators and Appliances.

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This is the Dad



of **BLUE RIBBON TOWN**

. . . who says—"Fill 'em up, Mom—I'll fasten 'em down"



"WE'RE working together
as never before,
Directing our efforts toward
winning the war,
Preserving and canning things
out in the kitchen,
Yes, Mother and I have been
right in there pitchin'.

"BUT sometimes I pause when
the work gets too taxing
And subtly suggest that,
'we both need relaxing,'
She'll say to me, sweetly:
'Of course we do, dear,
I'll get us a sandwich and
Blue Ribbon Beer.'

"AND so for the moment we
gladly suspend,
Our efforts—and pour out
that *full-flavor* blend;
The beer they call Pabst—with
a taste matched by none,
The beer that is 33 brews
—all in *one!*"





Now more than ever
A Symbol of
Friendly Companionship

BY THE WAY, if you are not able to get Pabst Blue Ribbon every time you want it—here's the reason: More people than ever are asking for Pabst Blue Ribbon these days—and under wartime conditions, there just isn't enough to go around. We are making every effort to see that your dealer gets a regular supply. If he is out of Pabst Blue Ribbon today, we suggest you ask again tomorrow.

© 1943, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisc.

"BLUE RIBBON TOWN" IS ON THE AIR! Starring GROUCHO MARX . . .
Famous Stars . . . Coast-to-Coast CBS Network . . . Every SATURDAY NIGHT

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED

into One Great Beer

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IN SWELTERING DESERT HEAT, IMMEDIATELY AFTER A 25-MILE HIKE, NEGRO SOLDIERS OF THE 93RD DIVISION MARCH ON THE PARADE GROUND AT FORT HUACHUCA, ARIZ.

NEGRO DIVISION

It prepares to go overseas

When German prisoners recently were sent to a U. S. prison camp, they said that the best fighters they encountered in North Africa were Australian troops and American Negro troops. Actually, the number of Negroes engaged in combat in Africa was small, but more and more of them are now being sent overseas to help in the fighting. For instance, the 93rd Infantry Division shown here, which was the first all-Negro combat division to be organized, has reached a state of training where it is ready to move out of the country at a moment's notice.

In spite of what the Germans say, however, Negroes remain essentially untried as fighters. During World War I more than 90% of the Negroes in the U. S. Army served in labor battalions. Even today the majority of Negroes in the Army are still in such battalions. But an increasing percentage of them are being put into combat units. They are admitted to all branches of the Army, including the Air Forces, and two all-Negro divisions have been activated. Approximately 3,000 Negroes are officers, almost three times as many as in World War I.

The 93rd Division consists of 16,000 enlisted men, all colored, and a thousand officers, half of whom are colored. Cooperation between the whites and the Negroes throughout the division is generally considered to be excellent.

COL. THOMAS F. TAYLOR AND HIS STAFF OF NEGRO AND WHITE OFFICERS REVIEW A RETREAT PARADE. HIGHEST RANKING NEGRO COMBAT OFFICER IN DIVISION IS A MAJOR



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BEAUTY NEWS FOR BUSY HANDS!

TOUSHAY

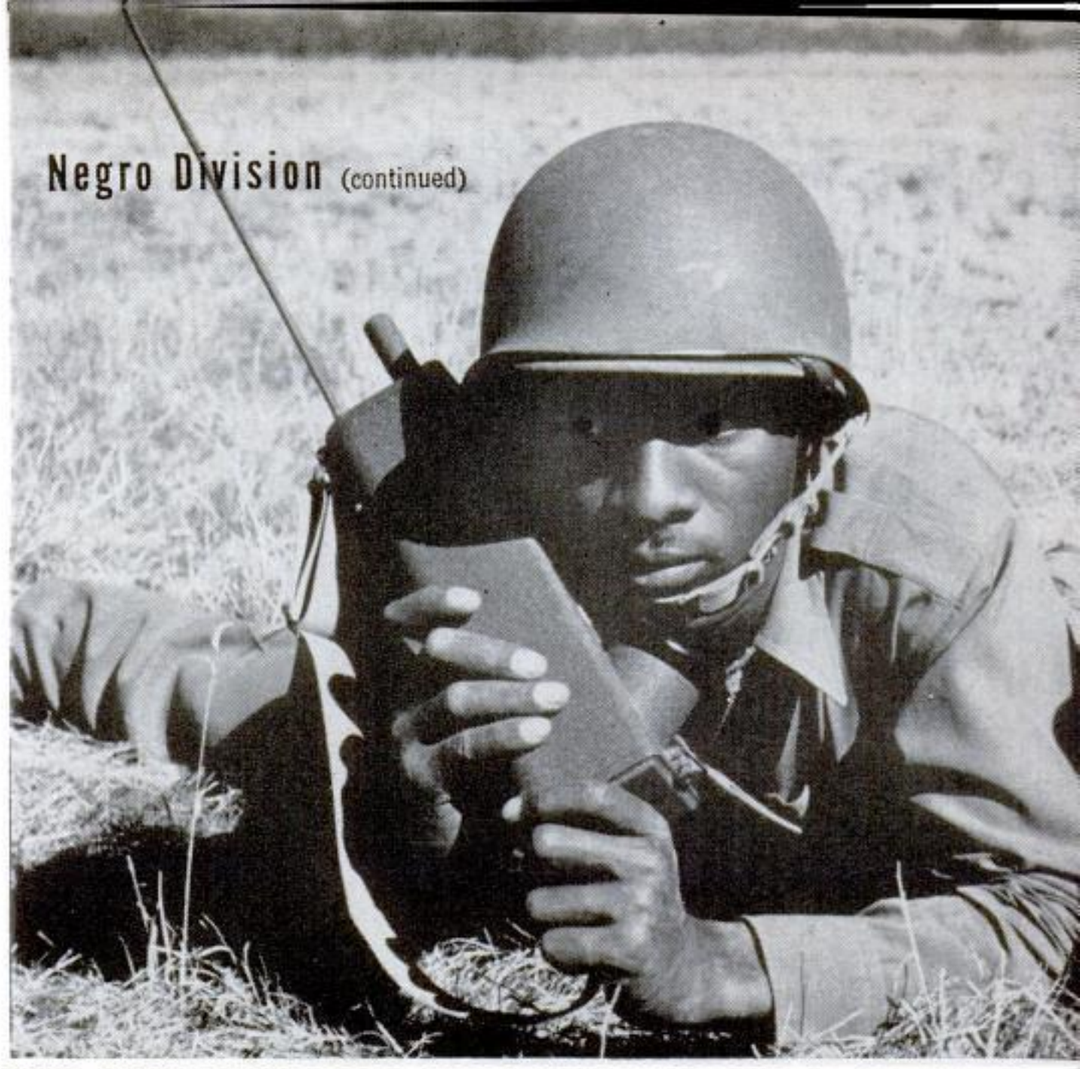
"Beforehand" Lotion Guards Hands in Hot, Soapy Water

Soft hands are doing more little soap-and-water chores! Let Toushay guard their loveliness. *Before* you put your hands into hot, soapy water, always smooth on this rich "beforehand" lotion. See how it defends against dryness and roughness, helps smooth hands *stay* smooth! Inexpensive. At your druggist's.



Trade-marked Product of Bristol-Myers

Negro Division (continued)



USING HANDIE-TALKIE RADIOS, NEGRO LIEUT. VASCO DE GAMA HALE WORKS



During infantry artillery practice at Fort Huachuca, Pfc. Alphonso Cohen and Cpl. Leslie Anderson line up target for their guns with the careful use of an aiming circle.

WITH ARMS FOLDED AND STEEL HELMETS PULLED DOWN OVER THEIR HEADS,





WITH MAJOR THOMAS SIMPSON IN DIRECTING LIVE-AMMUNITION PRACTICE



In fire direction center, Major Allan Carrell supervises the work of Pvt. Leon Smith, in a foxhole, who is computing artillery ranges for the battery and radio operators.

NEGRO SOLDIERS ROLL BY IN THEIR VEHICLES DURING THE DIVISION PARADE



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

TAKE CARE OF IT—AND IT'LL

TAKE CARE OF YOU!



If you own a Schick Electric Shaver, we don't need to tell you anything about those quick, clean, comfortable shaves you're getting.

But we do want to say a word about keeping right on with this modern way of shaving.

As you would expect, our factory is now going full tilt on war work. There'll be no more new Schicks made for the duration. This means you'll be wise to take mighty good care of the one you've got.

And, to help you do that, we built up a backlog of renewal parts.

So, if you damage your Schick in any way, take it in to one of the offices listed below, and let them put it right again at low cost—or mail it in. If it needs a new 2-M Hollow-Ground Shearing Head, you can get one for only $3*.

In any case, you'll be smart to have your Schick cleaned, adjusted and lubricated *now*—the charge will be trifling!

SCHICK INCORPORATED, Stamford, Conn., U.S.A.

★★

For the duration you'll want to keep your Schick Shaver in shipshape condition. Expert service and genuine Schick renewal parts—*including the new 2-M Hollow-Ground Shearing Head*—are available through Schick Service, Inc., at all of their offices listed below. Careful attention given to shavers mailed to these offices.

ALBANY
938 Natl. Sav. B'k Bldg.
ATLANTA
603 Rhodes-Haverty Bldg.
BALTIMORE
111 N. Charles St.
BOSTON
630 Boston C. of C. Bldg.
BROOKLYN
1007 Fox Bldg.
BUFFALO
632 Brisbane Bldg.
CHICAGO
212 Palmer House
CINCINNATI
814 Schmidt Bldg.
CLEVELAND
9 Union Com. Bldg. Arcade
COLUMBUS, O.
1200 Beggs Bldg.
DALLAS
611 Southland Life Bldg.
DENVER
501 Colorado Bldg.
DES MOINES
413 Fleming Bldg.
DETROIT
908 Industrial B'k Bldg.
HARTFORD, CONN.
1202 American Ind'l'l Bldg.
HOUSTON
521 Shell Bldg.
INDIANAPOLIS
703 Merchants B'k Bldg.
KANSAS CITY, MO.
710 Fidelity B'k Bldg.
LOS ANGELES
443 South Spring St.
MIAMI
129 Shoreland Arcade
MILWAUKEE
152 W. Wisconsin Ave.
MINNEAPOLIS
612 Andrus Bldg.
NEW YORK
17 East 42nd St.
NEWARK, N. J.
810 Raymond Com. Bldg.
OKLAHOMA CITY
206 Hightower Bldg.
OMAHA
647 Omaha Natl. B'k Bldg.
PHILADELPHIA
912 Chestnut St.
PITTSBURGH
908 Investment Bldg.
PORTLAND, ME.
210 Bank of Com. Bldg.
PROVIDENCE
506 Turks Head Bldg.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
705 Temple Bldg.
ST. LOUIS
23 Mezzanine, Arcade Bldg.
SAN FRANCISCO
787 Monadnock Bldg.
SEATTLE
701 Republic Bldg.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
521 Bond Bldg.

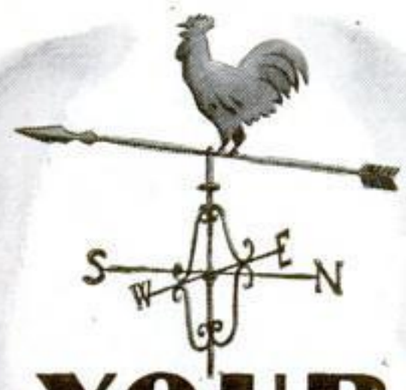
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*Slightly higher in Canada

SCHICK INCORPORATED **SCHICK ELECTRIC SHAVER**

TO HASTEN VICTORY—BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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YOUR ALL-WEATHER FRIEND

With more coffee available—make it as you like it—enjoy it as you always have.



Frosty and tempting . . . iced coffee takes the sizzle out of summer. Delicious and *energizing* . . . it peps you up while it cools you off . . . helps you do more work and better work in these days when your country needs your all-out effort. (*Coffee for icing should be made stronger than usual, to compensate for melting ice.*)

Coffee . . . iced or hot . . . in the war-worker's vacuum bottle works wonders at mid-shift. Energizing and flavorful, it sends him (or her) back to work with new zest for that job that *must* be done.





Coffee on the breakfast table . . . fragrant, mellow and heartening . . . is the finest start for the day. It's wartime America's wake-up-and-get-going drink . . . and the nation's all-time, anytime favorite!

COFFEE

THE FRIENDLY DRINK—FROM GOOD NEIGHBORS

PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU

BRAZIL COLOMBIA COSTA RICA CUBA DOMINICAN REPUBLIC
EL SALVADOR MEXICO VENEZUELA

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND SAVINGS STAMPS

Negro Division (continued)



CAPTAIN ROBERT W. HAINESWORTH IS ONE OF TWO COMPANY COMMANDERS



LIEUT. NIMROD CAUTIOUS CALHOUN, CHAPLAIN, PREACHES TO NEGRO SOLDIERS

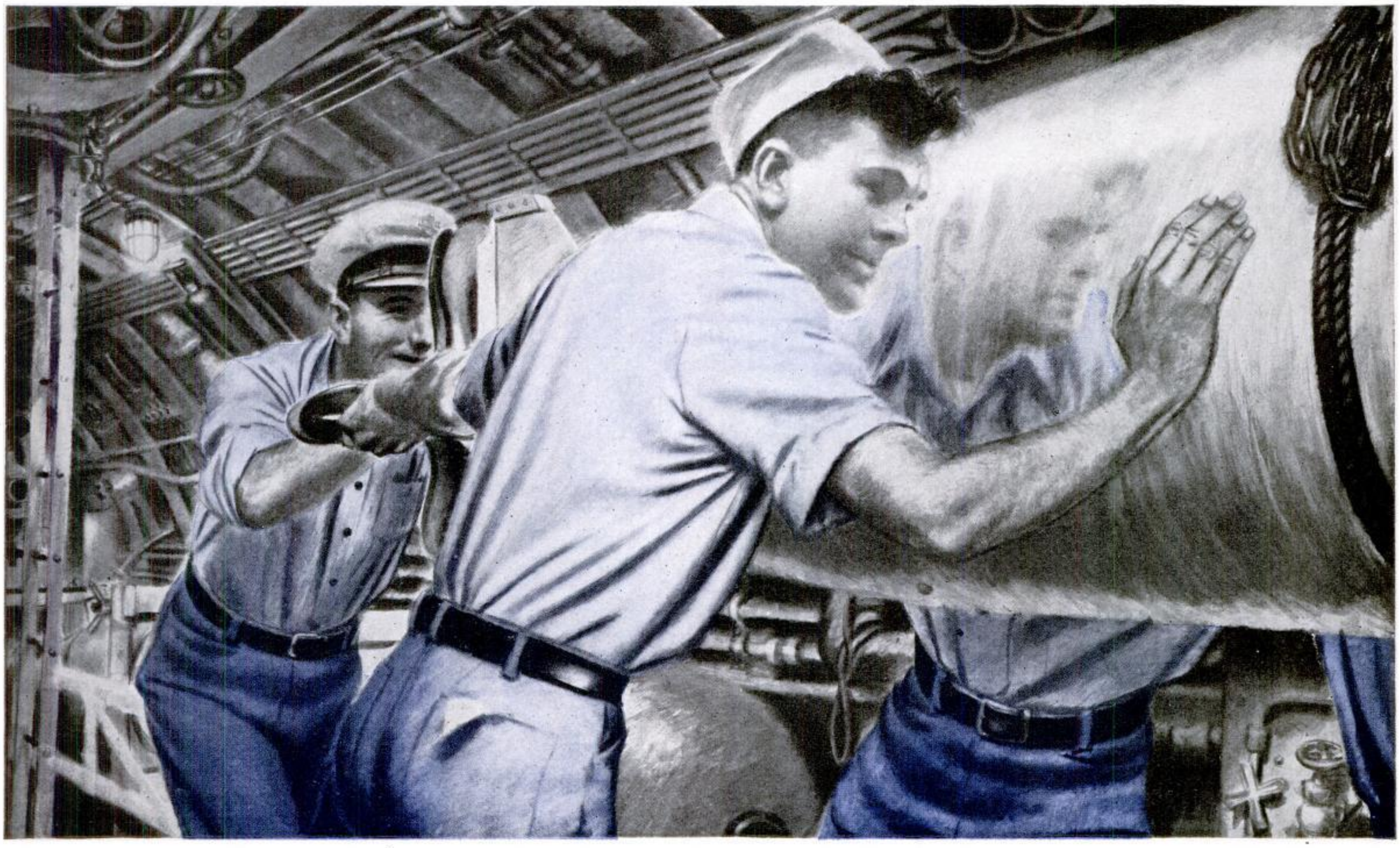


MAJOR ROSCOE GILES, MEDICAL OFFICER, IS WELL-KNOWN CHICAGO SURGEON



TOP SERGEANT JACKSON WEIGHS 236 POUNDS, HAS BEEN IN ARMY 24 YEARS

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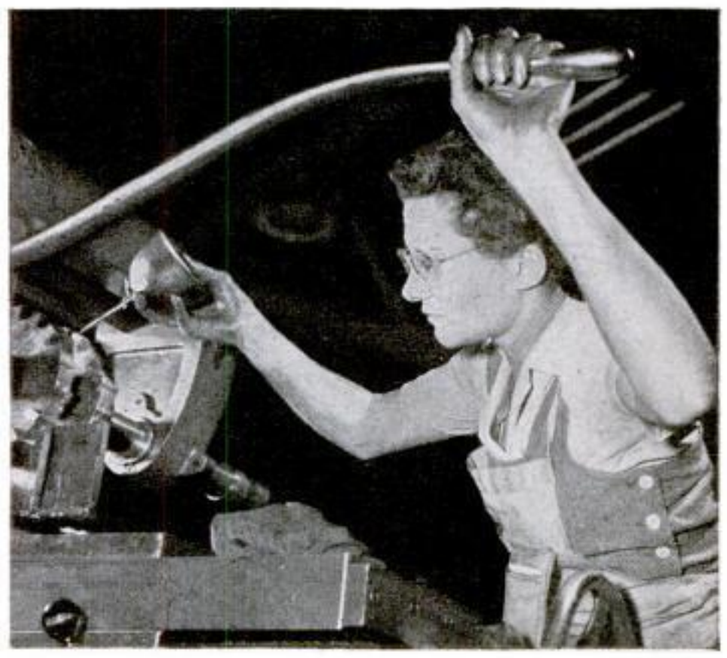


Westinghouse makes a pledge to a boy in a submarine . . .

. . . that if care and skill and conscience can insure it—every single piece of Westinghouse war equipment shall meet the test of battle with performance beyond expectation . . . that every Westinghouse war weapon shall prove worthy of its high trust.

Westinghouse makes a pledge to a girl at a milling machine . . .

. . . to Ann McCastland, whose husband is with the fighting Marines, and to thousands like her in Westinghouse factories who have loved ones at the fighting fronts—a pledge that in wartime our only business is Victory . . . that we are vitally concerned with anything our "know-how" can design or build to speed the winning of the war.





Westinghouse makes a pledge to a woman and her dreams . . .

. . . that some day, not too far distant, her life shall be richer and happier because of the tremendous progress now being born of research and experience in making war weapons . . . that new electric products, appliances, equipment, shall bring her greater comfort and leisure in the days of peace to come. Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Plants in 25 cities—offices everywhere.

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CLOSE-UP



IN REAL LIFE LIEUT. COL. PHILIP G. COCHRAN WITH LOUISE MUNSIE AT THE STORK CLUB



IN "TERRY AND THE PIRATES" STRIP, FLIP CORKIN'S BEST GIRL IS NURSE TAFFY TUCKER

"FLIP CORKIN"

LIEUT. COL. PHILIP G. COCHRAN LEADS DOUBLE LIFE AS A HERO BOTH IN AFRICA AND IN CARTOON STRIP

by JOHN BAINBRIDGE

It is probably safe to say that Lieut. Colonel Philip G. Cochran is the only fighter pilot in the Army Air Forces who leads a double life and is a hero in both. In real life, Cochran is a jaunty young flier who went to North Africa last November with the invasion and returned recently on leave with a chestful of decorations. For his legendary exploits in Tunisia, where he commanded a squadron of fighter pilots who operated from an airfield so far ahead of the main Allied forces that they sometimes had the impression they were fighting a private war, Cochran was awarded eleven citations and five medals. He wears the Silver Star, the Soldier's Medal, the Distinguished Flying Cross with two oak-leaf clusters, the Air Medal with three oak-leaf clusters, and the Croix de Guerre with star and palm. That would seem to make him a hero, in fact.

In fiction, Cochran leads a second existence in the person of a character named "Flip Corkin" who appears in the comic strip *Terry and the Pirates*. The resemblance between Corkin and Cochran is anything but coincidental. Milton Caniff, the artist who draws *Terry*, planned the likeness deliberately. An old friend of Cochran's, Caniff set out to model his comic-strip hero after the original with elaborate accuracy. As a result, the 23,000,000 Americans who read *Terry* know that Flip Corkin, alias Philip Cochran, comes from Erie, Pa. and is a handsome Irishman in his early 30's with an impressive square jaw, hair that is prematurely gray and two false front teeth which he calls his China Clippers. They know he is not married but has a high opinion of girls, even though he always refers to them lightly as "chicks." And they know he is a hot pilot who invariably names the airplane he flies "Shilalah," talks about going into battle as a trip "to see a man about a dogfight" and wears a shamrock tied on the back of his flying helmet.

Despite Caniff's careful efforts to make Corkin a faithful facsimile of Cochran, fate occasionally trips him up. For example, Cochran's real-life promotions have been so rapid that his alter ego hasn't been able to keep pace, and is still being addressed in the comic pages as Major Corkin. Furthermore, Major Corkin is currently in the midst of a romance with a bewitching little Army nurse by the name of Taffy Tucker. Naturally assuming that this pleasant affair has a basis in fact, people who meet Cochran for the first time usually inquire eagerly about the Tucker girl. Cochran is used to this. "Taffy Tucker," he always explains, "is still just an imaginary gal. Personally, I prefer hat-check chicks and showgirls."

He finds the chicks are welders

During the cold North African nights when Cochran went to bed in his flying clothes and wrapped himself up in half a dozen blankets, he used to amuse himself by planning what he'd do when he got home. "The hat-check chicks," he often said, "are sure going to catch hell when I get back to New York." Someone asked him the other day how this had worked out. "Not well," Cochran replied sadly. "Most of the chicks I knew have gone to be welders." The melancholy situation in regard to hat-check chicks has been but one of the disappointing features that have marked Cochran's coming home.

Like most men back from the wars, Cochran returned tired and weary. He thought he'd go straight home to Erie, see his parents and just lie in a hammock and take his ease. Life for a hero at home, he quickly discovered, cannot be that simple. Cochran's parents, whom he hadn't seen for close to a year, met him at the station. So did a band of reporters and photographers and a delegation composed of civic officials and lots of little boys and girls draped in bunting. The home town, Cochran learned, was sponsoring a bond drive in his honor under the slogan "Fighters for Phil," and he'd arrived at its height. For the benefit of photographers, he kissed his mother several times. For the benefit of reporters, he explained that Taffy Tucker was an imaginary character. He signed autographs for the youngsters. Then he rushed home and got settled in a comfortable chair in time to receive members of the bond drive committee.

Cochran appeared as honored guest at two banquets in as many nights. He heard himself described as the "intrepid gray eagle of the North African front," as the "one-man air force from Erie, Pa." and, because he'd once been a choirboy, as "our little song sparrow who has become a fighting American eagle." When the weary eagle got home that night, he had to pull down all the shades in the house, because kids kept peeking in the windows. He decided the only way to get any rest was to return to New York. He tried to escape by the back door, but was mobbed by youngsters. He signed autographs until train time, then apologized for having to rush away. His young fans got peevish. "Okay," one of them piped. "Go ahead and go, but you'll be sorry."

With this hex on his head, Cochran returned to New York, registered at a hotel and climbed into bed for a long sleep. The phone started ringing. Publishers kept calling to ask him to write a book. Cochran said he didn't feel like writing a book, he felt like sleeping. The callers were not discouraged. "We'll give you the best ghost in the business," one of them insisted. "He'll write while you sleep." Cochran was urged to speak at bond rallies, appear at private dinners and turn out for pep rallies at war plants. Several such invitations

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were tendered with a lead pipe. "Lookit here, Cochran," the manager of one war plant exploded. "We're doing some pretty important things out here, and we think it's your duty to give us a hand." At last, Cochran packed his bag, checked out of the hotel without leaving a forwarding address and sneaked up to Milton Caniff's house in the country, about 40 miles from New York. Cochran doesn't know quite how it happened, but the night after he arrived there he found himself sitting on the speakers' platform at the graduation exercises of the local grade school.

Flying is a business to him

Cochran has no relish for his present role, which he describes as that of "just another damn hero." For one thing, he says he doesn't feel heroic. With him, flying is a business. He went into it as other young men, before the war, went into plumbing or the law. As a youth, Cochran's greatest ambition was to become a jockey. He was a slight youngster, and weighed only 114 pounds when he entered Erie Central High School. In spite of his size, he went out loyally for football every year, but had the misfortune to be substitute for the All-State quarterback. In the last quarter of the final game during his senior year, the coach sent him in. Before Cochran could reach the referee, the whistle blew and the game was over. He was determined to play college football, and spent the next two years hauling ice, in the Red Grange tradition. At the end of that time, he weighed 128. He decided if he put off going to college any longer he'd wind up in the ice business for life.

Cochran worked his way through Ohio State University by waiting on tables at the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity house and by singing with bands in college eateries and various non-deluxe night spots. "I took money for singing during that period of my life," Cochran says now. Although he continues to hold a low opinion of his singing voice, he is not backward about using it. His favorite numbers at the moment are mainly imported North African ditties, such as *Gertie from Bizerte*, *Stella, the Belle of Fidella* and a parody promisingly titled *I'm Dreaming of a White Mistress*. When he finally graduated from Ohio State in 1935, he applied for admission into the Air Corps. He says he doesn't recall exactly why, "except that it looked like easy work." To his surprise he was accepted and, as he puts it, signed on the payroll at $75 a month. At the time, the money was of some consequence, but Cochran today has a very casual attitude toward cash. While he was in North Africa, he had his salary sent home to his father, who invested it for him in war bonds. He can't recall offhand what his holdings amount to. "It's a fair bundle," he says. "Enough to buy a block-long Packard."

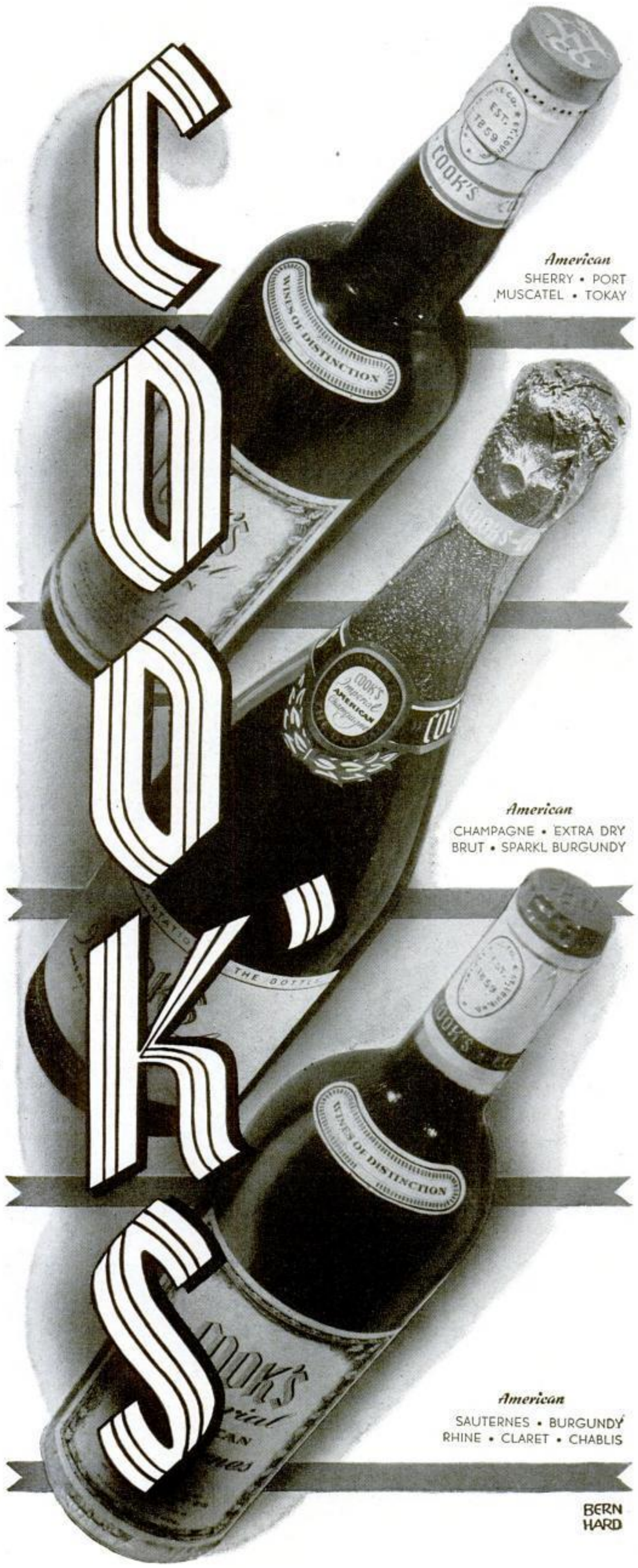
By the fall of 1941, Cochran was a first lieutenant and in command of an airfield near Groton, Conn., where recently graduated pilots were sent to receive their operational training. Cochran ran his field, which was actually part of a peaceful, abandoned estate, as though it were located in a battle zone. He converted a barn into barracks for his ground crew and turned an old farmhouse into quarters for his pilots and himself. When spare parts and material failed to arrive, Cochran insisted on improvising. If his ground crew lacked proper equipment for lifting a motor from a plane, they simply converted the machinery used to remove manure from the barn into a workable hoist. Saluting and the other niceties of military life were

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In southern Tunisia Cochran blew up German and Italian trucks hidden under haystacks. Drawings to illustrate this article were made especially for LIFE by Caniff.





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Before bombing locomotives on Axis-controlled railroads in Tunisia, Cochran and his pilots always flew low over trains once, to warn the French trainmen to jump off.

"FLIP CORKIN" (continued)

largely forgotten. Cochran's pilots carried sidearms and kept on the alert, as though there were a Nazi behind every tree.

Instead of teaching conventional textbook tactics, Cochran followed the theory that the best way for his men to learn to fly and fight was to practise flying and fighting unceasingly. To keep themselves in fighting trim, Cochran's pilots, who were known as the 65th or the Fighting Cork Squadron, carried on a mock running war with the 64th Squadron, a similar operational group located in Boston. The 65th seldom lost a battle. This was partly because Cochran had developed an unorthodox but highly successful interceptor system. He had the foresight to make friends with a chick who lived near the 64th's field. Whenever the "enemy" took off to fly toward Groton, the spotter chick warned Cochran by phone. This gave him plenty of time to get his pilots in the air to drive the invaders off.

The training at Groton, Cochran says, was just an advanced game of cops and robbers, and he and his pilots took a lot of kidding about it. Apparently, however, the training paid off. The Fighting Cork Squadron, which had learned to play flying cops and robbers under Cochran, was later assigned as air support to Montgomery's Army. They have been in combat now for over a year, and at the end of the Tunisian Campaign had lost only two of the original pilots in action. Because of his talent for teaching, Cochran had a hard time getting himself into the war. He was left behind in the States as an instructor. Seeing one squadron after another leave his field and go off to combat began getting on his nerves, and by the summer of 1942 he was so sore about being kept out of the war that he developed a case of the "clanks," a Cochran term that is roughly synonymous with the jitters.

He forms the Joker Squadron

The malady vanished when, in the fall, he was assigned to Africa with 34 pilots and 35 planes. Arriving in Casablanca, Cochran discovered that his group had no official existence, since they were regarded as replacements for pilots who were killed. According to Cochran's observation, casualties were very light indeed, so he decided to form his group into a squadron and hope that through some mix-up they might get shipped to the front. He took his pilots to Rabat, Morocco, christened them the Joker Squadron, and began putting them through their paces. When his superiors discovered what he was up to, the "Jokers" were told to go back to Casablanca. "It was clearly a situation that called for initiative," Cochran says. He sent his pilots westward back to Casablanca. Then he climbed into his own airplane and used so much initiative that he didn't stop flying eastward until he reached the front.

Cochran finally landed at an airport in Western Tunisia, near Kasserine Pass. There he found the remnants of a couple of P-40 squadrons who had been having a pretty rough time of it. A couple of days after his arrival, having observed, as Cochran says, that they were getting their rump shot off, he called the pilots together and announced that since he was the ranking officer on the field, he was taking charge. The field, little more than a broad, bare plain, was the extreme forward outpost of the Allied forces. The area around it was defended by a thin line of poorly equipped French troops and

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"I like hat-check chicks and showgirls," Cochran says. He constantly has to explain to admirers that his cartoon sweetheart, Taffy Tucker, does not exist in real life.

"FLIP CORKIN" (continued)

a few score American paratroopers. The enemy had superiority in everything but ingenuity. This set-up suited Cochran fine. Since his force seldom consisted of more than thirty planes and once got down to four, Cochran concluded that the only sensible thing was to fight a guerilla war from the air. "We were a sort of pioneer outfit," Cochran says, "and our ideas just came out of our heads as we went along."

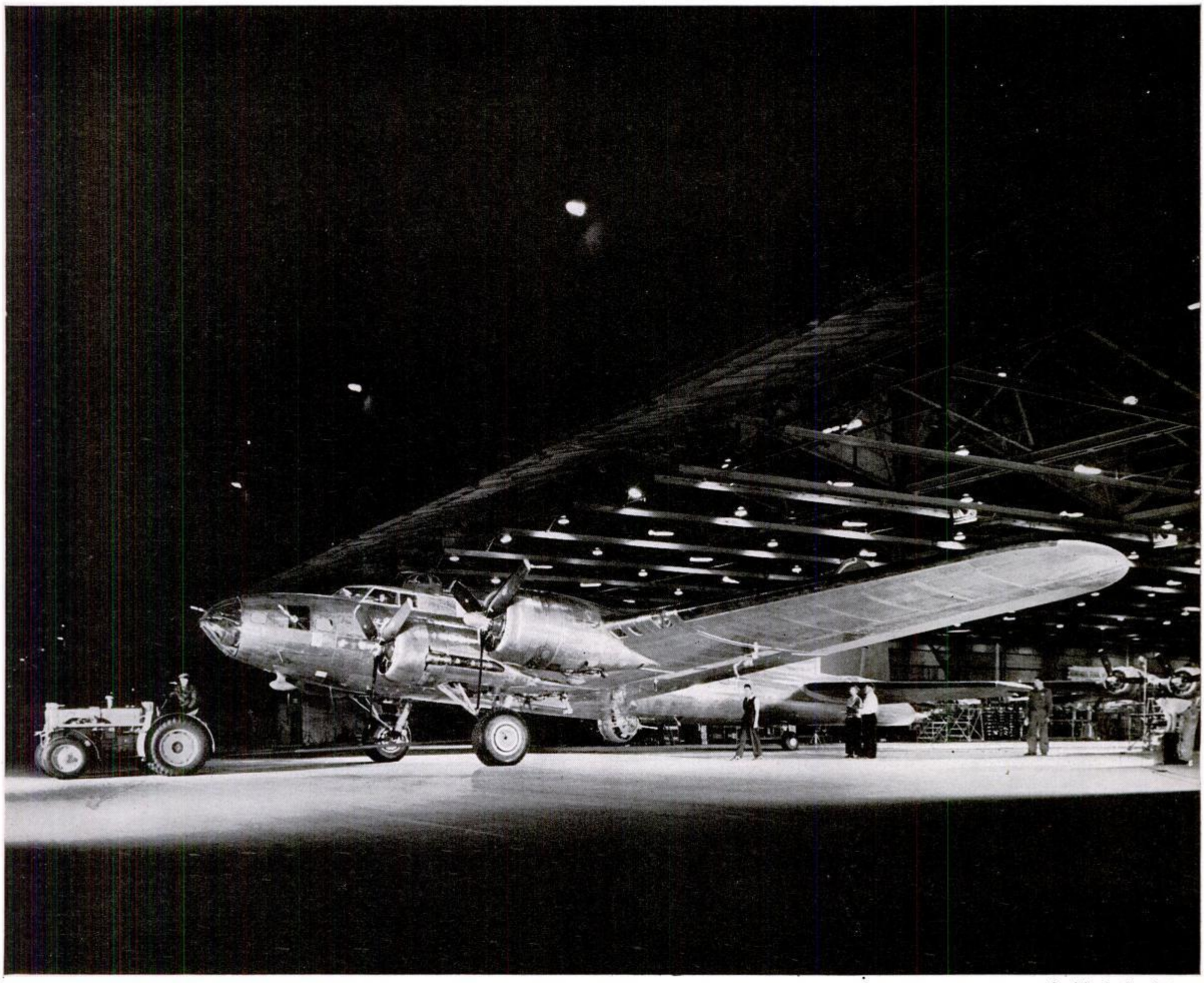
One idea that quickly came out of Cochran's head was to send his pilots roaming the desert to shoot up German and Italian trucks. His operations officer went out one day and knocked out 84 of them in one sweep. Before long, the squadron got so good at this that the Germans quit trying to move trucks anywhere in Tunisia by daylight. They drove by night and hid their machines under haystacks during the day. Suspicious-looking haystacks thereupon became regular targets, and began blowing up with agreeable frequency. The squadron's intelligence department was run by a Frenchman named Léon, who spent part of his time looking after Cochran the way a coach looks after his star athlete. To make sure that Cochran got enough to eat, Léon had a habit of disappearing and returning with mysterious acquisitions, such as a herd of ten pigs. He operated with the same mysterious efficiency in supplying intelligence. One day he reported that the French railways in Tunisia, then in the hands of the Germans, were supplied with only nine locomotives. Léon thought it would be amusing to bag a few. So did Cochran. The squadron went to work on this project and bagged five out of nine. When attacking a train, Cochran and his pilots always flew over once, very low, without firing. The trainmen, mostly French, usually took the hint, jumped from the train, waved their caps and ran for a ditch. The pilots would then sweep over the target, pouring .50-cal. machine-gun bullets into the boiler and turning it into a sieve.

Blowing up German headquarters

After a while, Cochran got tired of attacking with nothing heavier than machine-gun bullets, so he got hold of a few 500-lb. bombs and figured out a way of attaching them to wings of his P-40 where auxiliary gas tanks are usually carried. Early in January, he got a chance to give his creation a trial. "Around the 8th or 9th," Cochran says, "the Germans began warning us on the radio that they were gonna give us hell. They said they'd take Fondouk. I figured it would be a right idea to do something to push them off balance. You know, upset 'em. We'd heard that a German divisional commander had his headquarters in a hotel over in Kairouan, and I figured if I could demoralize him and his chums a little it might slow up their attack on the pass." On the evening of the 9th, Cochran accordingly had his armorer strap a 500-lb. bomb on his airplane. Cochran says he didn't sleep very well that night. He kept waking up, chuckling at what he was going to do. "The next morning, I got into my airplane and flew over to this hotel. In a deal like that you fly low, go at the building at roof-top level, then raise up just enough to miss it and stay alive and let the bomb go. I let the bomb go and saw chunks of the hotel flying around in the air, but when I looked down I saw I was over an Arab graveyard alive with anti-aircraft guns. That made me flak-happy, and I got out of there fast. "When I looked around again I was being shot at by a guy in a

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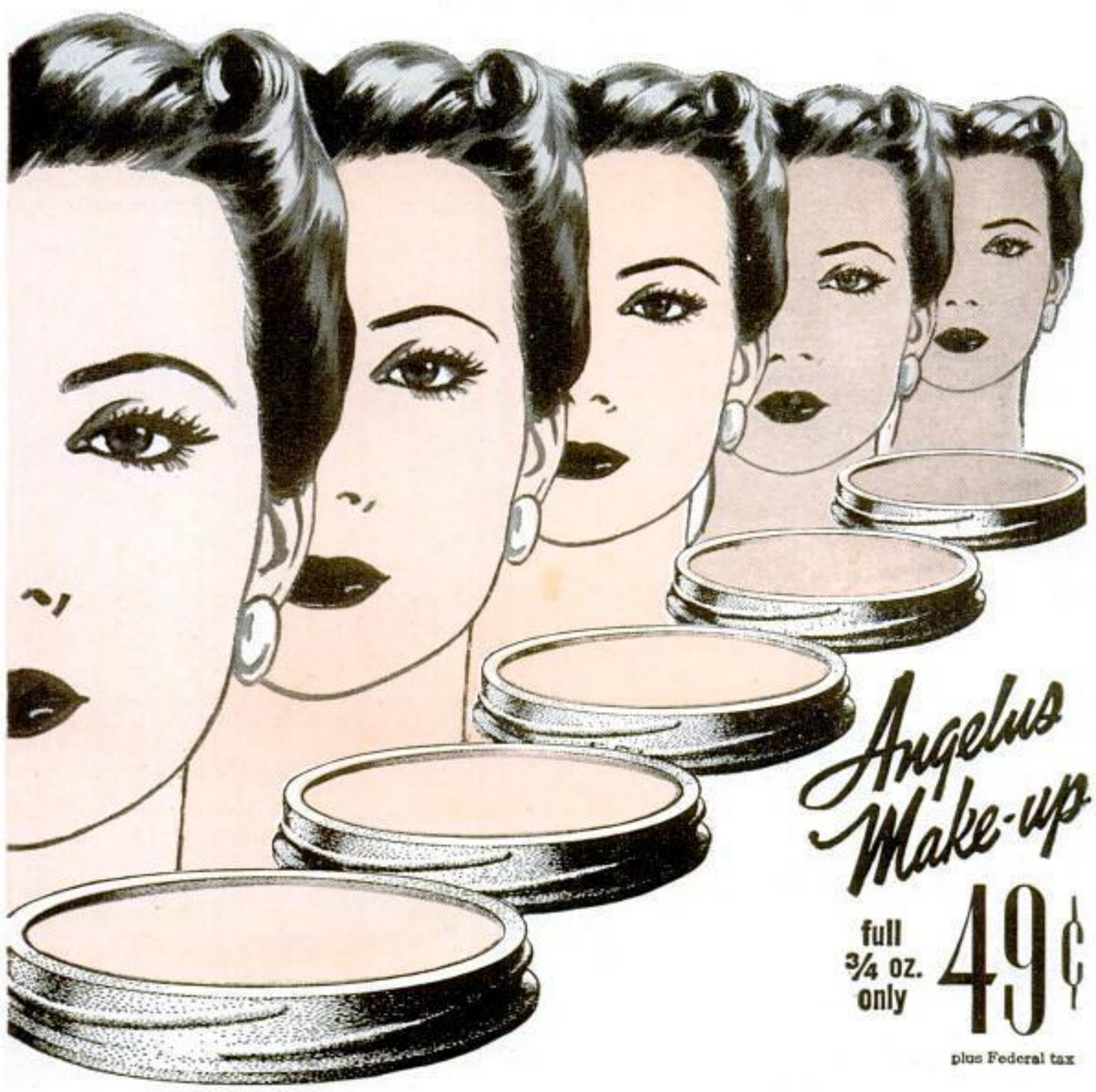
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"FLIP CORKIN" (continued)

Focke-Wulf 190. He shot my right aileron control away and I had to fly with the stick in the corner. I figured I'd have to make a crash landing, and the only thing that crossed my mind was how I'd be sitting on my fanny as a prisoner for the rest of the war. But when he got real close I let him have one burst. I guess he thought I was kidding when I started down, because he went away. If he'd kept at me, that would have been it."

Shortly after the Kairouan raid, Cochran got interested in blowing up a bridge about 20 miles north of Gabés. The bridge, spanning a deep gorge, was an important part of the Germans' transportation system and Cochran figured it would be a right idea to get it out of the way. The bomber pilots, or egg jockeys as Cochran calls them, had had a go at it without success.

"I cased the joint a couple of times," Cochran says, "and I figured if I could drop a bomb right at the side where the bridge was set into the gorge it would do the trick. Just as I started up the gorge, a camel caravan started over the bridge. You'd think I was the president of the S. P. C. A. or something, but I couldn't bring myself to blow those poor little beasties to hell. I went around and came in again. I dropped the bomb and we beat it, but when I went back the next day to have a look, I found the bomb had made a hell of a big hole but hadn't hurt the bridge a bit. We used the bridge later ourselves."

After two months of guerilla warfare, during which he flew 61 missions himself and shot down two German planes, Cochran was ordered back to Casablanca to teach what he'd learned to fresh pilots. Since returning to this country, the one thing Cochran has talked about more than anything else is the excellence of young American fliers. "Our kids, American boys," he says, "are just sort of automatically wonderful. Just through our own way of life, they get something that makes them superior fighters. In Germany they have to be beaten over the head and get indoctrinated with all kinds of ersatz racial theories, and the Japs have the same system. Our boys have an individual sense of responsibility. The fighter pilot flies with his heart. The thing that makes him superior is inside him all the time. Our kids—all of them—have it, and I think it's something they just get by growing up and living in this country."

On his way back to this country, Cochran made up his mind that he would diligently avoid making any comment or criticism of the way people at home are acting. He says that isn't his business right now, and he has stuck to his decision in the face of certain difficulties. Perhaps the severest strain on his resolution was made one evening when he went to the Stork Club for dinner. Sitting at the table next to him were a couple whom Cochran describes as a middle-aged businessman and a young blonde chick. "This chick and the old Joe," Cochran says, "were playing gin rummy, and they were so damned intent on their game that they didn't exchange a word, I swear, for an hour. Just kept playing gin rummy. Pretty soon the chick says, 'Lovey pet, I want a monkey.' Lovey pet didn't even look up. About half an hour later, the chick pipes up again and says, 'Honey love, I'm serious. I really do want a monkey.' Honey love didn't even look at her. He just said, 'Oh, shut up,' and kept on playing gin rummy. They were still playing when I left the joint." The experience left Cochran a little dazed. "I keep wondering," he says, "if she ever got the monkey."



On the Tunisian battlefront Major Cochran (*right*) was photographed last January by LIFE's Margaret Bourke-White. For action here Cochran received Croix de Guerre.

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Before the war only your pocketbook suffered if you tossed away a withered vegetable, a dry chop, or a dab of leftover cooked food. But now food waste also hurts the nation's war effort and robs the family table!

No one wastes food deliberately. But losses do occur! Sometimes through improper food storage. Or failure to use every drop and crumb. Knowing the best ways to use your refrigerator helps you minimize waste, save precious points. Check the food-saving ideas on this page. You're an unusual woman if you know them all!

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SAVE ends of cheese near rind. Grate and store in covered jars for use in casserole dishes.



SAVE uncooked egg whites in tightly covered jar for use in meringues, frostings, etc.



SAVE fat drippings for home use or fat salvage. Refrigerate bacon grease or drippings.



SAVE unused vegetable juices for soups, etc.—fruit juices and syrups for desserts, drinks.



SAVE the vitamin values of leftover vegetables by using them uncooked in salads.



SAVE the good in leftover cooked meat by storing in a covered dish. Prevents drying.



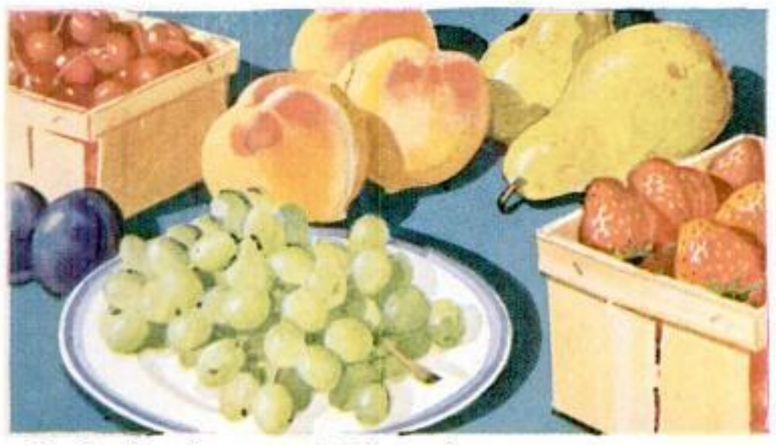
Fresh Meat, if not to be frozen, keeps best in meat or defrosting tray. Cover lightly with waxed paper. Leave ends open for free air circulation. Do not cut or chop meat until cooking time—keeps better in the piece. Wrap and freeze ground and variety meats if not to be used day of purchase.



Eggs left at room temperature for 3 days lose as much freshness as in 2 months in refrigerator! Never wash eggs before storing, it destroys a protective film that guards freshness. Cool milk and egg dishes like custards in pan of ice water, then cover and refrigerate until serving time.



Milk should never be left in sunlight or at room temperature. Refrigerate immediately, continuously. Never pour milk or cream back in bottle. CHEESE should be wrapped in waxed paper to prevent drying. Keep soft types covered, use promptly. BUTTER needs tight cover to protect flavor.



Soft Fruits and Berries should be sorted, spread out on shallow pan or plate, and refrigerated. To guard against mold, do not cover. Handle carefully, any break in skin helps hasten spoilage. As a further precaution against mold, never wash berries until just before using.



Fresh Vegetables lose their vitamin content rapidly at room temperature. Wash and drain them immediately after marketing and store in covered container in refrigerator. Pile them loosely to prevent bruising, quick spoiling. Save usable trimmed outer leaves for use in soups.



Melons, when ripe, need refrigeration. Until then, keep them dry to prevent mold—at room temperature to improve taste and texture. Handle gently to avoid bruises. When chilling, cover cut ends with waxed paper. Wrap cantaloupes well to guard other foods from strong odors.



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For instance, these 12 new sandwich ideas from Armour's kitchens contain meat, bread, butter, eggs and several vegetables—all essential foods for a well-rounded diet. They're sandwich fillings that have what it takes to satisfy the active workers in your family. They have variety, they carry well, keep well, and are easy for *you* to prepare.

Armour and Company offers a wonderful choice of fine foods for all 12 of these interesting sandwich fillings. You'll find them thrifty, too. One can of Armour's Treet makes fillings for as many as 10 to 12 sandwiches (at only ½ point each).

Of course, you'll make many of your sandwiches with leftover meats. But for variety, always include at least one different sandwich in every sandwich lunch. So save these suggestions. They were worked out by Armour food economists whose experience can be of real help to you in making the most of meat.





1. TREET AND EGG SALAD SANDWICH: On one slice of enriched white bread place 2 thin slices of Armour's Treet (1 can gives 10-12 thin slices—makes 5-6 sandwiches). On other slice spread egg salad made by chopping 1 hard-cooked Cloverbloom Egg, mixing with 1 tsp. chopped green pepper, add salad dressing.



2. OLD FASHIONED SANDWICH: Place 1 thin slice of Star Old Fashioned Loaf (a blend of choice Armour beef and pork) on one slice of whole wheat bread. Spread second slice of bread with creamed Cloverbloom Butter and mayonnaise mixed in equal portions. Include 3 or 4 tiny green onions between layers.



3. STAR LIVER SAUSAGE SANDWICH: Place 2 liberal slices of Star Liver Sausage on one slice of rye bread. Spread a thin layer of creamed Cloverbloom Butter on other and top with shredded or chopped raw cabbage. Serve a dill pickle with the sandwich. Cabbage will not wilt in a sandwich even after standing.

4. Chopped Treet Sandwich: Grind 1 can Armour's Treet and mix with equal parts of ground peanuts and salad dressing to moisten. This mixture makes 10-12 sandwiches. Keeps a week in your refrigerator. Serve with sweet pickles.

5. Star Salami Sandwich: Place thin slices of Star Salami on rye bread. Spread second slice with creamed butter mixed with prepared mustard.

6. Star Bologna and Cheese: Place a thin slice of Star Large Bologna on a piece of enriched white bread. Spread a second slice liberally with Cloverbloom Cream Cheese softened with cream and mixed with a little prepared horseradish. Put together to carry or serve open faced for lunch at home. Include sliced radishes.



7. Treet and Tomato Sandwich: Place 2 thin slices of Treet on piece of whole wheat bread. Spread Cloverbloom Butter creamed and mixed with a little mustard on the other slice of bread—top with thin slices of tomato. If the sandwich must stand several hours before being eaten—wrap tomato separately. It can be added to sandwich just before eating.

8. Brown Bread and Cloverbloom Cream Cheese: Use rather thin slices of steamed Boston Brown Bread. Put together with a thin layer of creamed Cloverbloom Butter and a liberal filling of Cloverbloom Cream Cheese softened with cream and mixed with chopped green pepper. Really delicious for parties, home lunch, or lunch box. Stays moist and delicious.

9. Star Bacon and Peanut Butter: Spread one slice of whole wheat bread with Armour's Peanut Butter mixed with salad dressing in equal amounts. Place chopped, crisp Star Bacon over the peanut butter.

10. Star Ham, Mustard and Piccalilli Sandwich: Spread one slice of whole wheat or rye bread with softened Cloverbloom Butter and top with a slice of cooked Star Ham. Spread second slice of bread with a light layer of prepared mustard, top with a thin layer of piccalilli.

11. Cloverbloom Cheese and Olives: Lay thin slices of Cloverbloom Swiss, American or Pimiento Cheese on one slice of bread. Spread second slice with mayonnaise and top with thin slices of stuffed olives.

12. Victory Sandwich: Spread one layer of whole wheat bread with creamed Cloverbloom Butter. Top with freshly grated Cloverbloom Pimiento Cheese. Add a layer of freshly grated raw carrot. Top with a second slice of bread.

Sandwich Tips



Keep sandwiches moist by including mayonnaise, creamed butter, mustard, or a crisp, chopped vegetable. Wrap each sandwich separately in wax paper.

Spread fillings right to edge of bread, but not oozing over. Cream your butter for easy spreading.

Mustard, lemon juice, horseradish or mayonnaise added to creamed butter makes it go further.

Lettuce wilts, so wrap it separately in wax paper. It can be added to the sandwich just before eating.

Use different breads: Nut, Whole Wheat, Enriched White, Raisin, Rye.

Armour and Company

For finest quality and flavor ask for Armour's Branded Products:

Star Ham and Bacon Star Beef, Lamb, Veal Star Sausages Star Canned Meats
Cloverbloom Poultry and Dairy Products

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When not in use, cooking surfaces, sink, pots, pans and all of the equipment disappear in this ultramodern kitchen. Uniform lids come down over the work units and make a handy bar.



Kitchen in use looks like this. Here the sink, meat chopper and cooking units, under the lids at the left, are visible. Head and shins can't be bumped on cabinet doors because they slide.

KITCHENS OF TOMORROW MAY LOOK LIKE THIS

Mrs. H. Creston Doner is the kind of woman who is all thumbs in a kitchen. She is tall, bangs her head on cabinet doors, burns her fingers when roasting, chips dishes on the faucets of the sink, gets runs in her stockings when she stoops down to fish things out of cupboards, bruises her knees on cabinet walls when she sits on a stool to work. Her husband, an industrial designer, decided to do something about it. He studied the kitchen she worked in (an adequate one by present standards) and concluded that the fault lay not with his wife but the kitchen.

The "kitchen of tomorrow" photographed on these pages is his answer to her problems. It was built in Toledo, Ohio, by the Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Company as a sample, experimental kitchen. All the equipment needed for preparing, cooking, storing food is built in, runs by electricity. The cabinets have sliding doors. Bending and stooping are reduced to a minimum because counters and utensils are at proper working level. Generous use of glass enables the housewife to see through the oven door and cook pots, into icebox and cupboards. Fronts of counters and drawers beneath working surfaces are slanted in so that housewife has knee room when she sits at her work. When work is done, the kitchen doubles as a playroom.

Potatoes are pared in sink. Electric garbage unit grinds parings. Vegetable drawer tilts so contents roll forward.



This is the sink. Faucet handles, which are a great hazard to dishes and china, have been eliminated. Water is controlled by foot pedals.



This is the oven. Housewife can see roast cooking, regulate temperature, raise or lower roast with oven closed.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

You may worry about the crowd on the train



but here's one worry you can avoid

Transportation, *by any means,* is really a problem these days. Take your car, for instance. Because you drive it *less,* you have a different problem than if you drove it a lot.

For idle batteries run down—idle pistons and bearings can rust from water and sludge in the crankcase — scale and rust can ruin a radiator. And tires lose air just the same.

That's why, *today more than ever,* your car requires regular Marfak 40-Point Chassis Lubrication Service!

Your dealer checks every vital point of your car against his Marfak chart. No guesswork here...which means accurate protection for irreplaceable engine and chassis parts.

So insist on genuine Marfak Lubrication today — to keep your car in "top" condition for the important job it does for you and Uncle Sam. At Texaco and other good dealers everywhere.

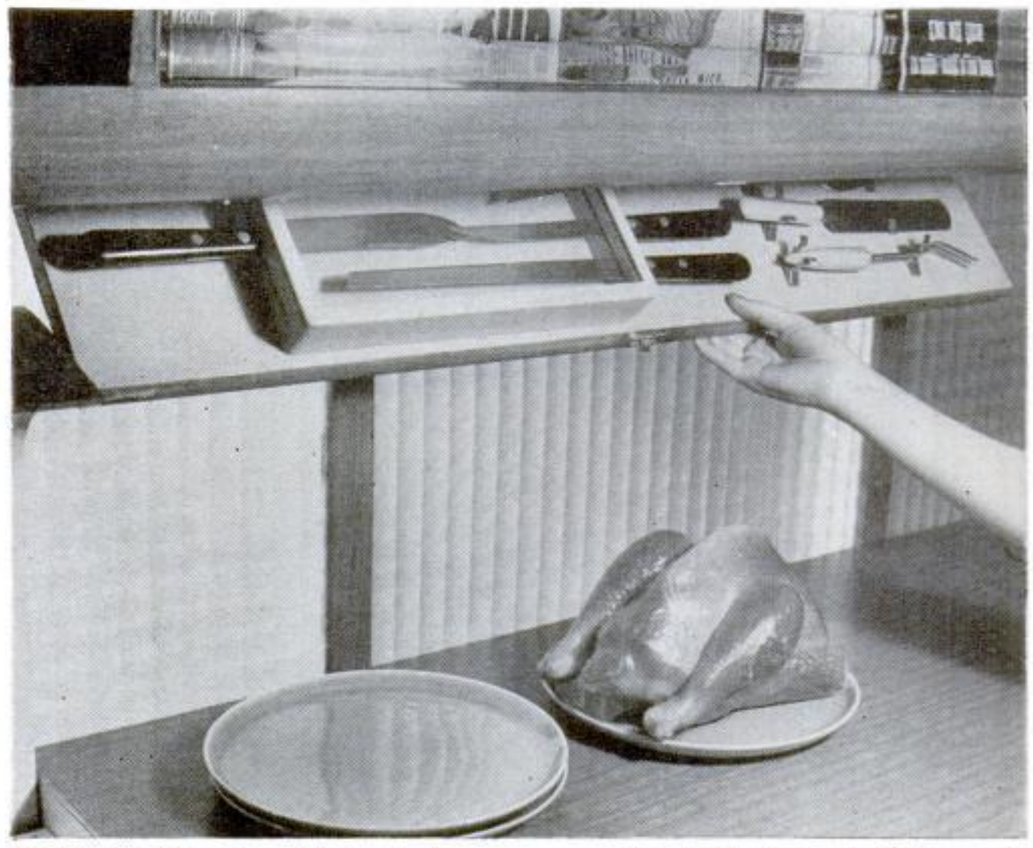
Tune in the TEXACO STAR THEATRE every Sunday night. See your local newspaper for time and station.

TEXACO REG.T.M.

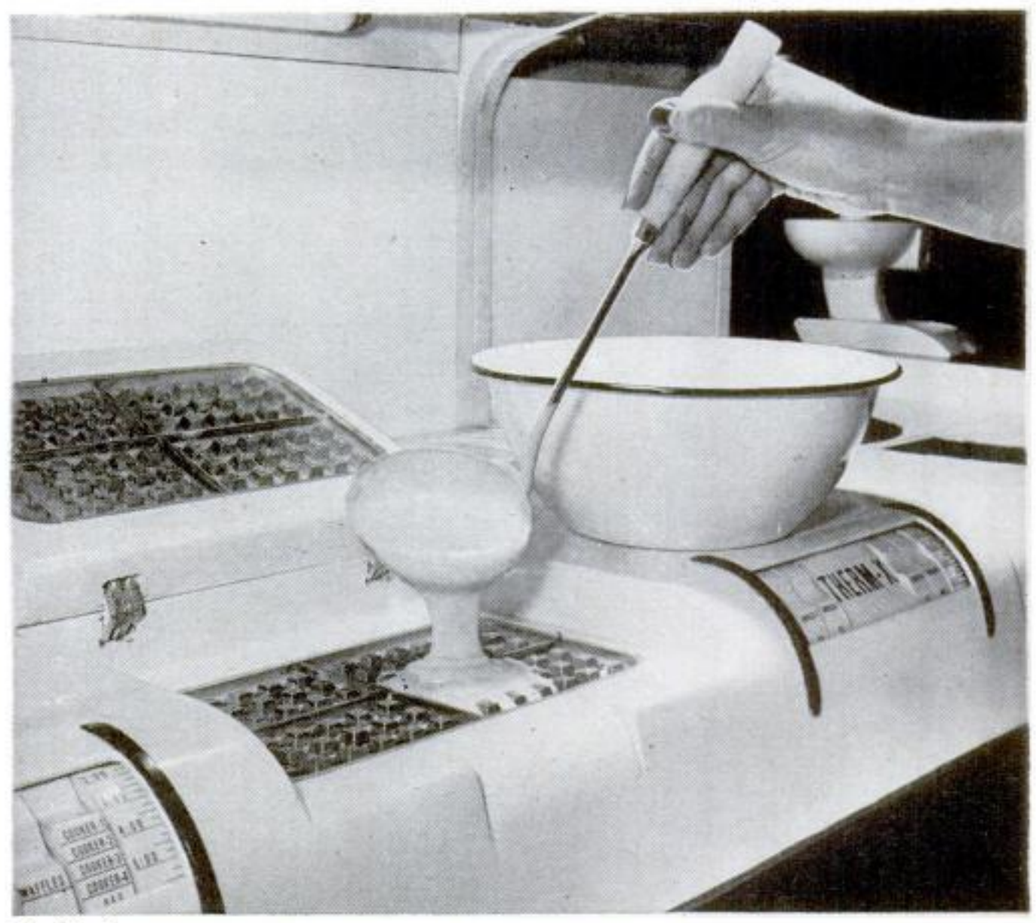
Let us MARFAK *your car*

CHASSIS LUBRICATION SERVICE

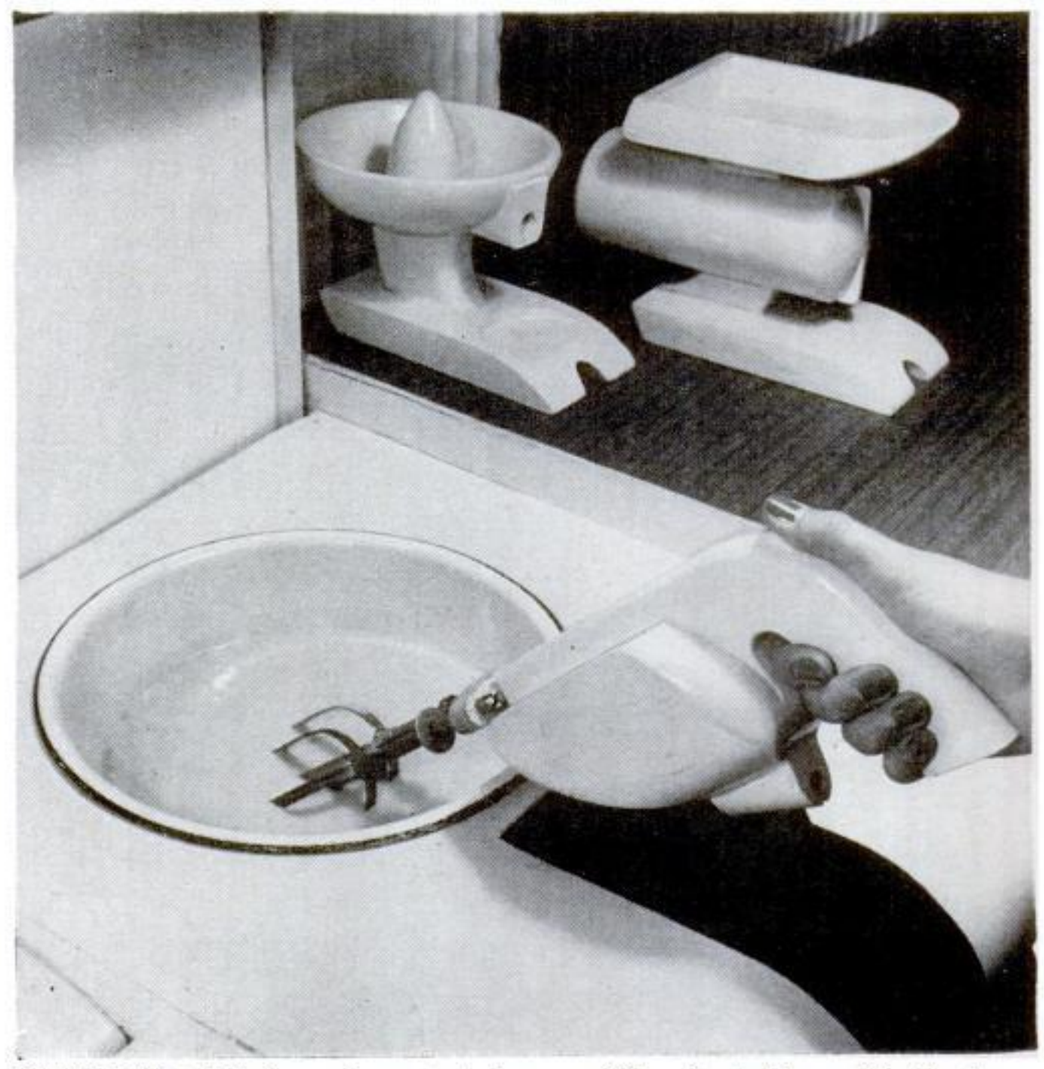
You're Welcome at TEXACO DEALERS



Small utensils, such as kitchen knives, spoons, cooking forks, instead of lying scattered around a drawer are safely tucked away in panels hinged under wall cabinets.



Waffle iron is built in at the front of the cooking unit. A griddle or small pan fryer can be substituted for it. Temperature in all the units is automatically controlled.



Mixing unit, fruit juicer and meat grinder can all be attached here. Handle above, which fits into the slot, provides the power to operate any one of these appliances.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

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TOKIO EXPRESS: FIRST STOP BUNA MISSION!

LAST November when a lone pilot of the Fifth U. S. Air Force made a belly-flop landing in a little valley in the New Guinea jungle, and bribed the curious natives to cut the six-foot kunai grass and open up a landing strip, he wrote Page One in the new air-borne warfare that's headed straight for Tokio.

One jungle strip followed another until there was a working airfield at Poppendetta, and a few miles farther on where the river fans out into the swamp between Gona and Buna, a dropping field to supply our advanced troops. And then, the epoch-making experiment in air transport began.

Over the impassable terrain of the 12,000-foot Owen Stanley Mountains, the Japs driving on Port Moresby had died on the Kokoda Trail from sheer starvation. But American ingenuity changed the whole picture. Allied troops began to come in *by air* . . . 18,000 of them in all! . . . and artillery up to 155 mm. guns . . . jeeps, mules, horses . . . ammunition . . . supplies . . . food. And they came in with unfailing regularity! On schedule! *A thousand tons each week!*

There weren't many planes available, but those C-47's and DC-3's never failed. And one reason they didn't was the ever-increasing use of gages here at home in America's aircraft plants. In this mechanized war, *precision* means *performance!* And gages mean precision!

Gages, you see, are little gadgets of shining steel that measure manufacturing precision down to within millionths of an inch. With gages you can get hand-made perfection at machine-made speed . . . you can make more aircraft engines, more rifles, more tanks, more bombsights, more artillery . . . more of anything the Army, Navy and Air Corps needs . . . *and make it finer and faster!*

For 25 years, VINCO has been selling millionths-of-an-inch precision to American industry. Long before Pearl Harbor Vinco engineers were working with the engineering staffs of the country's great armament producers. Today Vinco gages are at work in the production of tank engines, aircraft engines, propellers, flying instruments, PT boats and landing barges, artillery, machine guns, range finders, bombsights, and so on. And this life-time of precision experience is at the service of any manufacturer in America in the solution of his war-time or post-war production problems.

One of the exclusive inspection devices produced by VINCO . . . the OPTICAL MASTER INSPECTION DIVIDING HEAD, which is used to measure spacing in gears, splines, index plates, cams, camshafts, etc., and is accurate to within 2/1,296,000ths part of the circle.

MILLIONTHS OF AN INCH

FOR SALE BY

VINCO

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Digitized material

Do you know this about Jessel... Daché... Haley?



GEORGE, WHO BOASTS a rare collection of religious books, has recently authored a book of his own, "So Help Me," which—like Regent—is taking curtain calls from Broadway to Hollywood. "Regent's King Size," says George, "makes real sense! It means top value—a cigarette that's over 20% longer."



LILLY LIKES 13 for luck. She arrived in America, got married and has opened all her style shows on the 13th. When it comes to cigarettes, Lilly likes Regent, exclaims, "Regent is better tasting!" And to celebrate her discovery she has designed this chic new hat in Regent Red.

THE JACK YOU don't know is an amateur athlete, keeps in tip-top shape with five-mile jog trots every morning. The hale and hearty Mr. Haley is keen about handball, tennis and the Regent crushproof box, which he says is "just like a custom-made cigarette case."



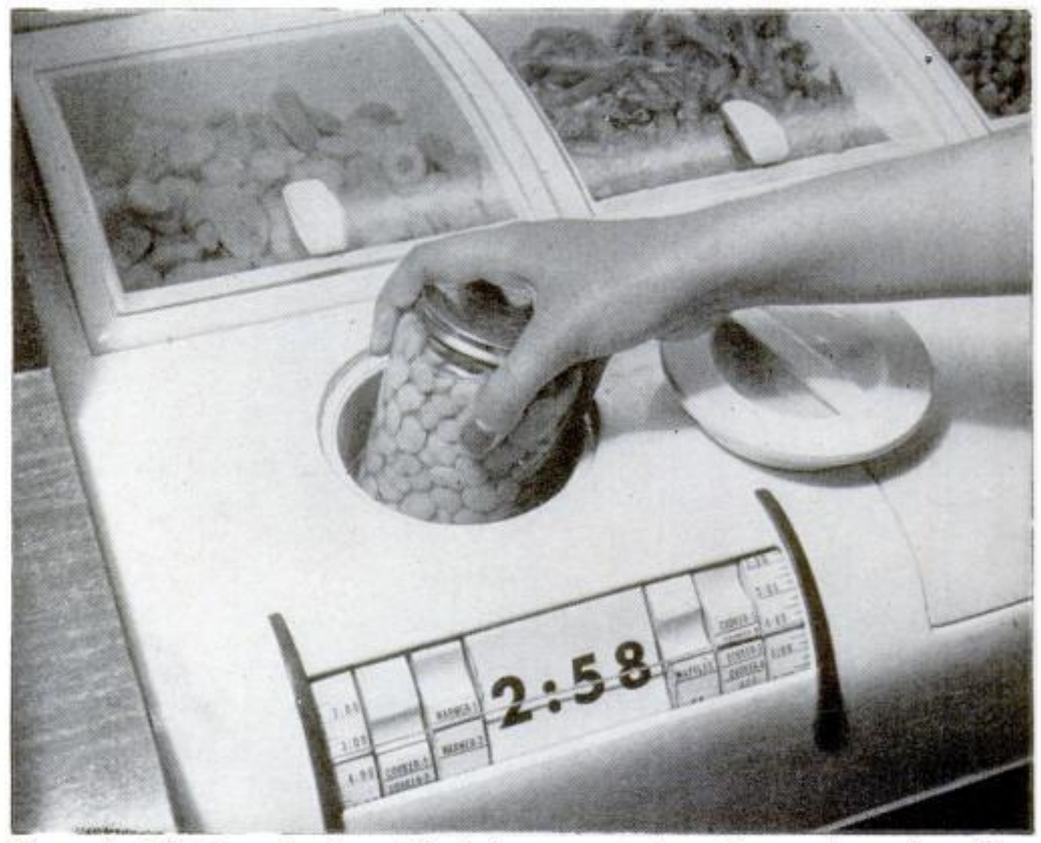


ALL THREE AGREE that Regents are milder! Multiple Blending, an *exclusive* Regent process, is the reason. It makes Regents *really* mild, always so gentle to your throat. Try better tasting, milder Regents. They cost no more than other leading brands.

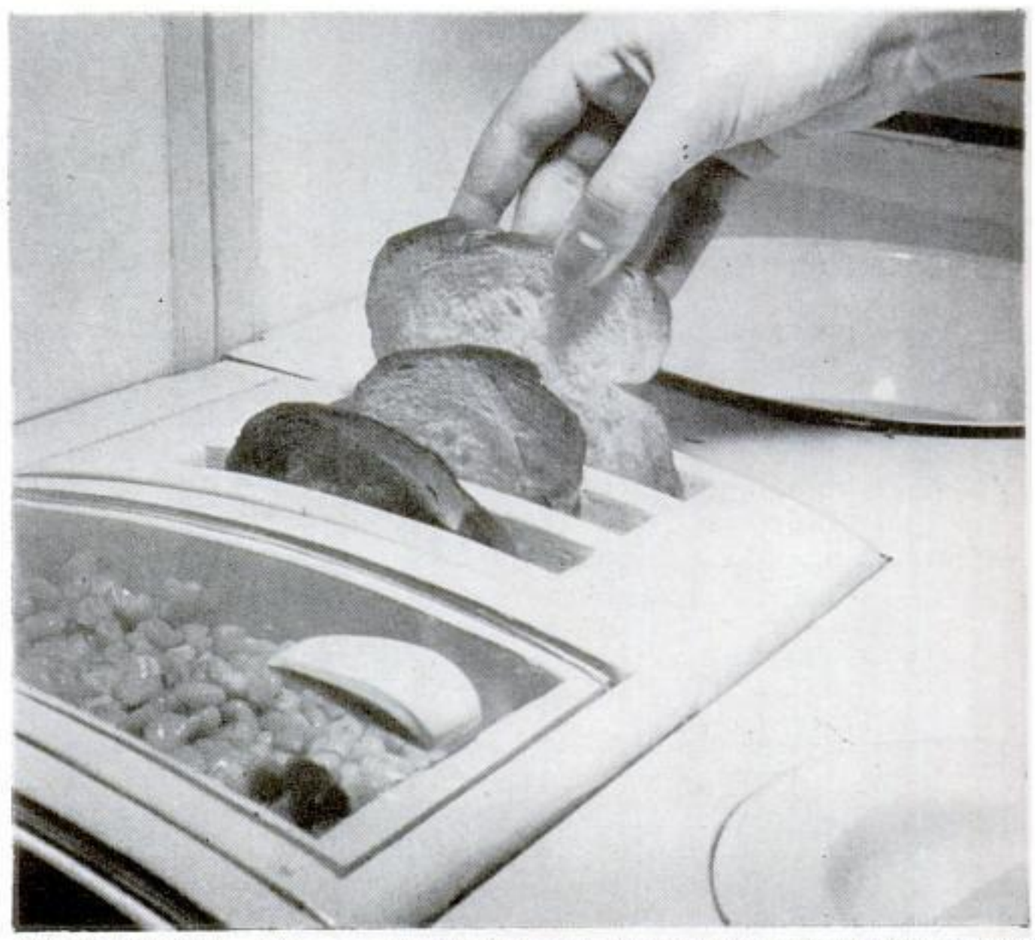
Quality tobaccos...Multiple Blended
make **REGENT**
The milder, better tasting cigarette!



Frying can be done in the oven by substituting aluminum plate for grill. Another oven gadget is motor-driven barbecue spit. Sides and top of glass seal the heat in.



Pre-cooked foods can be heated in their own containers thus saving pot-washing. Standard-size jars and cans fit into circular units which can be heated as desired.



Built-in toaster is at the rear. Beside it is one of several (*see above*) glass cooking units. Each can be replaced by a shallow baking pan and unit can serve as an oven.

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The Human Machine On The Production Front

THERE are two basic types of machine in a busy war production plant. One is the *mechanical machine*. The other is the *Human Machine*.

The Human Machine, marvelous though it is, is still *flesh* and *blood*, subject to human ills. Men or women who work under wartime pressure, at monotonous tasks, hour after hour, day after day, develop *fatigues* that even today's fatter pay envelopes, patriotism or duty, can't entirely relieve.

Physical fatigue is not uncommon in our war plants. Many workers just get tired —physically tired.

Nervous fatigue often reduces morale, weakens the will to work—and is enervating.

Disability causes the average employee to lose more than 9 days a year from work . . . to be exact .06 of a day from occupational disability and 8.85 days from non-occupational accidents and illness. This is bad enough but—and this is the BIGGEST THING—how many fractional days of production do YOU and the average employee lose when on the job half-sick physically or mentally? All the time lost by absenteeism of all kinds is only a fraction of the production and spoilage loss that comes from lack of physical and mental fitness.

What the situation calls for is just sensible, expert care of the Human Machine. And one of the aids to good care is *regular exercise and recreation.*

Organized softball, baseball, tennis, golf, boxing, volley ball, handball, badminton—and football and basketball for the younger, more rugged workers—will prove a godsend for thousands of "fatigued" workers, and for war production.

These games are not tiring to workers. They are actually restful. They change thought grooves. They are invigorating. They induce relaxation, sleep, and good appetite. They soothe nerves. They improve body functions and general health.

Many industries have been using organized sports and recreational programs with great success for some time. They should be adopted *by all who employ war workers in any number.*

One important factor of this vital contribution to increased war production is sports equipment.

The military machine has first call upon *all* materials. But if necessary care is to be given the *Human Machines* behind the men behind the guns; if organized and regulated sports are to help reduce absenteeism due to both occupational and non-occupational disabilities . . . adequate equipment for exercise must be available.

"God Bless America," but on the other hand "God *Help* America," unless the Human Machines on the production front are strengthened and kept strong.

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., *and* Wilson Athletic Goods Mfg. Co., Inc., Chicago, New York and other leading cities

Wilson
SPORTS EQUIPMENT

★ ★ ★ IT'S WILSON TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT ★ ★ ★

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This Soviet worker in Yakutsk, Siberia, lives only 28 hours' flying time from the Washington, D. C. airport.

It's 37 hours' flying time from Kansas City to this Chinese student's home, outside Chungking.

The office of this newspaper publisher in Calcutta, India, is 41 hours' flying time from Times Square, N.Y.

This Alaskan Eskimo lives near Fairbanks — 13 hours' flying time from the Chicago airport.

A 23-hour flight from Boston will put you in the office of this wholesale coffee dealer in Sao Paulo, Brazil.

The Pacific atoll where this Fiji Islander lives is only 34 hours' flying time from Denver.

No man on earth lives more than 60 hours from your local airport...

"A LOT OF THINGS are different in India than they are back home in Altoona," wrote a 19-year old sergeant in the U. S. Air Forces to his mother in Pennsylvania.

Never before in his life had this boy travelled beyond Pittsburgh — until he flew to India in a Liberator bomber.

To him — and hundreds of thousands of home-town American boys like him — India was a place "off there somewhere." He'd seen it in the newsreels and travelogue films. In his geography book he'd learned something about India's crops and minerals and untold riches, and the funny way the people dressed.

The world as it really is

Now his letters from overseas — telling how people talk and work and live in a strange land he never dreamed he'd see — *are penetrating into the lives and thinking of his family and friends in the town where he grew up.*

This is happening all over America today. And when our boys come home again — from India and China and Britain and Dutch Harbor and Australia and North Africa — they'll think of the world as they know it *really is.*

Not as isolated continents or separate hemispheres, but a clustering of nations whose *individual* welfare, in the peace to come, will depend upon the welfare of them *all.*

They know it can't be otherwise, when *no spot on*

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT

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Your sales manager in Brisbane can attend a meeting in San Francisco on short notice. Flying time: 35 hours.

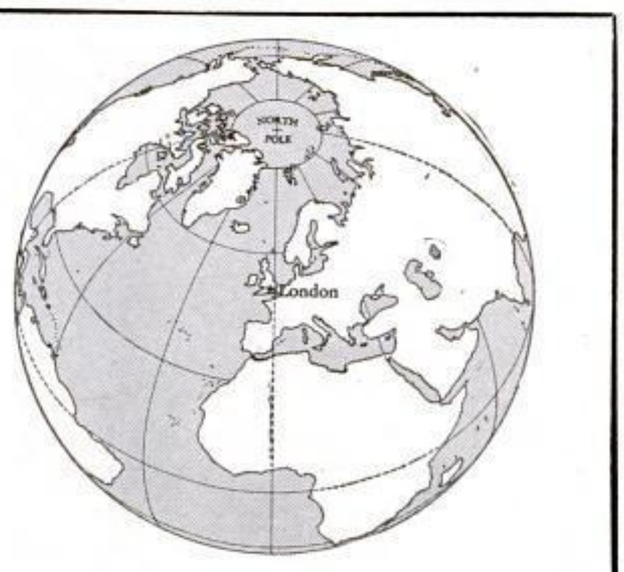
earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport!

In such a world, right now, we face the necessity of waging and winning a global war. Tomorrow — in a world shrunk still smaller because of even swifter long-range planes to come—we and all other nations must somehow contrive to get along together as neighbors.

Air power — for peace

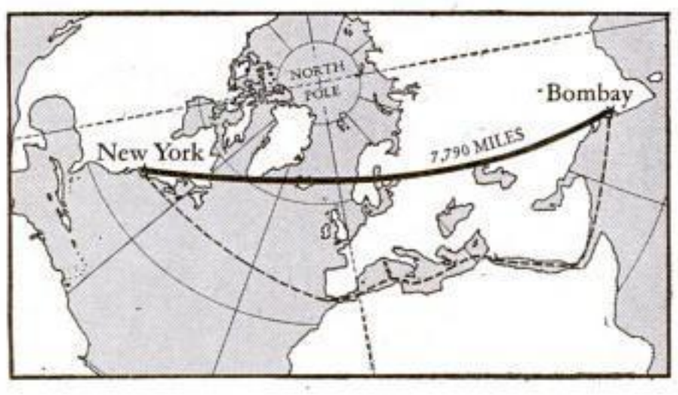
There are bewildering problems ahead. But one thing is certain. The plane — by accelerating the interchange of men, mail, merchandise, ideas, culture, and beliefs — will help to bring about a greater understanding between the peoples of the earth.

And without understanding, there can be no lasting peace.



(Orthographic projection, centered on London)

A plane recently *flew the 1400 air miles from London to Moscow on a special mission in the morning, returning that same afternoon. Top speed: 400 M.P.H.*



(Polar azimuthal equidistant projection)

Today's planes, *with their tremendous speed and long flying range, need not follow old established trade routes. The 9400-mile sea route from New York to Bombay is about a 3-week voyage, but the air route is only 7790 miles. Flying time: 39 hours or less.*

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

San Diego, Calif. • Vultee Field, Calif. • Fort Worth, Texas • New Orleans, La. • Nashville, Tenn. • Wayne, Mich. • Allentown, Pa. Tucson, Ariz. • Elizabeth City, N. C. • Louisville, Ky. • Miami, Fla.

Member, Aircraft War Production Council

QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

Consolidated Vultee designed and perfected the long-range Liberator bomber — was the first to turn out multi-ton bombers in volume production on a moving assembly line.

• • •

Because teamwork means more bombers and an earlier victory, the Consolidated-designed Liberator is also being produced by Ford, Douglas, and North American.

• • •

Liberators and Catalinas have helped to provide a "complete shore to shore air cover" spanning the Atlantic as protection for convoys against Nazi submarines, according to joint statement by British Admiralty and Air Ministry.

• • •

All transport planes, including the Liberator Express, are being equipped to carry standard stretchers for the evacuation of wounded, according to the Office of War Information.

• • •

To protect Australia's 11,000-mile coastline, the Royal Australian Air Force chose Catalinas as ships that can regard "journeys of 2000 miles or more as routine. Catalinas can remain in the air for thirty hours and can reach Australia's remotest bases and return without refueling," according to the Commonwealth of Australia Department of Information.

• • •

At the end of 1943, the United States will have about 865 airports, each with paved runways of 3500 feet or more. This compares with less than 100 such airports in 1940.

• • •

There are 11 Consolidated Vultee plants in the United States. If these 11 plants could be put under a single roof, they would occupy a building 3 miles long and 5 city blocks wide.

• • •

A recent aerial photograph, taken at an altitude of 26,000 feet, shows a vast landscape on which a mountain 625 miles away can be clearly identified.

The Liberator bomber carries a *heavier* bomb-load *farther,* and *faster,* than any other U.S. bomber in action against the enemy. In many instances — for relatively short bombing missions, where range and speed are not all-important — two 4000-lb. blockbusters are added to the Liberator's normal load, increasing its bomb capacity to 10 tons.

• • •

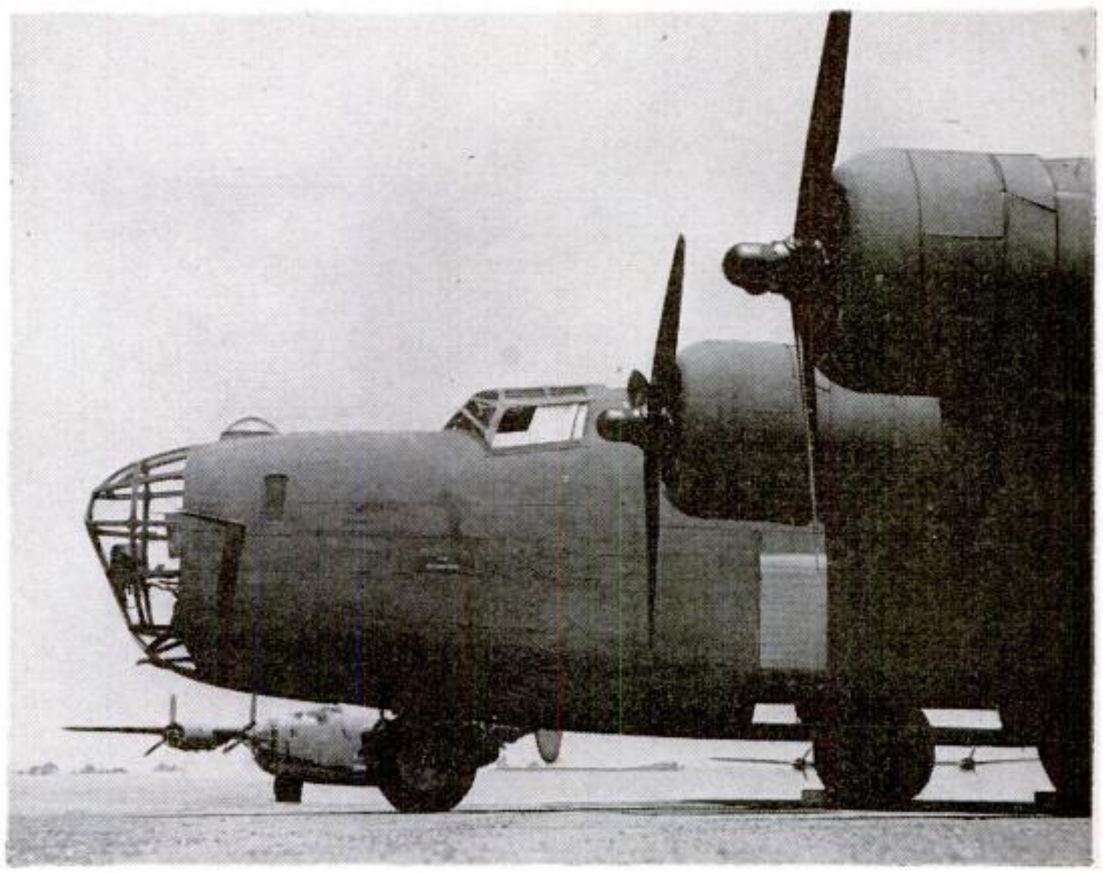
More than 10,000 sub-contractors and suppliers all over the U.S. are helping to speed production in our 11 plants by furnishing sub-assemblies, parts, and materials.



In addition *to the Liberator bomber, Liberator Express transport plane, and the Coronado and Catalina patrol bombers, Consolidated Vultee also builds dive bombers, trainers, and torpedo planes.* Above: *the Valiant—basic trainer widely used by the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps.*

• • •

Production figures on the Consolidated Vultee Liberator bomber are of course a military secret. However, it was recently revealed by Harry Woodhead, president of the company, that during the first 6 months of this year, production in Consolidated Vultee plants of this long-range 4-engine bomber was tripled as compared with the first 6 months of last year.

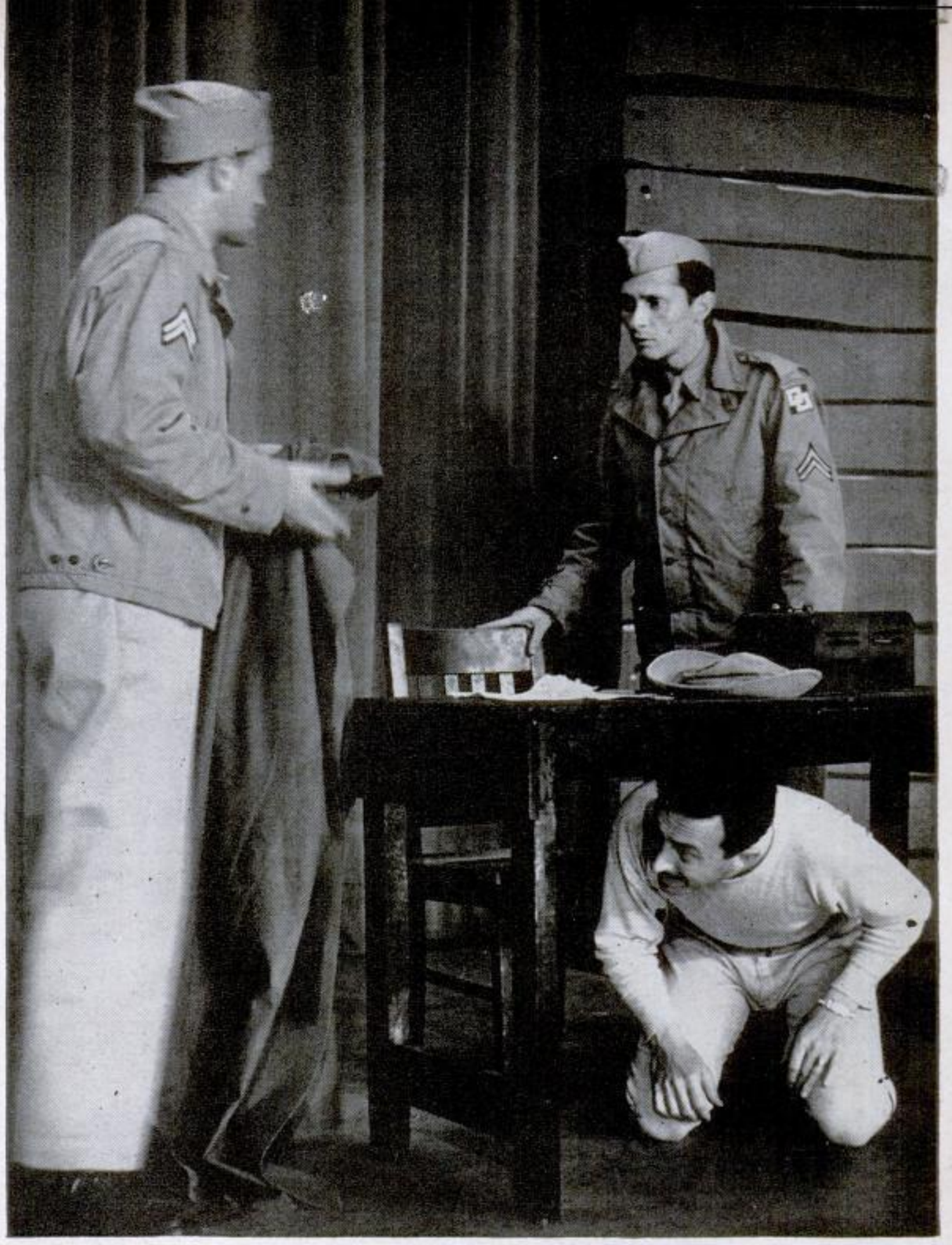


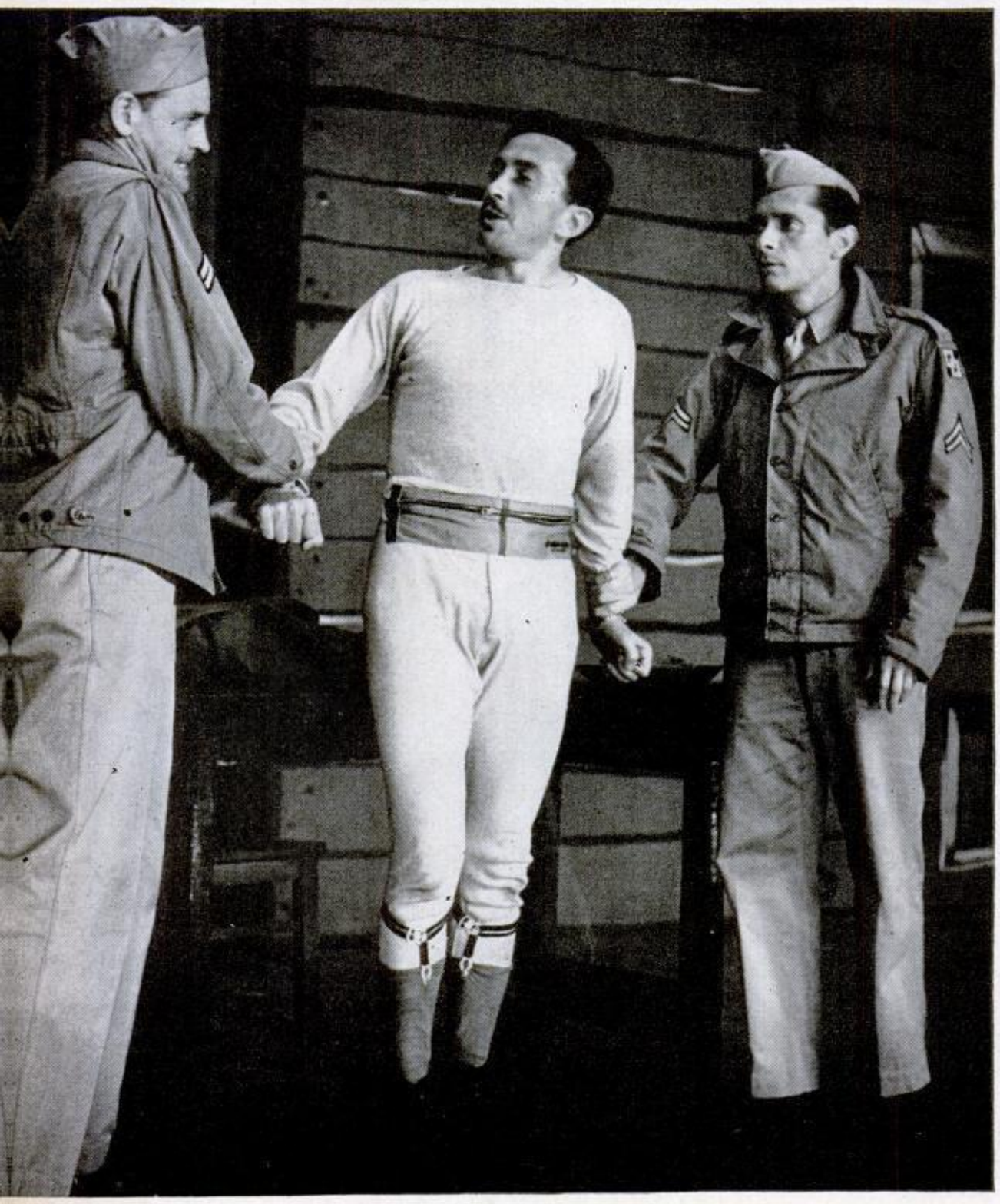
"O.K. for take-off!" *Another huge Liberator bomber rolls off Consolidated Vultee's moving assembly lines into the hands of the test pilots. On every aerial battle front, the speed, range, fire power, and precision bombing of the 4-engine Liberator is helping to transfer the Axis dream of victory into a nightmare.*

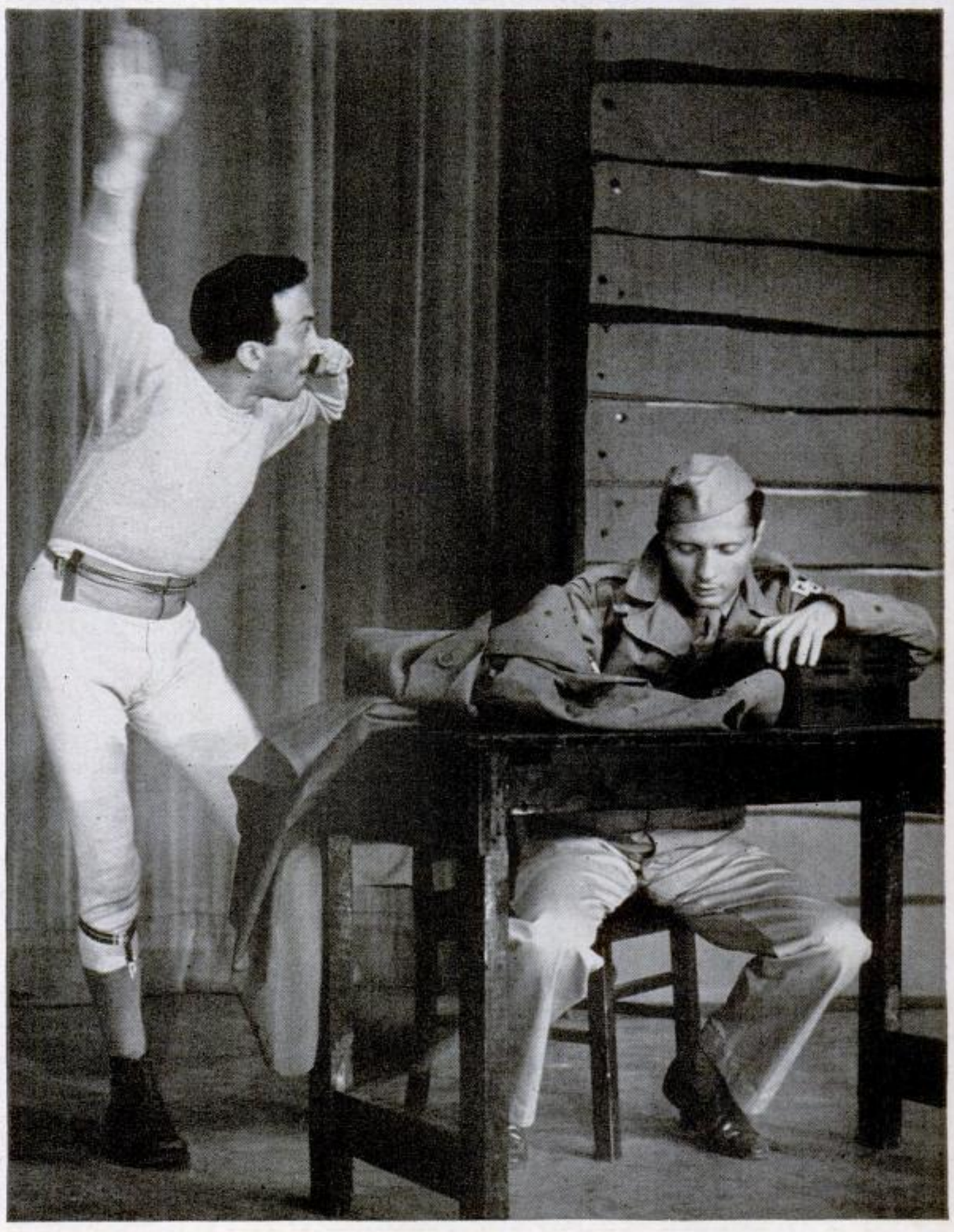
LIBERATOR (4-engine bomber) — CORONADO, CATALINA, (patrol bombers) — P4Y (anti-submarine plane) — LIBERATOR EXPRESS (transport) — VALIANT (basic trainer) — VENGEANCE (dive bomber) — SENTINEL ("Flying Jeep") — RELIANT (navigational trainer)

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"PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES" is a comic melodrama which takes place in an Army warehouse. A private, whose wife is going to have a baby, sneaks into the warehouse to telephone her in New York. Waiting for the call he is surprised by two corporals. To avoid being caught the private hides under a table. Listening to the conversation between the corporals, he discovers that they are German spies posing as drafted men. Next he hears that they have planted some dynamite on a section of railroad track over which a large troop train will soon pass. Trying to escape, the private is caught by the spies, begins to burlesque his way out of the room by 1) explaining that he has to make his bed, 2) kicking a sergeant in the pants, 3) imitating Hitler, and so on. At play's end he blurts out the story to an officer, falls on his face, saves the troop train.

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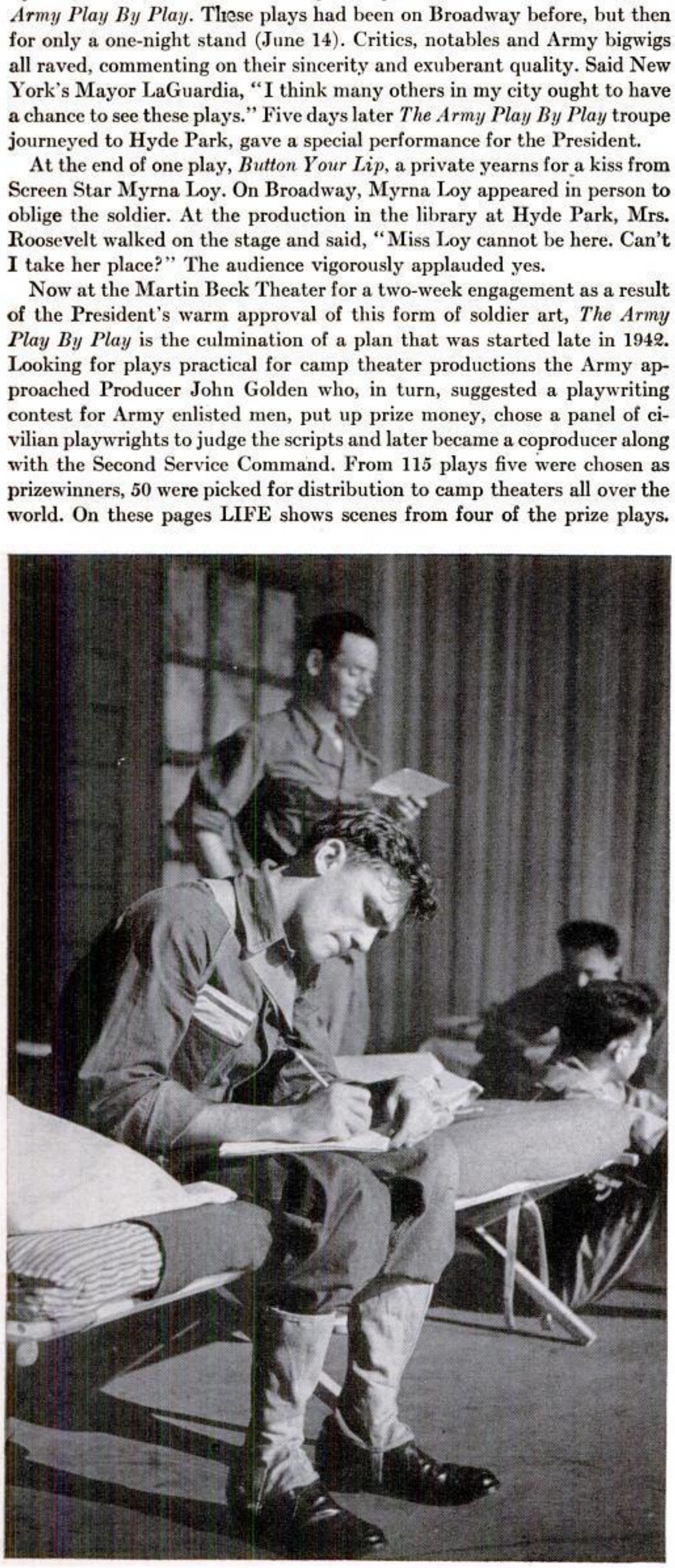
"THE ARMY PLAY BY PLAY"

Prizewinning soldier plays return to Broadway

During the past fortnight Broadway was invaded by two Army shows. First came the movie-version premiere of Irving Berlin's *This Is The Army*. Soon after, a group of five one-act plays written, directed and acted by enlisted men of the U. S. Army, was presented under the title of *The Army Play By Play*. These plays had been on Broadway before, but then for only a one-night stand (June 14). Critics, notables and Army bigwigs all raved, commenting on their sincerity and exuberant quality. Said New York's Mayor LaGuardia, "I think many others in my city ought to have a chance to see these plays." Five days later *The Army Play By Play* troupe journeyed to Hyde Park, gave a special performance for the President.

At the end of one play, *Button Your Lip*, a private yearns for a kiss from Screen Star Myrna Loy. On Broadway, Myrna Loy appeared in person to oblige the soldier. At the production in the library at Hyde Park, Mrs. Roosevelt walked on the stage and said, "Miss Loy cannot be here. Can't I take her place?" The audience vigorously applauded yes.

Now at the Martin Beck Theater for a two-week engagement as a result of the President's warm approval of this form of soldier art, *The Army Play By Play* is the culmination of a plan that was started late in 1942. Looking for plays practical for camp theater productions the Army approached Producer John Golden who, in turn, suggested a playwriting contest for Army enlisted men, put up prize money, chose a panel of civilian playwrights to judge the scripts and later became a coproducer along with the Second Service Command. From 115 plays five were chosen as prizewinners, 50 were picked for distribution to camp theaters all over the world. On these pages LIFE shows scenes from four of the prize plays.



MAIL CALL takes place in a shelter overseas. Its story deals with the reaction of soldiers to one man's cowardice. The plot revolves around the letter that is being written to the mother of a young private who was killed during his first experience under fire. One of the men wants to tell her that he deserted, while his buddies insist on letting her believe that he was a hero.

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"GENTLE—THAT'S MY TYPE!"

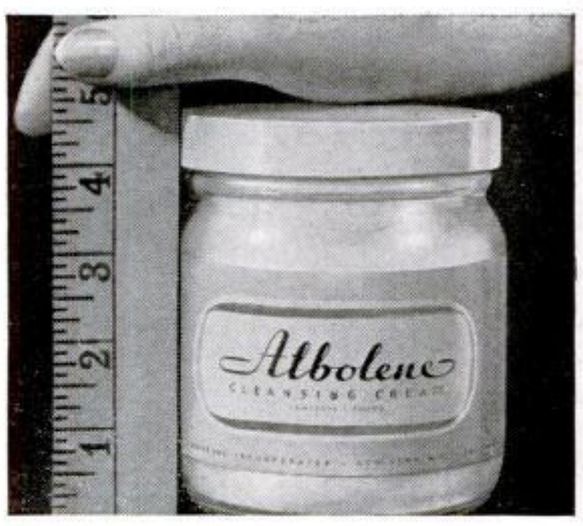
Charming **BETTY GARRETT,** *of* Something For The Boys, *has something for the girls on beauty care.*



"No rough stuff for my skin! It's too dry and sensitive. Don't think I wasn't worried when I first went on the stage and had the problem of getting this heavy make-up off—without hard scrubbing. But the theatre has an answer to that—ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM. Like to see how easy cleansing can be? Watch! . . .



"Like a breeze—that's how Albolene works! And it leaves my skin feeling soft and refreshed—not a bit dry. I've started lots of my friends using Albolene. It's just too good to stay a professional secret."



So thrifty! Actresses don't want to pay for frills. Why should you? This huge pound jar of Albolene brings your cleansing cream cost down to 6¼ cents an ounce! Lasts for ages. Also in jars at 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

SAVE and CLEAN with ALBOLENE!



Why don't *you* get in on this "professional" cleansing cream? Your skin will rejoice in Albolene's bland, delightful cleansing. Many hospitals are important users, so you know the quality's superb. And how you save! Ounce for ounce, the three largest-selling creams average twice as high—using the largest, most economical sizes for fair comparison. Put the difference in War Stamps, help save your country, too. Made in the famous laboratories of McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM

"AND McKESSON MAKES IT"

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SOCIAL SECURITY

for your wife and children

Simple Facts that Every Family Should Know

If you have Social Security, your widow will be entitled to a monthly check while her children are under 18 (or 16 if not in school). A typical widowed mother of three might receive $50 a month. But if she works in a commercial job paying $15 or more a month, her portion of the $50 benefit will not be paid.

Your widow would receive no Social Security benefits from the time her youngest child is 18 until she is 65 years old.

A Mutual Life Policy, wisely planned, will permit your widow to draw her Social Security benefits for the period children most need a home, and bring her combined income—from Social Security and life insurance—up to normal family requirements . . . a Mutual Life Policy can also give your widow a living income during the long years she probably will not be covered by Social Security.



Wouldn't you like to learn how life insurance and Social Security can work together for your family welfare?

The Mutual Life representative knows the Social Security rules. Let him show you what Social Security will do for you . . . how much other income may be needed if your family —or yourself at 65—are to accept Social Security and still live in reasonable comfort.

***Write for* FREE *Social Security* FILE**

This specially designed file lists the 7 types of official records required to collect Social Security benefits, and provides for their convenient safe keeping. You will also receive a handy form on which you can estimate now your future Social Security benefits. It may save costly delay in obtaining Social Security benefits when due. Mail this coupon today to Dept. LS-3.

NAME..... AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

OCCUPATION.....

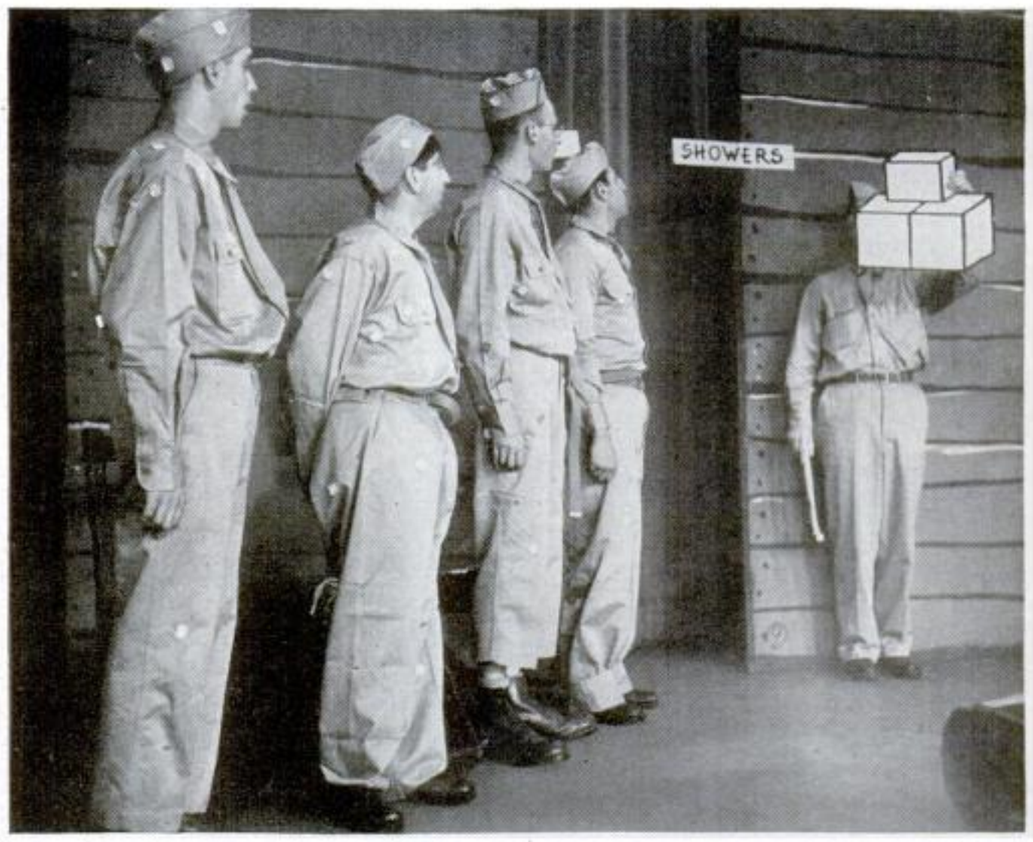
THE MUTUAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY of NEW YORK
Lewis W. Douglas, *President*

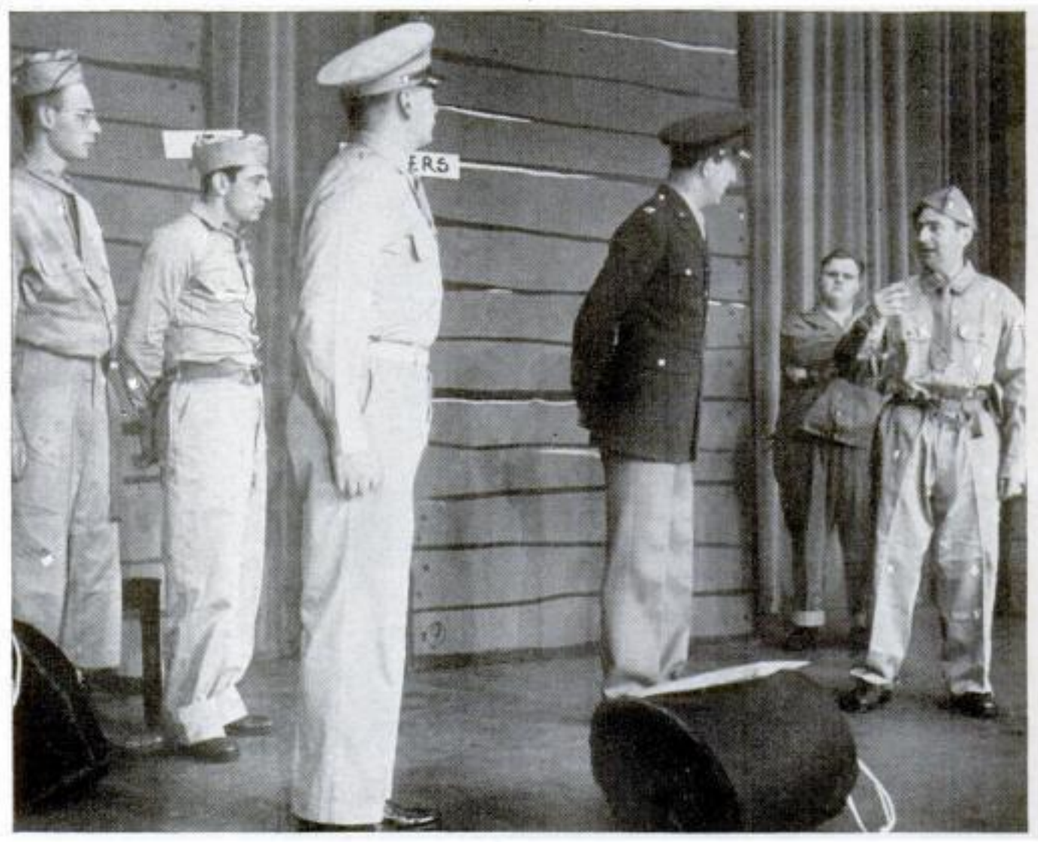
"First in America"

1843..OUR 100th ANNIVERSARY YEAR..1943

34 NASSAU STREET · NEW YORK CITY

"The Army Play By Play" (continued)



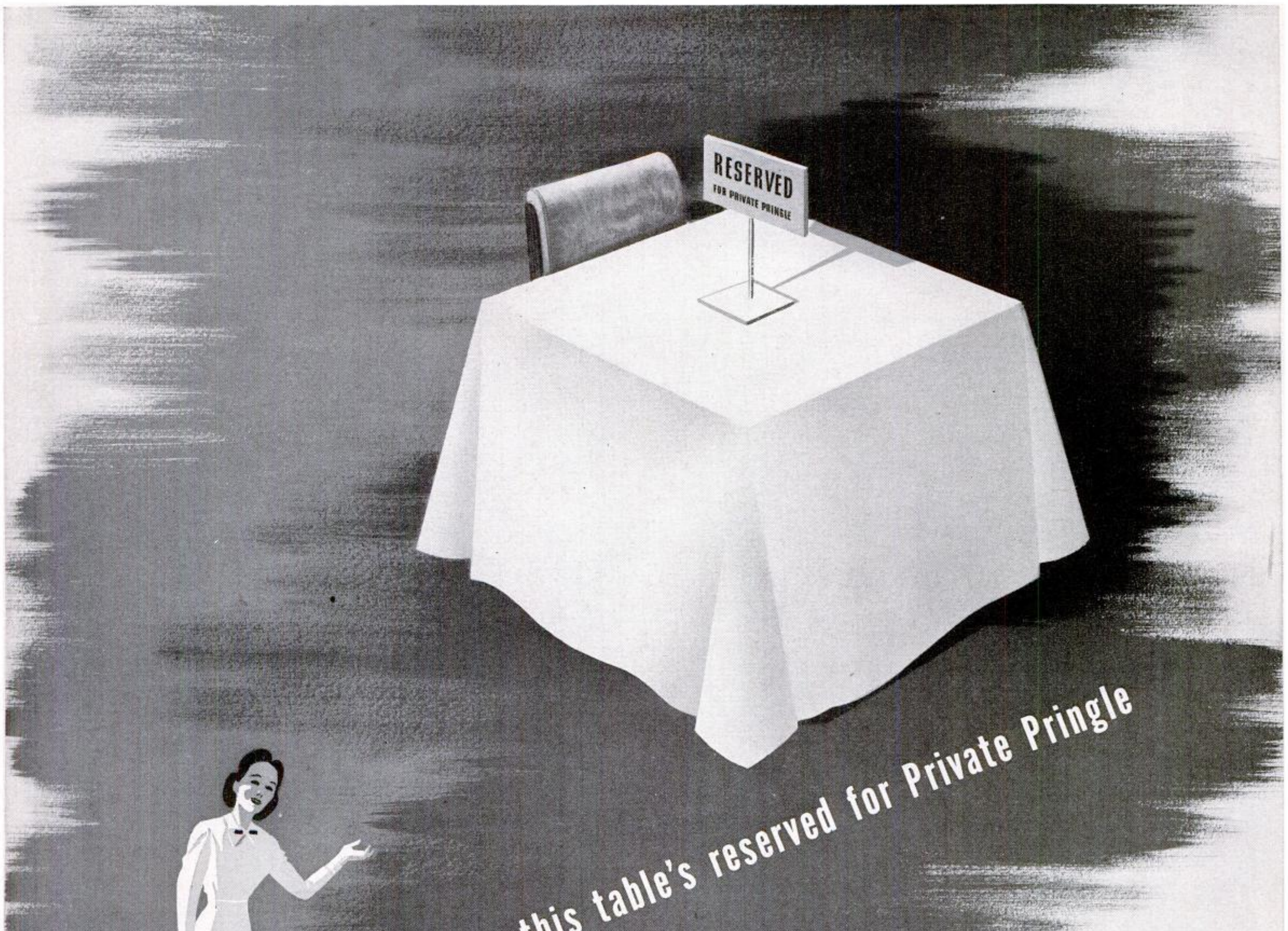


BUTTON YOUR LIP is laid in the washroom of a barracks. It is a comedy of the rumors that fly thick and fast about an Army camp. After a complicated plot of lost papers, inductees being processed and arguments, the play ends with the biggest of rumors coming true. Myrna Loy, said to be visiting the camp, walks on stage just before the curtain falls.



WHERE E'ER WE GO is filled with salty Army talk, takes place in a barracks after supper. Soldier about to go on furlough is trying to borrow $10. After much sales talk, including an offer to teach one soldier how to dance, the private finally sells his overcoat, but soon discovers that furlough has been canceled because he is being ordered to Alaska.

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Copyright 1943, Fred Harvey, Chicago

Private Pringle is a *lot* of people—an endless column of young men and women in the U. S. armed forces—with a husky appetite that calls for tens of thousands of meals *every day* in Fred Harvey restaurants, hotels, and dining cars.

Add to that our tremendously increased wartime civilian patronage . . . plus the serious difficulties of food rationing and scarcity of help . . . and you can see why we have our hands full these days.

Despite these things we do our best to give prompt service to everyone—the armed forces and civilians as well. When that's impossible, we're sure you agree Private Pringle deserves to be considered *first*.

Our 6000 employees—some of whom have worked with the Harvey family through three generations—appreciate your good-humored understanding of this situation. We promise you the old-time Fred Harvey hospitality will be back again just as you've always known it—as soon as the war is won.

IF YOU COULD SEE *how eagerly your boy or girl in service opens letters from back home, you'd write every day!*

* * * *

More than 900 of our men and women employees have joined Private Pringle in various branches of the U. S. armed forces.

955

Fred Harvey

RESTAURANTS • SHOPS • HOTELS • DINING CARS

3000 MILES OF HOSPITALITY—FROM CLEVELAND TO THE PACIFIC COAST

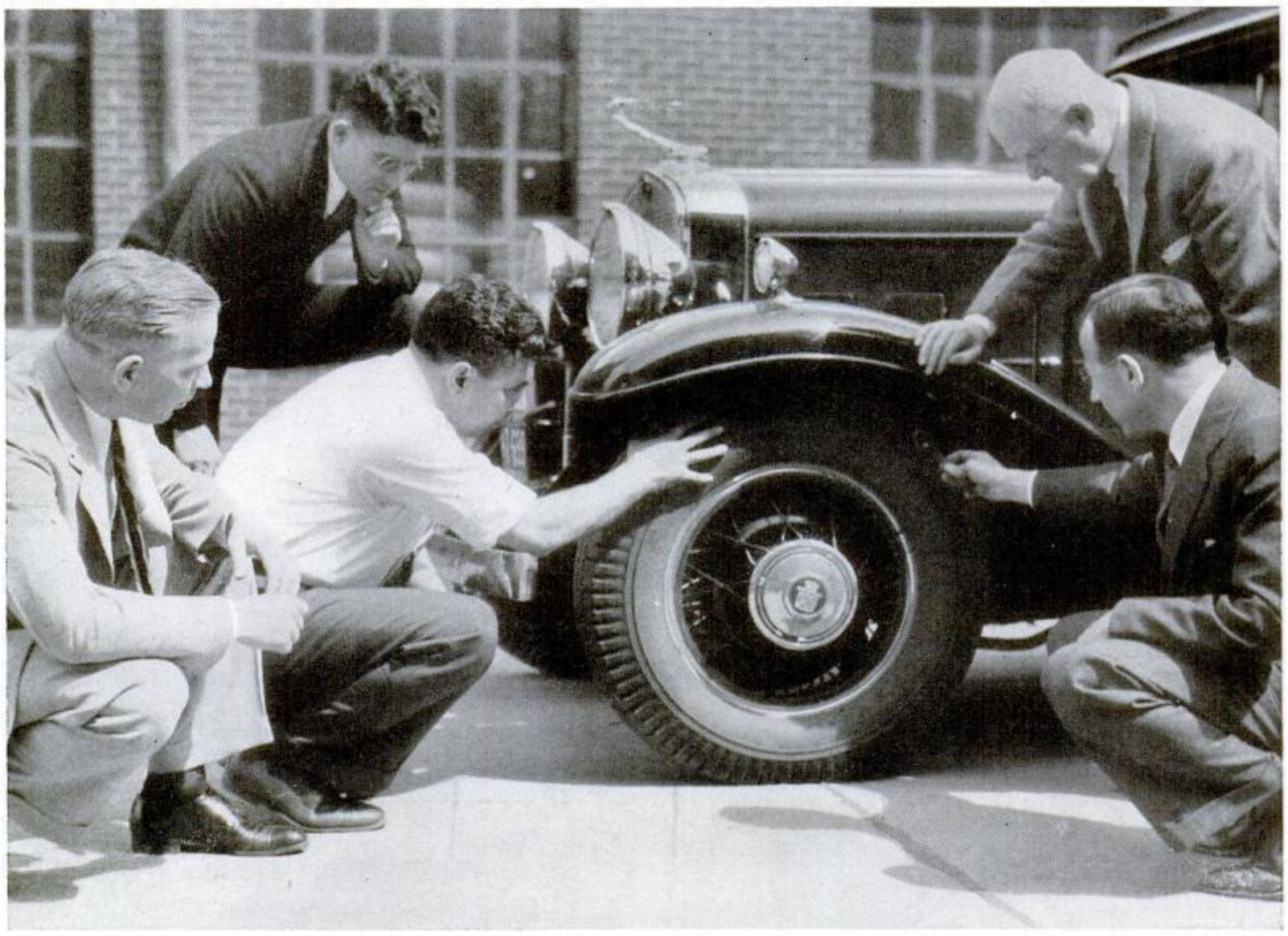
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IT HAPPENED IN DAYTON IN 1934!

...The Signing of America's Declaration of Wartime Rubber Independence





This 1934 photo shows Dayton executives examining the first synthetic rubber tires after initial road tests

Yes, it happened in Dayton nine years ago. At the War Department's suggestion, Dayton Rubber built the first American all-synthetic rubber tires.

This event played a vital role in setting the stage for our government's vast synthetic rubber program, which today is freeing America's military power and civilian economy from dependence on enemy-held natural rubber resources.

Since 1934 Dayton's specialized research, use and development of synthetic rubber in its application to automotive and industrial rubber products has been continuous and successful—and today we are processing synthetic rubber products for essential military and industrial use.

THE DAYTON RUBBER MFG. CO.
DAYTON, OHIO
Originators and Pioneers of Synthetic Rubber Products Since 1934
THE WORLD'S LARGEST MAKER OF V-BELTS

37 Years of Specialization

In 37 years of pioneering, research and development of natural and synthetic rubber compounds and processing methods, we, of Dayton have devoted ourselves to the intensive development of certain widely used, important products to their highest degree of technical excellence, usefulness and efficiency.

As a result, Dayton Rubber has achieved many outstanding firsts, including:...FIRST to pioneer and develop the Low Air Pressure Tire... FIRST in the United States to build a synthetic rubber tire... FIRST to develop and produce an oilproof synthetic rubber V-Belt... FIRST to manufacture synthetic rubber printing rollers ...FIRST maker of synthetic rubber Textile Machinery accessory parts.

Dayton Rubber
REG. TRADE MARK — THE DAYTON RUBBER MFG. CO.
Technical Excellence in Synthetic and Natural Rubbers
37 YEARS OF SPECIALIZATION APPLIED TO THE PRODUCTION OF TIRES • TUBES
AUTOMOTIVE FAN, GENERATOR BELTS AND ACCESSORY DRIVES • PRINTING ROLLERS
TEXTILE PRODUCTS • V-BELTS FOR INDUSTRIAL AND RAILROAD USE
Famous Dayco Synthetic Products since 1934



We are one of the operators of the first Government Dual-unit type Synthetic Rubber Production Plants.

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MOVIES

TECHNICOLOR TESSIE

HOLLYWOOD CAMERAMEN AND TECHNICIANS ACCLAIM LUCILLE BALL AS BEST SUBJECT FOR COLOR FILMS

Lucille Ball is a colorful girl. The combination of her blue eyes, strawberry-blonde hair, coral-rouged lips and fair skin has led Hollywood cameramen, make-up artists and other technicians to award her the title of "Technicolor Tessie." Playing with words, they say she is technically perfect and colorful from any angle. Subject most discussed is the color of Miss Ball's hair. Descriptions range from carrot-topped, apricot-colored, strawberry blonde and just plain orange to the highly polished, brassy interior of Tommy Dorsey's trombone.

Graduating from soda jerking, modeling and posing for billboards, Lucille Ball started her Hollywood career as a showgirl in Eddie Cantor's *Roman Scandals*. Since then she has been seen in 40 movies: melodrama, farce, comedies, musicals and even westerns. Today, after nine years of hard trouping, Miss Ball has been raised from a featured player to stardom. One reason for this is her suitability for Technicolor movies. Jack Dawn, head of M-G-M's make-up department says: "The pigmentation of Lucille Ball's unmade-up skin makes her a natural for color." For Technicolor three times more light is used than for ordinary black-and-white photography. In general, make-up is thinner and lighter to avoid a masklike look. Proof that Miss Ball deserves the title of "Technicolor Tessie" are the pictures on this page which LIFE's Photographer Walt Sanders took with regular street make-up, without special lights or equipment.

Currently Lucille Ball is being seen in two movies, both in Technicolor: *Du Barry Was A Lady* and *Best Foot Forward*. Below, she is pictured in costumes from both of these films. In *Du Barry Was A Lady*, Comedian Zero Mostel looks at Lucille Ball, says: "Just another female woman. Take away her eyes, her nose, her mouth and her ears and what have you got? A blank expression." On the following page LIFE has taken away Miss Ball's eyes and mouth. Result is a startling close-up of Technicolor Tessie's features.

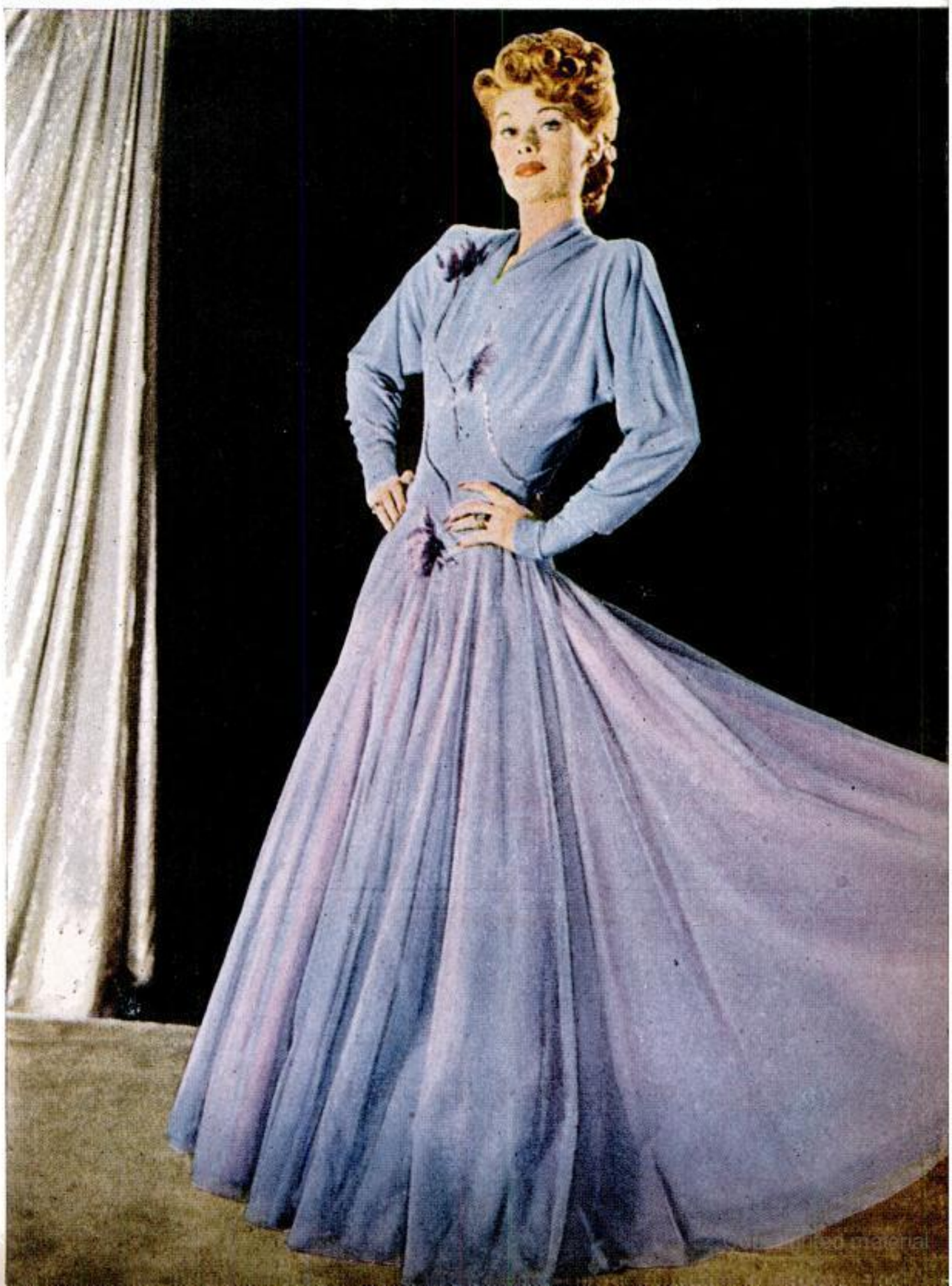


M-G-M'S TECHNICOLOR GIRL HAS DEEP-BLUE EYES AND STRAWBERRY-BLONDE HAIR

IN "DU BARRY WAS A LADY" LUCILLE BALL SPORTS BARE MIDRIFF AND PEEKABOO SKIRT

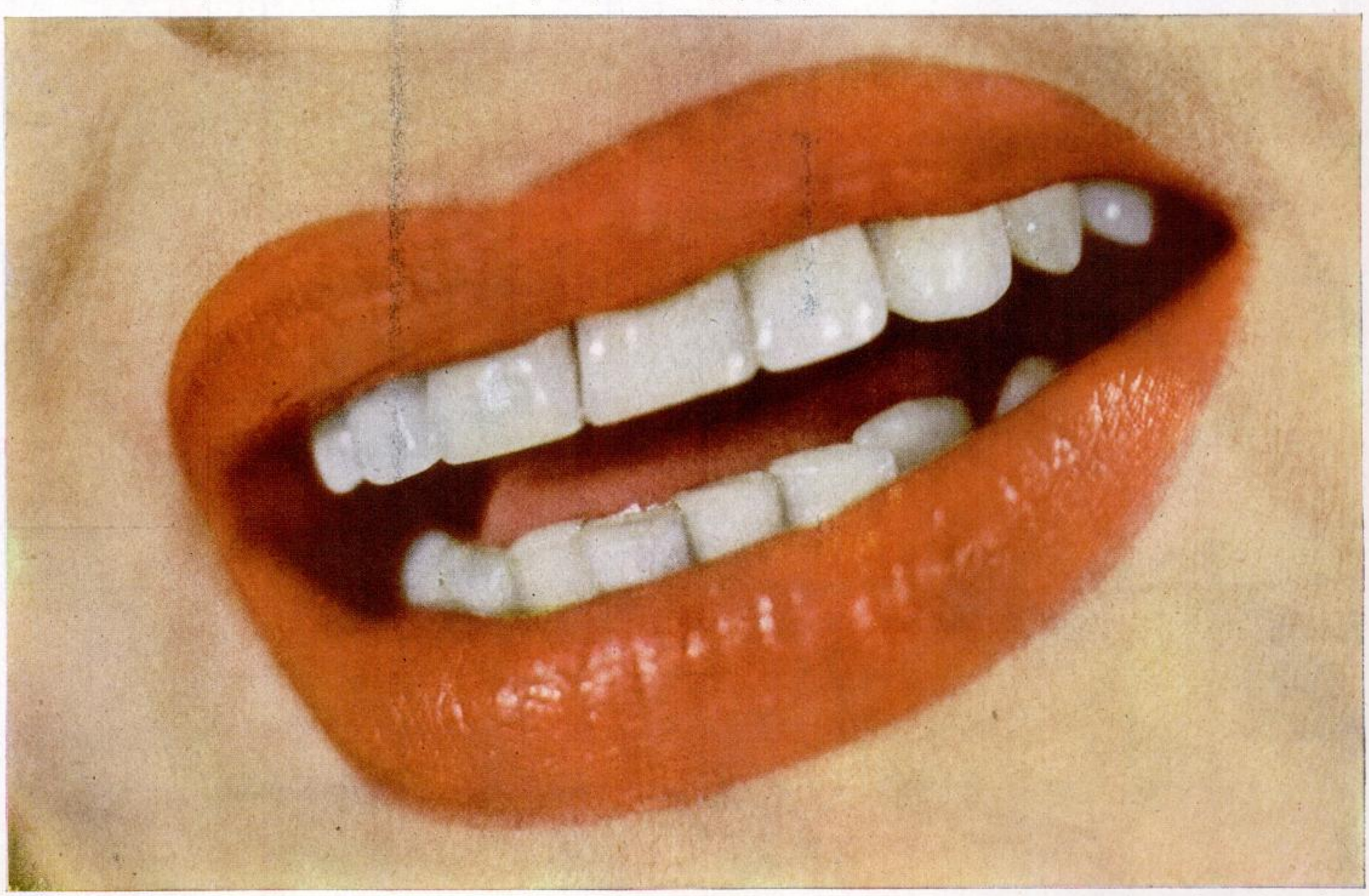


TECHNICOLOR TESSIE WEARS A BLUE EVENING GOWN IN "BEST FOOT FORWARD"





Lucille Ball's eyes are large, talkative and forget-me-not blue, a rare shade even for movie actresses. Unlike some Hollywood stars who wear complete sets of false eyelashes, Miss Ball uses them on only the outer half of her eyelid. This gives a plumed upward tilt to her already large eyes. Note the difference between her apricot-colored hair and dark eyebrows.



Lucille Ball's mouth is large and well-shaped. To match her hair she uses an orange-toned lipstick. Miss Ball's mouth began its career with 20 baby teeth which she lost after the age of 7. Like most actresses she received her full complement of 32 adult teeth, losing only one wisdom tooth. Unlike most actresses she uses no artificial caps in order to beautify them.

Copyrighted material

She turned her back on the Social Scene and is finding Romance at work!



Lovely Marguerite Kirchner of Seattle, Washington, looks trim and feminine in her uniform; says: "The dirt of toil doesn't harm my skin, so long as I take a daily Woodbury Facial Cocktail." Let Woodbury Soap bring loveliness to *your* skin.

Her Recipe for Radiance—
a quick Woodbury Facial Cocktail—
does Beauty Duty for
lovely Marguerite Kirchner

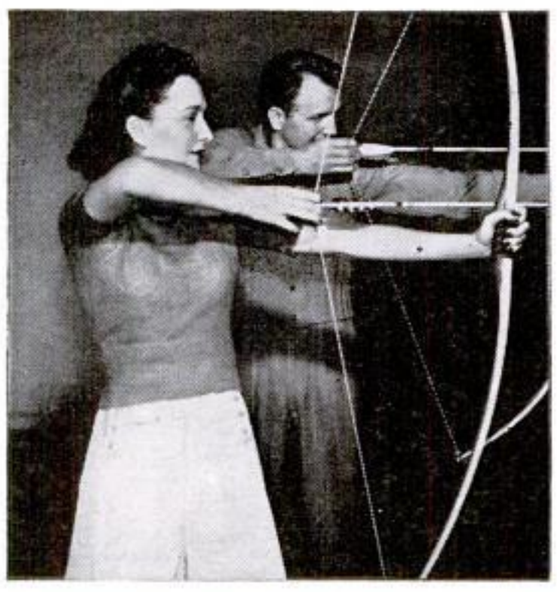
SHE'S thrown in her lot for Victory, wiring panel boards for Flying Fortresses in the Boeing Plant, Seattle. Says Marguerite Kirchner: "My job is worth every broken finger nail and dirty oil smudge a million times over!

"Besides," continues Marguerite, "with famous Woodbury Soap to help freshen my complexion, coarse pores and a dingy, dirt-clouded skin are no beauty problems of mine."

Busier lives—but beauty as usual. Keep *your* complexion clear, smooth. Use Woodbury, the soap made for the *skin* alone. Get it today.



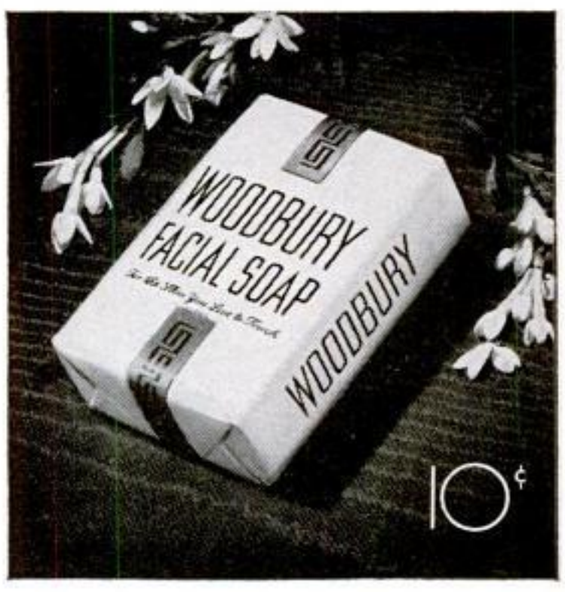
1. Lunch tastes sweeter in company of a handsome foreman. Says Marguerite: "I'm in aluminum dust eight hours a day, with no ill effects to my skin. I attribute this to Woodbury."



2. Time out for a little relaxation. "I like Woodbury's melting gentleness," Marguerite confesses. Woodbury Facial Soap contains a costly ingredient to insure *extra* mildness.



3. "My beauty routine?" Marguerite explains: "I drench my face in Woodbury's cream-smooth lather. Then scrub till my complexion sparkles, feels fresh again."



4. "For the Skin You Love to Touch," take a Facial Cocktail every day with popular Woodbury Soap. Intended solely to cleanse and clear the skin. Get it today. Only 10¢.

★ BACK UP YOUR FIGHTING MAN—BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

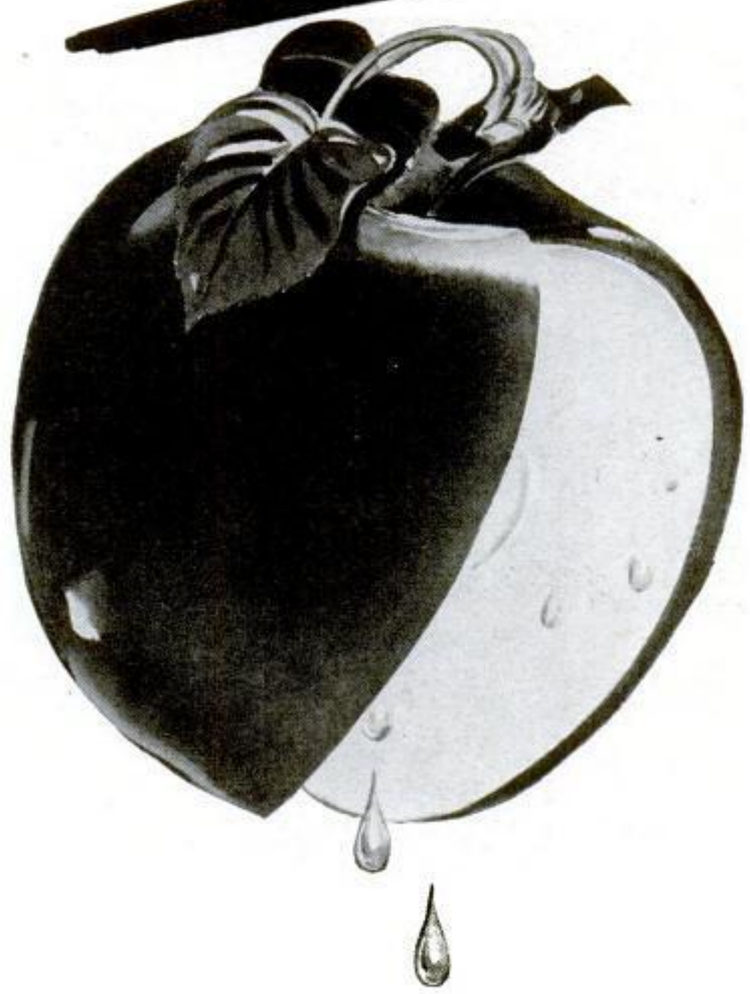
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*"Apple "Honey"

GUARDS FLAVOR . . . GUARDS FRESHNESS!



Apple "Honey" is a new conditioning agent that guards the natural moisture tobaccos require to stay moist and flavorful. Old Gold uses it to help keep our choice blend *fresh* on the way to you.

All our fragrant tobaccos, including famous Latakia, are sprayed with *Apple "Honey"* until every shred is reached. It is completely tasteless—makes no change in the grand flavor that has made Old Golds so popular.

Thousands of smokers have been quick to find that *Apple "Honey"* means a lot when it comes to enjoyment. Buy a pack today and find out if Old Gold isn't *your* cigarette, too.

**This new moistening agent was first developed by scientists in the Eastern Regional Research Laboratory of the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture. We named it* Apple "Honey."





Old Gold

CIGARETTES



Buy More War Bonds Now!

P. Lorillard Company—Established 1760

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LIEUT. COLONEL LOVELACE FLOATS DOWN TO APPROXIMATELY 20,000 FEET, HALFWAY POINT IN EIGHT-MILE JUMP. WHEN GLOVE CAME OFF, HIS LEFT HAND FROZE IMMEDIATELY

ARMY DOCTOR'S RECORD PARACHUTE JUMP

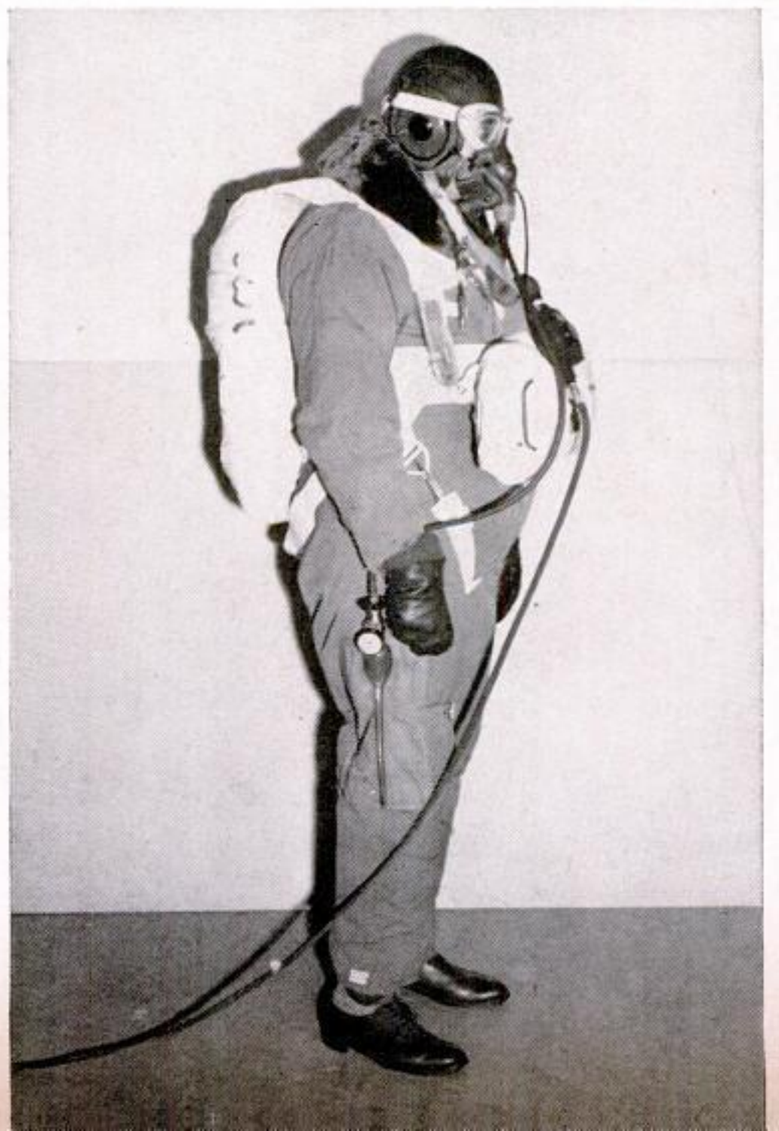
Toward noon on the morning of June 24 William Randolph Lovelace II, a 35-year-old lieutenant colonel in the Army Air Forces, stepped down into the open bomb bay of a Boeing Flying Fortress doing 100 m.p.h. some eight miles above the earth and plunged into space that was 40° below zero. Twenty-three minutes and 51 seconds later he landed with a thud in a freshly harrowed wheat field. The jump, which was his first, was the highest ever made in America and quite possibly in the world. It was 40,200 feet. But aside from its purely daredevil aspect, it carried significant implications. For Colonel Lovelace, who had left his post as surgeon at the Mayo Clinic to enter the Army, had proved that it is safe for men to make emergency bail-outs from aircraft flying at stratospheric altitudes.

The indispensable bit of equipment carried by Colonel Lovelace consisted of two bottles of oxygen zippered securely into thigh pockets of his outer flying suit. As acting chief of the Aero Medical Laboratory at Wright Field in Dayton, Ohio, Colonel Lovelace has been carrying on oxygen experiments inaugurated by him at the Mayo Clinic. Now, as a result of those experiments and of Colonel Lovelace's willingness to serve as his own guinea pig, stratosphere flying has been proved safe. The lack of oxygen at high altitudes is supplied to a bailing-out flier by the emergency equipment developed by Lovelace at the Aero Medical Laboratory.

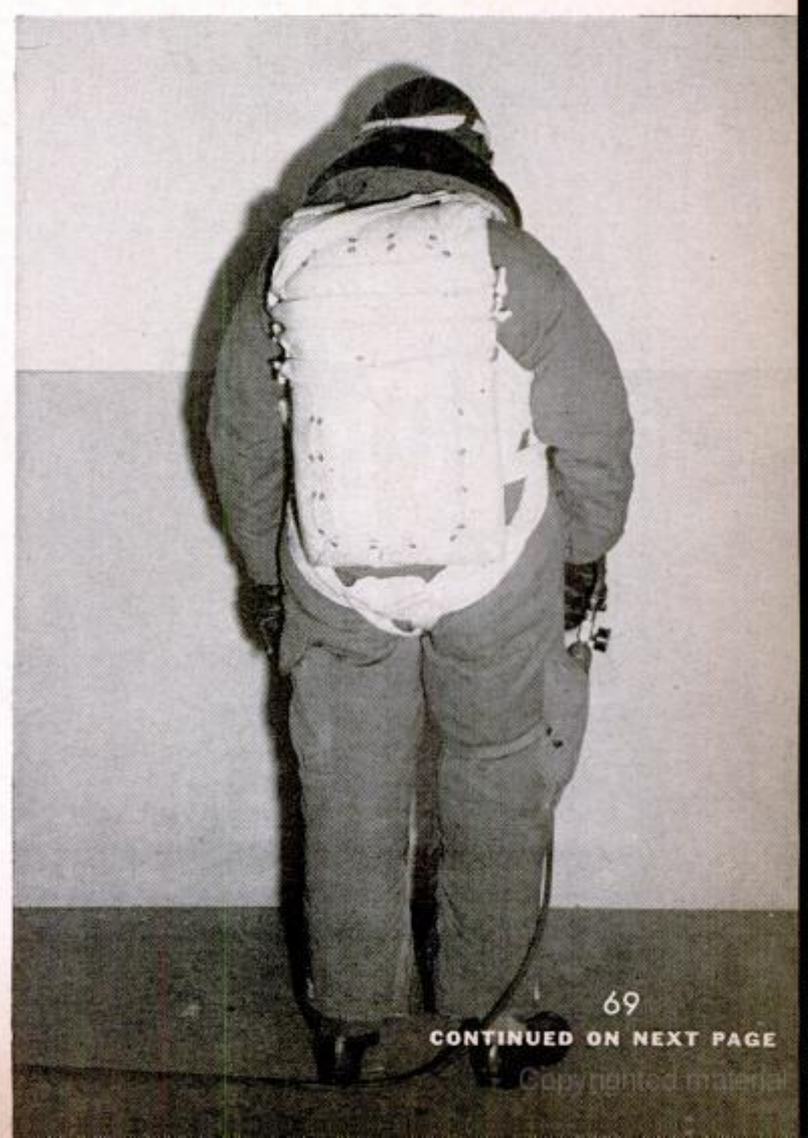
Lovelace wears underclothes, trousers, blouse, chicken-feather suit, gabardine outer suit, and G. I., not paratrooper's, shoes.



Emergency oxygen is in two bottles. One feeds by tube to oral-nasal mask. The other is to be placed in mouth if the tube fails.



Standard back-pack chute is supplemented by chest chute in case the static line to the back chute fails.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Famous Highs

by C. A. Voight



Wrestling high!

TWO STRONG MEN WRESTLED 8 HOURS AND 17 MINUTES IN THE LONGEST WRESTLING MATCH ON RECORD. BUT IT WILL TAKE YOU ONLY A **SECOND**—AND A SIP—TO DISCOVER THAT TODAY'S TEN HIGH, THE WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES," HOLDS THE "**SMOOTHIE**" RECORD!



Cornhusking high!

MORE THAN HALF A BUSHEL A **MINUTE**, IS THE AMAZING CORNHUSKING RECORD SET BY AN ILLINOIS FARMER! AND YOU NEVER TASTED CORN PUT TO **BETTER** USE THAN IN THE RICH, SATISFYING, **REAL** BOURBON FLAVOR OF TEN HIGH!

..and Ten High!

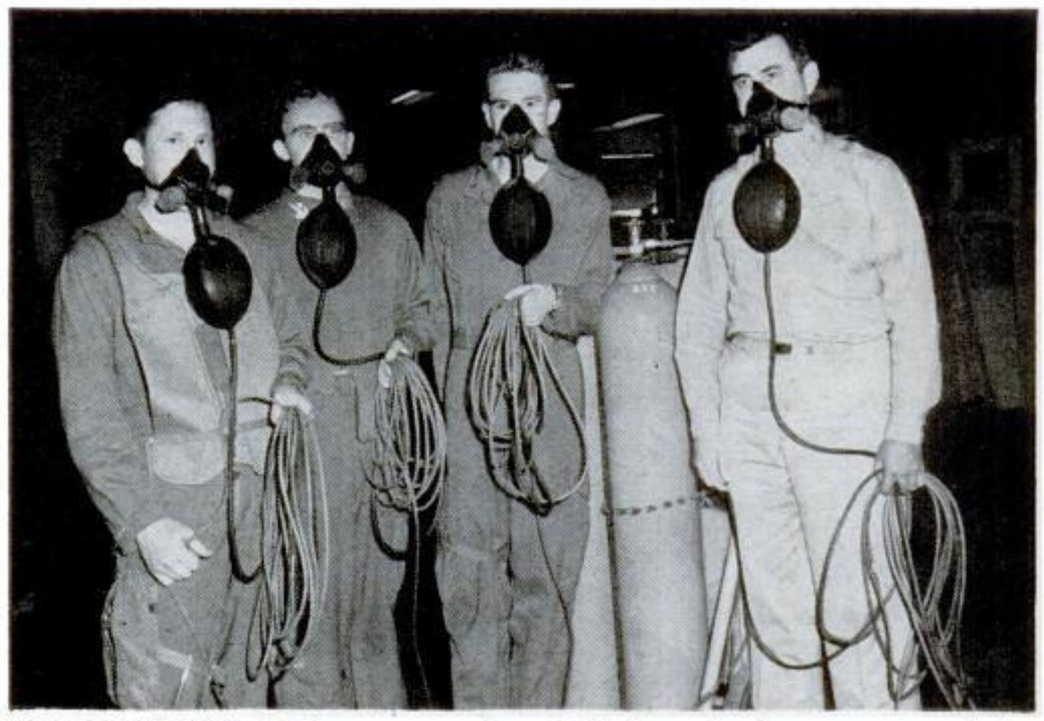
A new high
in whiskey smoothness!



Please be patient. If your store or tavern is temporarily out of TEN HIGH *there are two reasons: (1) Since all distilleries are now making war alcohol instead of whiskey, the available supply of* TEN HIGH *is on quota "for the duration." (2) Railways must give war materials and food the right of way, so your dealer's shipment of* TEN HIGH *may sometimes be delayed.*

This Straight Bourbon Whiskey is 4 years old. 86 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

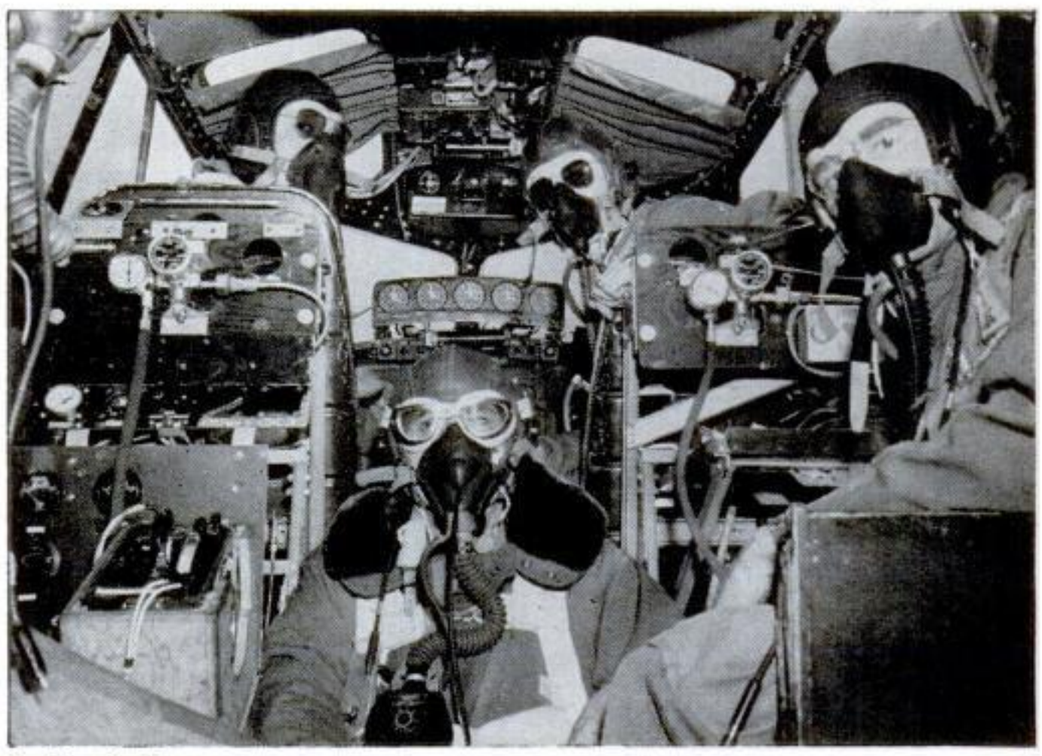
Record Jump (continued)



Lovelace and crew of Fortress went through denitrogenization process consisting of vigorous exercise such as tossing a ball around, jumping up and down, etc. Left to right are Pilot Williams, Flight Engineer Ershinger, Copilot Frazer and Lovelace.



Breathing oxygen after undergoing denitrogenization process, Lovelace dresses in his warm garments. The oxygen treatment reduces chances of aero-embolism, which is a flier's equivalent of the deep-sea diver's "bends," not infrequently proves fatal.



Inside the Fortress Lovelace (*center*) and his crew pose just before the take-off. A smaller plane accompanied Colonel Lovelace's Fortress, but it remained at lower altitude in order to follow his descent. He waved to smaller plane at 8,000 feet.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 73

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Every branch of the Armed Services uses the telephone. No. 5 of a series, Marine Corps.



Some day Johnny, front line observer, will climb out of his last foxhole into a world freed from fear of dictators. When that day comes, the telephone—now speeding commands on the battlefront and production on the home front—will help to place all peoples of the earth on friendly speaking terms.

Western Electric

IN PEACE...SOURCE OF SUPPLY FOR THE BELL SYSTEM.
IN WAR...ARSENAL OF COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT.

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Just ask a Jap

what it feels like to be up against men who are fortified with

"Victory Vitamin C"



You bellowed it forth to the world, Mr. Tojo—a year or so ago. *"Americans have grown soft."* Tell that to your Zero pilots today. Tell 'em if you dare! Or find a survivor from Guadalcanal—and ask him what it feels like to meet a U. S. Marine! How well every Jap knows the truth today...for he's up against men with iron wills and nerves of steel—and bodies hard as nails.

And now that we know the remarkable way that "Victory Vitamin C" helps keep those burly bodies in perfect fighting trim, we're sparing no effort to give them all the vitamin C they need. Because Florida citrus fruits are such gold mines of this vitamin, countless cans of grapefruit juice are shipped to our fighting forces. If you can't always get your canned grapefruit juice, at any rate you'll be glad to know it is reaching those boys who are teaching the Japs to "Remember Pearl Harbor"... in a way they'll never forget!

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION • Lakeland, Florida

So rich are oranges and grapefruit in vitamin C, that Uncle Sam has set aside the entire supply of canned grapefruit sections, canned orange juice, blended juice and concentrates for the armed forces. Fortunately one of the juices—grapefruit juice—is so plentiful that a moderate amount is available for civilian use.

Canned Florida **Grapefruit Juice**

BUY WAR BONDS

RICH IN "VICTORY VITAMIN C"

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Lovelace lands in this wheat field near Ephrata, Wash., where his jump was made because of the large flat terrain which offers a minimum of hazardous obstacles to a parachute landing. Smaller plane landed close to Lovelace a few minutes later.



Shielding his eyes from blazing sunlight, Lieut. Colonel Lovelace lies on his parachute silk. His jump was not a delayed-opening fall. The parachute was opened as soon as he left the Fortress by a static cord fastened to a clamp in the bomb bay.

GINGIVITIS

may be attacking your gums this very moment!



4 OUT OF 5 May get it—Neglect often leads to dreaded PYORRHEA

If you want your teeth to continue to look healthy and handsome—don't neglect your gums! *Healthy teeth need firm gums.* And one of the most common enemies of healthy teeth and firm gums is GINGIVITIS, which may attack 4 out of 5 people.

While Gingivitis is a mild gum inflammation—*never* neglect it, because it often leads to Pyorrhea with its soft, receding gums and loosening teeth which only your Dentist can help. So see him every 3 months. Then at home here's—

One Best Way To Help Guard Against Gingivitis

Massage your gums and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste. Forhan's is the *first* and original toothpaste made *especially* for both massaging gums to be firmer—more able to ward off infection and for cleaning teeth to their natural brilliant lustre. Forhan's also helps remove that acid film which so often starts tooth decay. No wonder so many dentists have used and recommended Forhan's for so many years! At all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

How 95% GINGIVITIS CASES Improved in 30 Days!

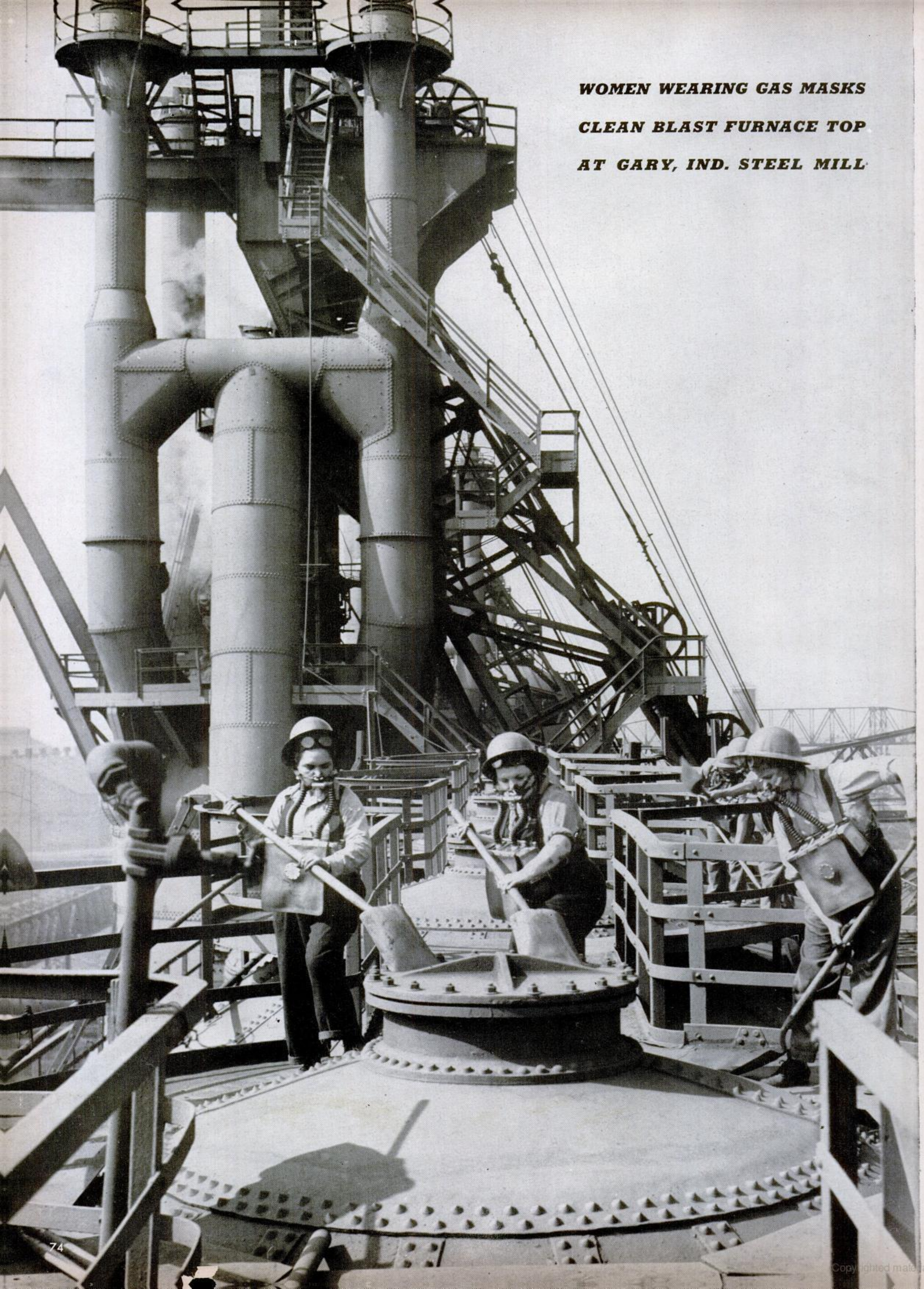
Clinical investigation shows that a 30-day test was made with hundreds upon hundreds of people who had Gingivitis. Approximately half were first given dental prophylaxis. ALL were instructed to massage their gums twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste. In 30 days—95% of the Gingivitis patients *improved!* Get *your* tube of Forhan's *today*—start massaging *your* gums with Forhan's *tonight!*



use **Forhan's** *with massage*

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

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WOMEN WEARING GAS MASKS CLEAN BLAST FURNACE TOP AT GARY, IND. STEEL MILL

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WOMEN LABORERS CLEAR TRACKS OF SPILLED MATERIALS. THIS "HIGH LINE" CARRIES ORE, COKE AND LIMESTONE TO BLAST FURNACES

WOMEN IN STEEL

THEY ARE HANDLING TOUGH JOBS IN HEAVY INDUSTRY

Photographs for LIFE by Margaret Bourke-White

Since the start of the war, U. S. women have quickly and ably assumed many jobs traditionally held by men. The bulk of this new womanpower has been funneled into relatively light industry, such as aircraft. In 1941 only 1% of aviation employes were women, while this year they will comprise an estimated 65% of the total. Of the 16,000,000 women now employed in the U. S., over a quarter are in war industries. But until recently only a small percentage has been used to replace men in heavy industry. Although the concept of the weaker sex sweating near blast furnaces, directing giant ladles of molten iron, or pouring red-hot ingots is accepted in England and Russia, it has always been foreign to American tradition. Only the rising need for labor and the diminishing supply of manpower has forced this revolutionary adjustment.

To present the first comprehensive picture of women toiling in heavy industry, LIFE sent Photographer Margaret Bourke-White to Gary, Ind., where 4,800 women are now employed in the plants of United States Steel Corporation subsidiaries. As the pictures on these and the following pages show, women are now handling an amazing variety of jobs, some completely unskilled, some semiskilled and some requiring great technical knowledge, precision and facility.

The women who have taken over men's jobs in steel are receiving the same rate of pay as the men. They work eight hours a day, six days a week. On the basis of a 40-hour week the minimum pay is 78¢ per hour or $31.20 weekly. However, in the 48-hour week the sixth day is at time-and-a-half pay, making the women's weekly wage at least $40.56. Women are now working in the Gary steel mills as welders, crane operators, tool machinists, laborers (*see above*), electrical helpers, grinders, oilers, coil tapers, foundry helpers, checkers, loaders, metallurgical helpers, painters, cleaning and maintenance workers (*see opposite page*), inspectors, draw-bench operators, engine operators, furnace operators, billet operation helpers, packers and shippers. The length of this list is especially significant because before Pearl Harbor virtually the only women employed in the Gary steel-mill area were the sorters in the tin mills.

As case histories on pages 78–79 indicate, the women are recruited from Gary and nearby East Chicago. A minority has drifted in from agricultural areas. They are black and white, Polish and Croat, Mexican and Scottish. Many have husbands, fathers, sons or sweethearts who are working or who once worked in the mills. Nearly all have relatives in the armed forces. Very few had any industrial experience prior to their employment in the steel plants.

The women steel workers at Gary are not freaks or novelties. They have been accepted by management, by the union, by the rough, iron-muscled men they work with day after day. In time of peace they may return once more to home and family, but they have proved that in time of crisis no job is too tough for American women.



WOMEN EMPLOYES at Tubular Alloy Steel Corp. in Gary predominate at pep meeting which is listening to Pvt. John Adams of Detroit, wounded Buna veteran.

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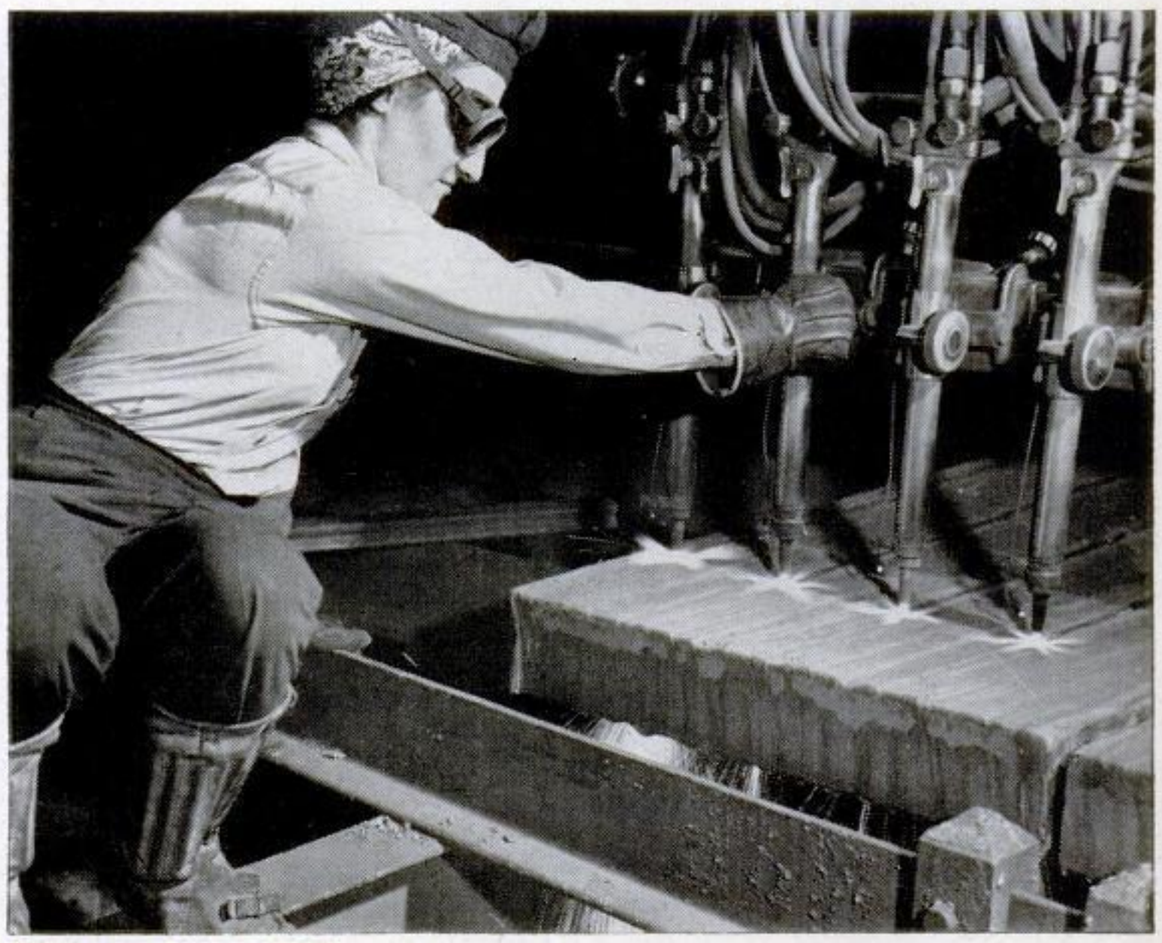
STAMPING MACHINE in rail mill at Gary is operated by Mrs. Florence Romanowski (*right*). She mechanically brands identifications into red-hot rails. Her husband is in Army.



SCARFING is the operation which removes surface defects from slabs to condition them for rolling. Girl (*center*) marks out defects with chalk for man who is doing the scarfing (*right*).



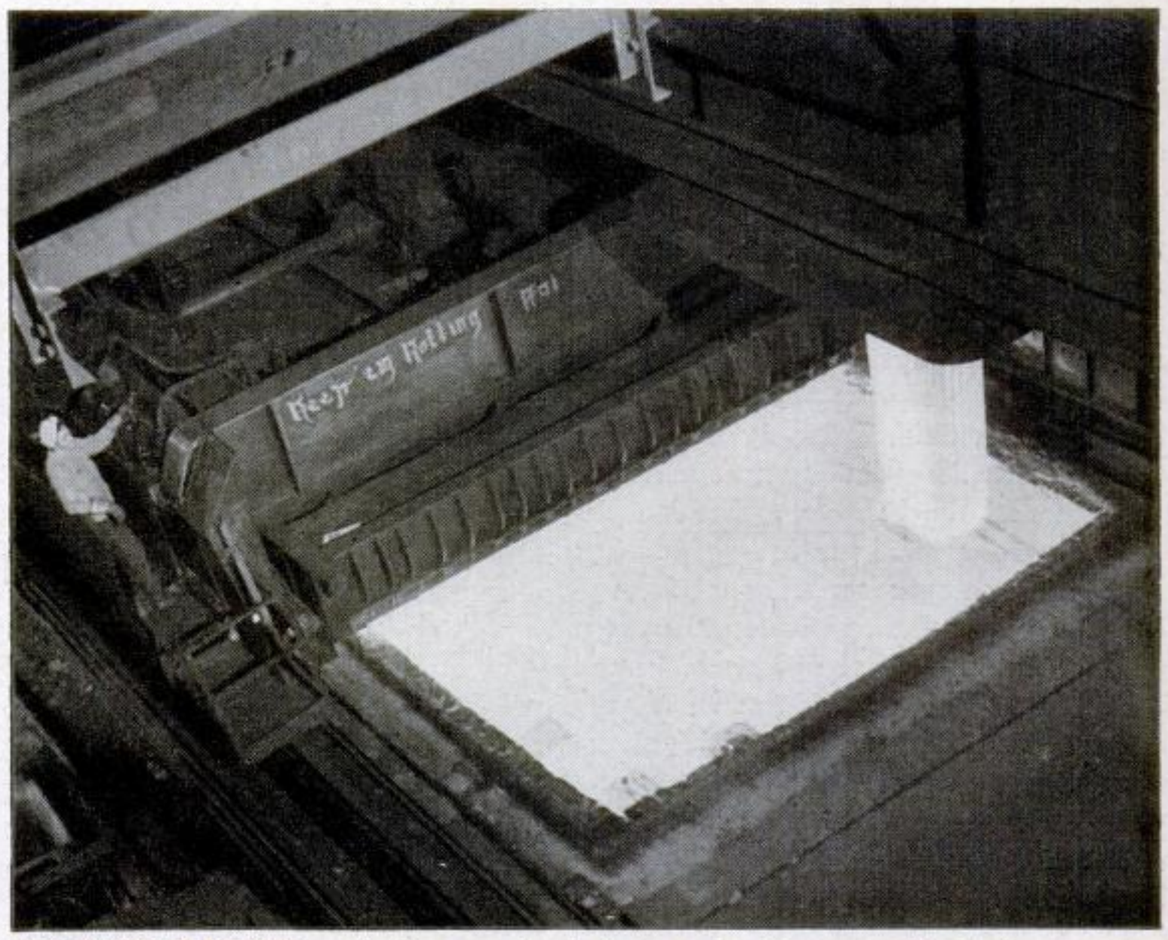
BEVELING ARMOR PLATE for tanks at Gary Works, these women operate powerful acetylene torches. They are called "burners." Beveling is done prior to finishing of pieces.



FLAME CUTTING of a slab is done by four-torch machine controlled and operated by one woman. Alice Jo Barker (*above*) has a husband and son who also work in war industries.



"PAN MAN" at Gary Works is Mrs. Rosalie Ivy, a husky Negro laborer. She is mixing a special mud used to seal the casting hole through which molten iron flows from a blast furnace.



SOAKING PITS in rail mill are mechanically covered and uncovered by the "cover craneman," Polish-American Elizabeth Laba, 23. Here ingots are reheated to an average 2,300° F.

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TRANSFER CAR OPERATOR Mae Harris, 23, signals craneman above to return the empty, hot metal ladle to the transfer car (*left*). The ladle has contained molten iron which has been poured into an open-hearth furnace. In the furnace the molten iron is added to molten scrap which, together with iron ore and fluxes, results in finished steel after refinement.

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BERNICE DAUNORA, 31, is a member of the "top gang" and must wear a "one-hour, lightweight breathing apparatus" as protection against gas escaping from blast furnaces (*see p. 74*). Mrs. Daunora, who is of Scottish descent, is married, has one son. Her brother is in the armed forces. She has been working at Carnegie-Illinois since last February.

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KATHERINE MRZLJAK, 34, is one of top gang. She is Croatian, has two children. Husband also works in mill.



THERESA ARANA, 21, takes down temperature recordings at the draw furnaces in the Armor Plate Division.



AUDREY MAE HULSE, 20, is flame cutter at the American Bridge Co. in Gary. She has five relatives in plant.



LORRAINE GALLINGER, 20, is metallurgical observer. She is from North Dakota, plans to return after war.



LUGRASH LARRY, 32, a laborer in Blast Furnace Department, has four children. Husband works in Billet Mill.



BLANCHE JENKINS, 39, is welder at Carnegie-Illinois, buys a $50 war bond each month. She has two children.



VICTORIA BROTKO, 22, is a blacksmith's helper. She took her twin brother's job when he joined the Marines.



DOLORES MACIAS, 26, of Mexican descent, has a son. She has been a member of the top gang for five months.



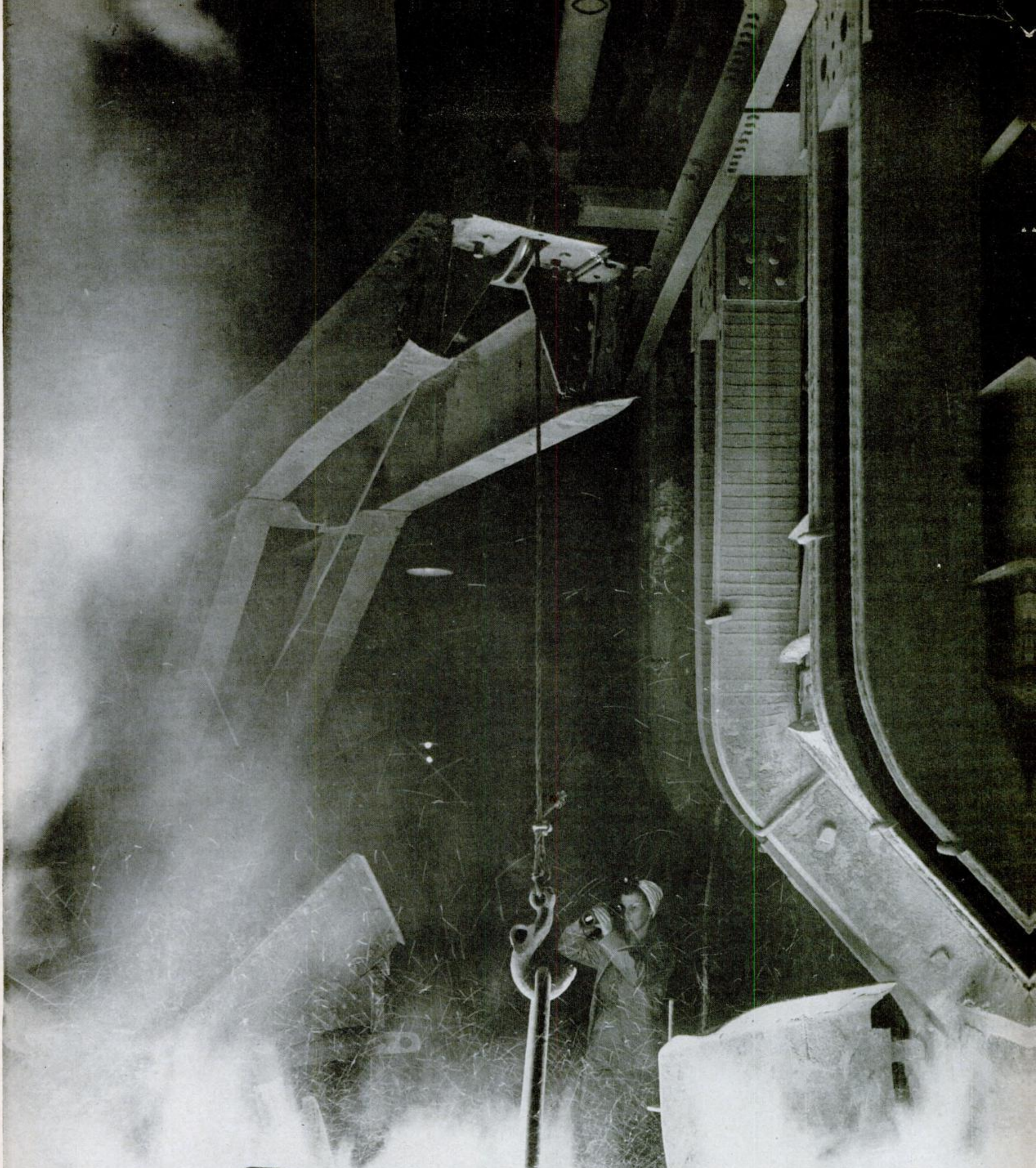
ANN ZARIK, 22, is a flame burner in Armor Plate Division. She is shown working at her job on this week's cover.

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IN THE FOUNDRY of the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Co., these women are at work as core-makers. A total of 18 women are employed here on two shifts. The core-maker's functions are like those of a sculptor, and the implements used are trowels, spatulas and mallets. Castings being made in this picture are for use not only at Carnegie-Illinois but at other plants.

ON AIRCRAFT CARRIER DECK women work as welders and scrapers. Girls alongside this steel prefabricated deck section who are without headgear and masks operate tools which scrape loose surface imperfections in preparation for welding. The welder in foreground has her name "Jakie," written on helmet, a popular style note among lady welders.



GIRL METALLURGICAL OBSERVER USES OPTICAL PYROMETER IN DETERMINING TEMPERATURE OF STEEL IN OPEN HEARTH

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American tanks, a jeep and a captured gun are parked in Cathedral square in the center of Gela. Outside the city, at this very minute, a big tank battle is raging. Below, Italian civilians crowd around American Rangers, asking for food and cigarets. The conversation is half in bad Italian and half in bad English.



ADVENTURE

LIFE correspondent encounters blazing guns

by JACK BELDEN

Jack Belden, war correspondent for LIFE and Time, *has been with the U.S. Seventh Army since it began the conquest of Sicily. In the issue of July 26, LIFE published his story of the landing at Gela. In these dispatches Belden describes some high points of the American sweep across the western half of the island to Palermo.*

Butera, July 12

Last night I went out with Lieutenant Colonel Bill Darby's Rangers, attacked a mountain and captured a town.

None of us had slept for three days when, just before dusk, we gathered in Darby's command post in a hillside cave overlooking the town of Gela. Lying on straw like a mountain Robin Hood, with a bottle of captured Italian wine in one hand and a map in the other hand, and surrounded by his informal crew of captains, lieutenants, sergeants and privates, Darby told us the mission for the night.

It was to attack the town of Butera, sitting like a sentinel on a rocky prominence overlooking the pass on the Gela-Enna highway. "This is going to be a tough one, gang," he said, and with his finger and a flashlight dimmed with a red glass, he showed us the steep climb we had to make between two hills held by the enemy on either side of Butera.

"I don't know what is in Butera and we may be sticking our necks in a trap," he added, "but that is the job we have to do."

Turning to me he confided, "Our operations aren't according to Hoyle, but we get along."

But before we could get along there was an urgent task to perform and that was to clear the thick mine field along our route of march to Butera, eight miles away.

Skilled sappers were supposed to do the job, but they hadn't arrived and the zero hour was approaching and we couldn't wait. So Darby called his handy man, Captain Sammy Sams, a soldier jack-of-all-trades in the Ranger outfit and said, "Sammy, can you get someone to clear those mines?" Sammy raised himself to his full height of 5 ft. 6 in., twisted his straggly handle-bar mustache, which he had grown under British influence when stationed in Scotland, and declared, "I clear 'em myself."

"You stay out of those mine fields, Sammy, I can't afford to lose you," said Colonel Darby, but Sammy was already scurrying down hill in a jeep.

A short while later he was back twirling his mustache again. "Funny thing," he said, "I reached down for those mines and the first thing I did was to shake hands with the arm of a Heinie. Then I found some more corpses in that mine field. Got some Lucky Strikes out of the pocket of one of the corpses. Here, have one," he said, producing the pack.

Now that Sammy had cleared most of the mine field, we were ready to start off. Just before we departed we heard a burst of machine gun and flashes of fire in the sky and looking up, saw a Spitfire plummeting to the ground in flames. Then above it we saw a brown figure supported by a parachute which had come out of its pack but hadn't opened. Helplessly we watched the pilot hurtling toward the ground. "Poor devil," said everyone.

Captain Charles ("Chuck") Shunstrom of Radburn, Fair Lawn, N. J., though only 22 years old was to lead the assault. Shunstrom was in great haste as he rushed through the explanation of the operation with his lieutenants and sergeants: "Only I will shoot red and green flares. Only I. Got that? Men will march with fixed bayonets."

The men gathered on the road. Then stealthily, crouching like a cat, the first man went forward with his bayonet held in front and others followed. Behind them Chuck Shunstrom's voice cried petulantly, "Get apart, get apart. If we are ambushed you'll want plenty of room." The men bent over double and shuffled forward in a slow creep. I fell into the column behind Shunstrom.

In a little while on our right we passed the remains of freshly wrecked vehicles. Sprawling on his stomach and face, with hands outstretched, was a figure in civilian clothing. Dimly near the center of the back I made out a dark stain. To see a civilian dead in a

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IN SICILY

and cheering crowds on the road to Palermo

battle area is ten times as shocking as seeing a dead soldier and I had to swallow my desire to vomit.

The column halted. Arms flew up to signal the following figures to halt also. Men lay on their stomachs, sighting behind rifles.

Shunstrom got on the radio to Lieut. Collins Kendrick Jr. of Macon, Ga., leader of our first platoon: "Chuck to Ken, Chuck to Ken. What the hell are you stopping for? Investigation! Hell with investigation. Keep moving."

The churned and chopped-up earth in the center of the road now loomed up directly beneath my feet. Sammy's mine field, I thought. I looked for the arm Sammy had shaken, and there it was like a ragged, bulky, elongated package and there also were shredded masses that were bodies. It was a grim scene in the moonlight, and dangerous too. In a moment we were through the mine field and breathed easier. We climbed steadily for two hours. Two or three miles away up the long zigzagging highway I could see a rocky sugar loaf, isolated from everything else and with almost sheer sidewalls of stone. That was Butera. Behind a curving rock at the bend in the road and beneath a cliff leading straight upward for 200 yards we halted, drawing close under the brow of an overhanging bank for concealment.

Chuck Shunstrom sat down by the road and called Lieut. Kendrick back. "The first platoon will attack by road, the second platoon will go up the hill and cover the flank. Let's go."

At first there was a sort of dirt embankment which we had to lie on to pull ourselves up by hand. Then there was a rocky slope with tufts of grass on which we leaned as much weight as we dared.

For a few moments we crawled hand over hand up the lower edge of the slope, all of us getting in each other's way. The sergeant cried, "Spread out. Spread out." The soldiers to do this had to come off their knees and grab their rifles with both hands and still keep themselves from falling over backwards. They bent low with rifles held in front of them and rocks went rolling down the slopes, sounding like the boom of cannon and threatening to bowl the following soldiers over. At the top of the slope was what appeared in the now dimming moonlight to be the top of the city wall. I heard Lieut. Fowler somewhere in the dark saying, "We are 200 feet from the building."

Attack and retreat

Stumbling, crawling and gasping we were approaching the crest of the hill when suddenly we heard a burst of machine-gun fire above us. Everyone fell to his face exposing only the top of the helmet. Out of the darkness came the voice of Lieut. Fowler's loudspeaker: "Shunstrom to Kendrick. Shunstrom to Kendrick. What's happened, what's happened?" Like limpets clinging to the slope, we listened. After an interminable silence came a strange voice, not Kendrick's.

Somewhere on a highway near Butera a sergeant of Kendrick's platoon was talking. "Pull your men out," said Shunstrom's voice again. "Pull them off and we'll shell the town."

"Don't you want me to go ahead and take the town, sir?" said the surprisingly calm voice of the sergeant.

"Do you think you can?" said Shunstrom.

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant.

"Okay, but be careful," said Shunstrom.

Then Shunstrom barked out an order for us to get down the slope of the hill to the road. In the midst of an attack to be ordered to retreat is terribly disconcerting. Slipping, sliding, our backs to the crest of the hill, then turning around again, crawling backward and wishing we could run, we descended as painfully as we had come. Halfway down, the sergeant of our platoon said, "All right, halt here." Lieut. Fowler said, "I am going to storm that damn town. They can't do that to us."

Tired from the previous climb, we made slow progress. When we reached the crest of the slope we got to our feet once more but instead of plunging down into an attack on the city we discovered we had yet another cliff ahead of us. We swung onto a road, which climbed steeply.

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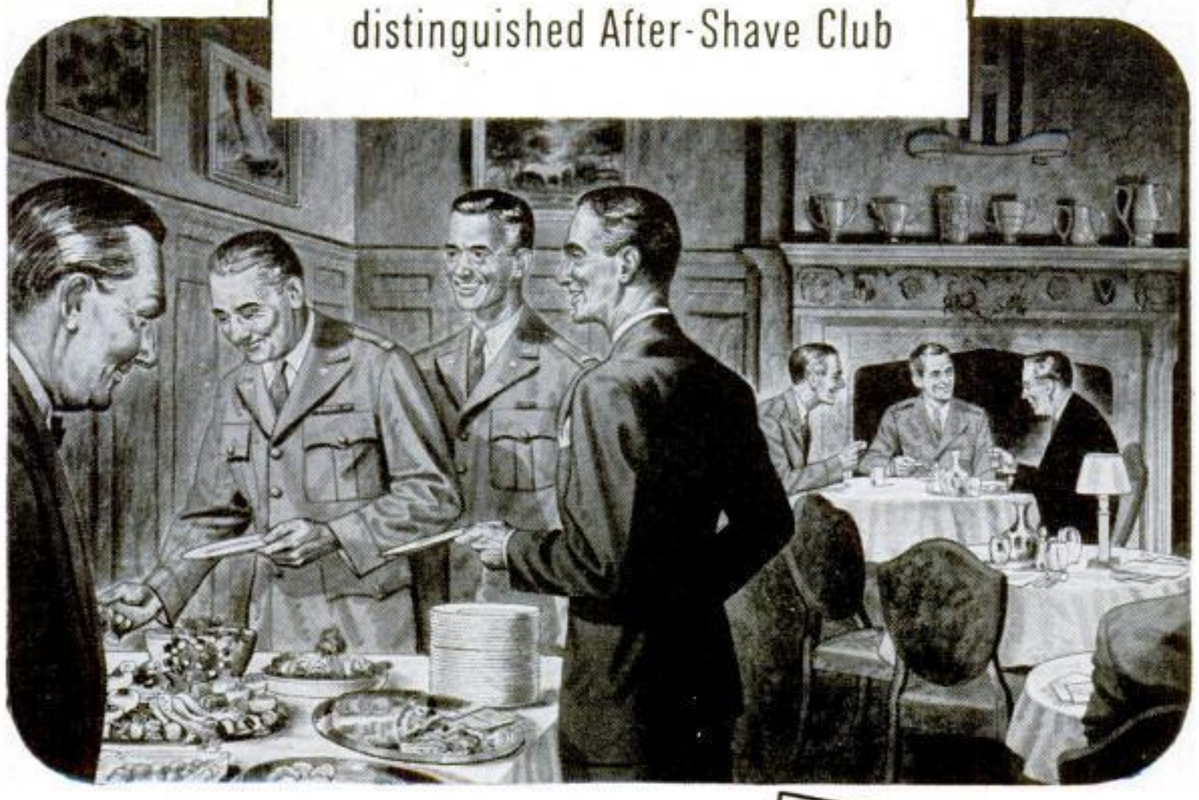
Along the dusty road to Palermo American trucks and infantrymen move slowly. Some U.S. divisions moved as fast as 20 miles a day, meeting resistance only from isolated Italian and German guns. By last week the fighting in Sicily had settled down to a desperate attempt by the Axis to hold its Etna Line.



On the road to Butera, which was captured by the Rangers whom Belden accompanied, lie dead bodies of Italian soldiers. At right is native Sicilian two-place wagon. Below, Rangers pass through Porto Empedocle on the south coast of Sicily near Agrigento. American bombers had previously destroyed the town.



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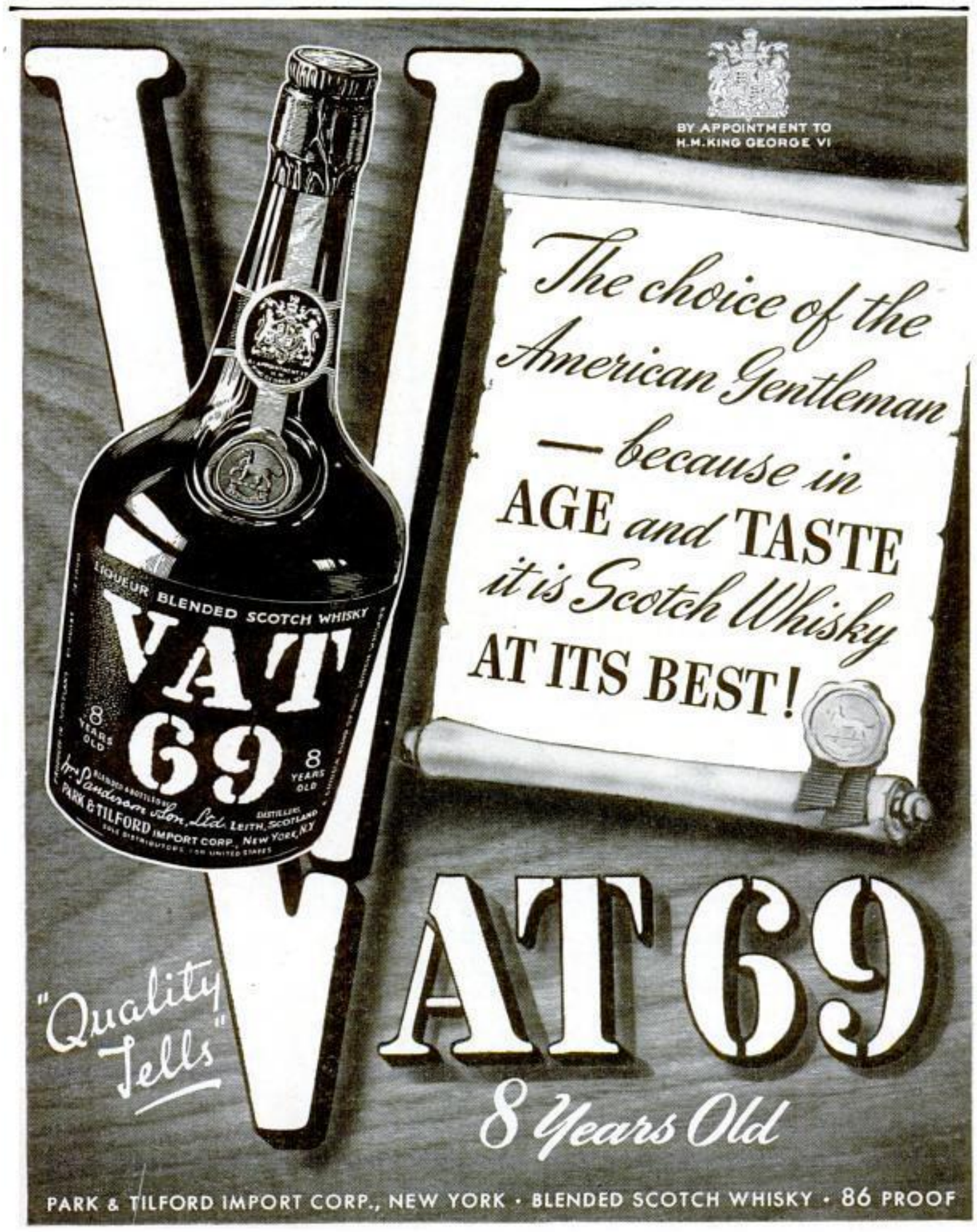


THE URGENT needs of war production have curtailed the supply of Aqua Velva. To meet a constantly increasing demand from the armed services as well as civilians, there is now less Aqua Velva to go around.

Avoid waste. Use Aqua Velva sparingly and you should be able to enjoy it regularly. Refreshing as an ocean plunge, it takes only a few drops to leave your face feeling smoother and softer after shaving. Clean, pleasant scent. It's the world's most popular after-shave lotion.









An Italian billet is captured and used by the Americans. Cooking pots are hung on a line, while the soldiers near the table count and examine their captured Italian guns.

ADVENTURE IN SICILY (continued)

At a sharp bend in the road we abruptly ran into two antitank guns facing directly down hill toward us. With tightly gripped guns our soldiers passed by them. Then appeared smashed trucks and beside them about ten bodies.

Rounding a big curve we stood at the entrance to Butera on the very face and edge of the cliff. Its buildings with blank walls faced us like a fortress. Through dark, narrow streets in which there was scarcely a sound we made our way until a voice cried: "Halt. Give the password," and we shouted the countersign for the night. We had rejoined our first platoon.

In a small square at an intersection of four narrow alleys we found Shunstrom and beside him on the pavement, Lieut. Collins Kendrick. "Bring me Constantine and See," he called in a sudden loud voice. "Those men deserve medals." In the dark the two men came and Kendrick from his position on the ground reached out his hand, "Give me your hand, I want to shake you by the hand. You did a grand job."

We asked Private John See what had happened.

"Constantine and I were No. 1 and 2 scouts and we came up the road just ahead of Lieut. Kendrick here. We saw Italians bulling around trucks and guns and Constantine shouted to them in Italian to come out or be killed. There were two Jerry officers there and they stopped the Italians as they were coming out. In the confusion someone fired a shot. Constantine fired back five rounds with his revolver and dropped the man who shot at him. Then I saw Jerry hightailing out of there and I ran after him shooting with my tommy gun."

Our troops had so far occupied only a small portion of the town, so we went warily down the streets on either sidewalk with drawn guns. Shunstrom was poking a gun around street corners, then darting quickly across open spaces and constantly whirling and turning to face any possible ambush. He looked like an agile young killer.

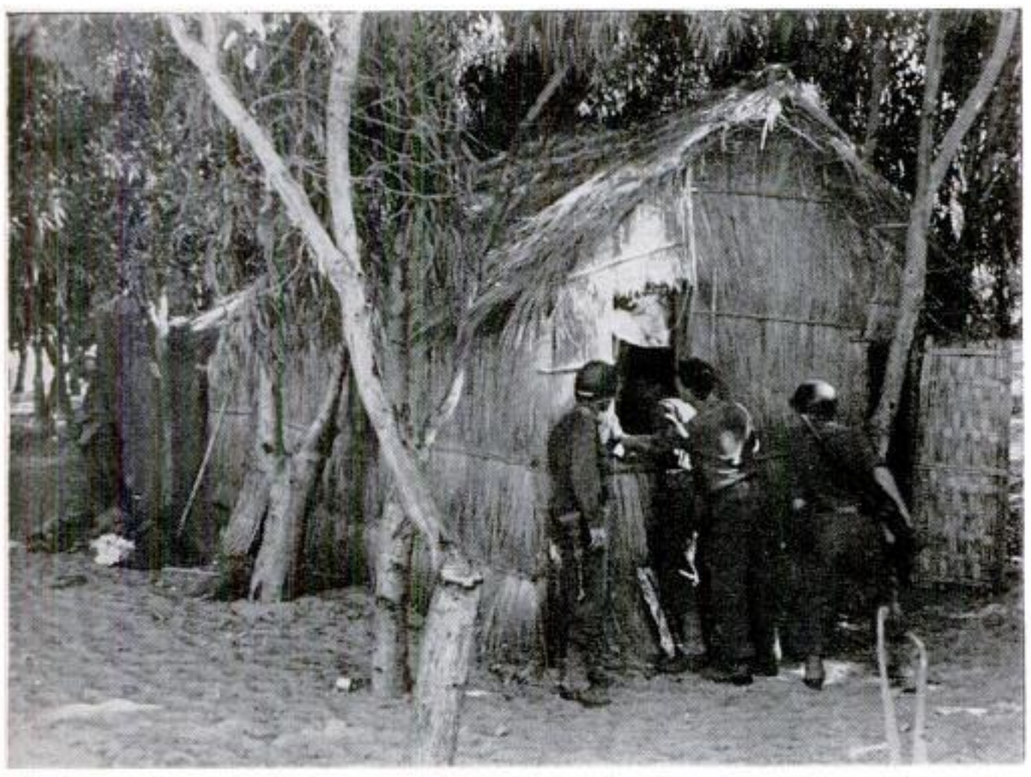
As cocks began crowing inside houses a civilian in a dirty white shirt suddenly appeared on the edge of the town. Our patrol pounced on him fiercely, frightening him badly. He kept shouting "*Italiano, Italiano*" as if the fact that he was Italian was proof that he was not our enemy.

Chuck Shunstrom, Don Whitehead of the A.P. and I wandered into the best-looking house we could find. It was only drab flat stone on the outside but inside it was well furnished for a Sicilian home. Upstairs on the second floor we found a dining-room table loaded with half-eaten food—bread, spaghetti and tumblers of wine. Obviously someone had departed in a great hurry. The calendar on the wall was torn off to July 10—the day of our landing in Sicily.

The departed occupants had left wardrobes filled with expensive civilian suits and uniforms with much gold braid. It was not hard to figure the man of the house with all his gold trimmings, ornaments, guns and maps as a pompous Fascist. Going into one room, I threw open a closet with women's clothing in it. Soft and colorful, it put a strange sense of tenderness incongruously into this harsh war. Tired or punch-drunk, the soft feel of women's clothes made a sob come to my throat.

When the inhabitants of Butera awoke this morning and found the American Army in occupation, they came to their doors nervously at first, then gathering more courage began to shout and chat with the soldiers.

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A captured Italian billet is carefully examined by American troops for possible hidden booby traps. Soldier at the left is reading Italian letters taken from enemy uniform.

Meantime we had found much food stored in a convent by the Italian army. The U. S. soldiers threw this open to the people and they rushed for it, screaming and yelling and tearing at one another until finally the soldiers had to fire over their heads to get them in order.

As we left Butera we could see in the daylight what a difficult feat our Rangers had accomplished in taking the town within a few short minutes. There is only one way up to the town and that is by the highway which is built along a narrow ridge dropping sharply on both sides.

A general remarked when he heard of the Rangers' feat, "We had been afraid that if the town was even only lightly held, it would take us at least a month to capture it." Darby's Rangers, by stealth and surprise, accomplished it in one night.

Enna, July 20

Dressed in patched and ragged clothes, a crowd of thin men and women swarmed in the square about the bread distributing station.

We stood on a rock and shouted over their heads: "Is there anyone here who speaks English?"

Someone cried "*Senora*," and a dozen voices took it up. There was a movement in the crowd and a young girl, in a gray dress with rings on her fingers and a string of beads about her neck, emerged and came towards us.

She paused beneath our rock, tilted back her head with its coal-black hair and looked up at us out of deep brown eyes. She was beautiful.

"What can I do for you?" she said in clear English without trace of an accent. We gulped and stared for she was the first pretty woman we'd seen in all the filth and misery of Sicily and finally I said foolishly, "Are you hungry?"

"Yes, I'm hungry," she said, again in that clear English voice. "We only get 200 grams of bread and 60 grams of macaroni a day, and half an ounce of oil a month."

"Who are you? Where did you learn to speak that English?"

"I am Franka Pulesi. I was born in Panther, West Virginia. I came here in 1929 to help my father take care of six children."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-six."

"Have you any relatives in America?"

"I have a brother in Wilcoe, West Virginia," she said.

Suddenly with some animation she said: "Can we write to America? Can I write my brother?"

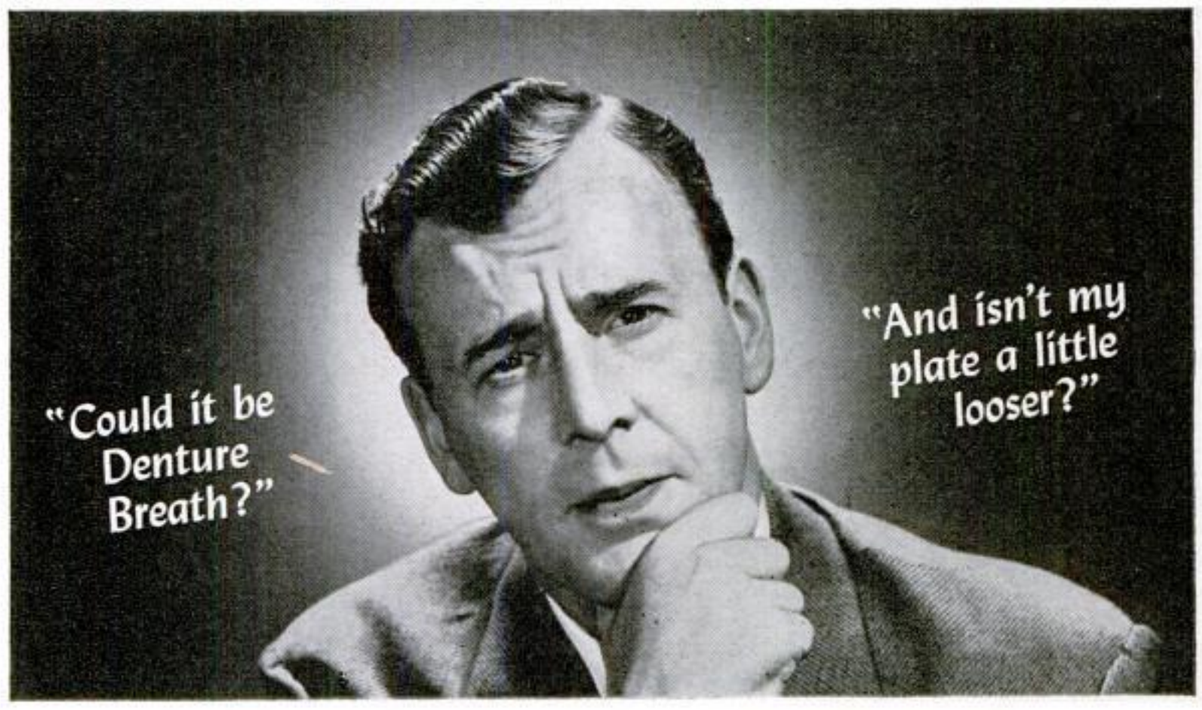
We assured her she could.

Both in Enna and in the medieval town of Calascibetta, perched like a bandit's lair two miles away on top of a narrow mesa, we met nothing but smiling faces and declarations of joy that we had arrived. During the occupation of these two cities only one untoward incident occurred. That was when Lieut. Donald Creelman, of Truro, Nova Scotia, a liaison officer driving the first jeep into the town, offered Mayor Giuseppe Speciale a piece of chewing gum. Shut off in his medieval hill fortress, the Mayor evidently hadn't seen this delicacy before and much to the astonishment of Creelman, he swallowed it whole.

Palermo, July 22

Yesterday, July 21, Lieut. General "Iron Pants" Patton, Commander in Chief of the American Seventh Army, started a campaign

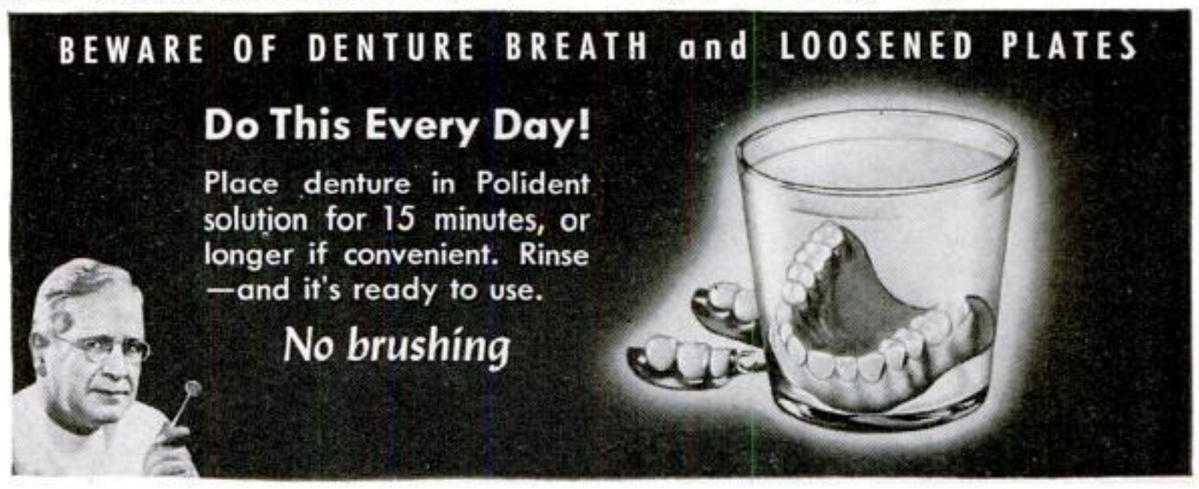
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FALSE TEETH WEARERS

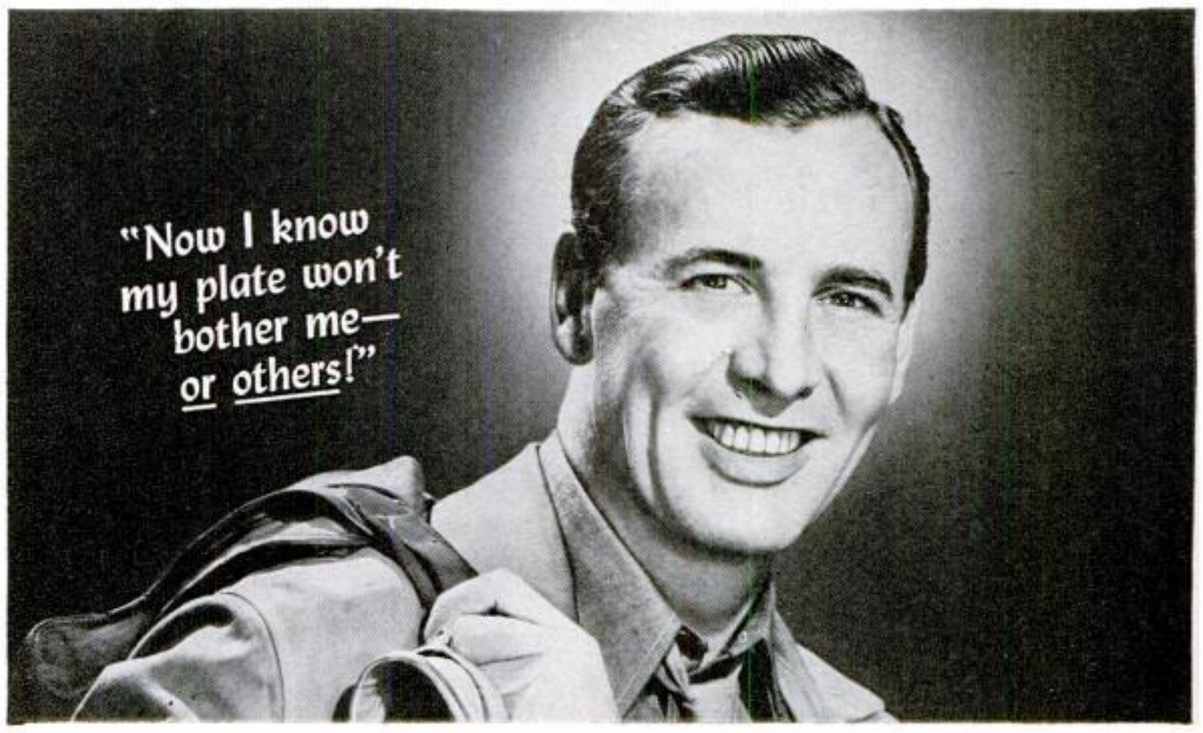
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Brushing your plates with tooth pastes, tooth powders or soap, may scratch the denture material which is *60 times softer than natural teeth*. These scratches cause odorous stains, film, and food particles to *collect faster and cling tighter* . . . resulting in Denture Breath. Remember, *you* may not know you have it, but others *do!* Besides, brushing with makeshift cleaners often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your plate in place. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate loosens.



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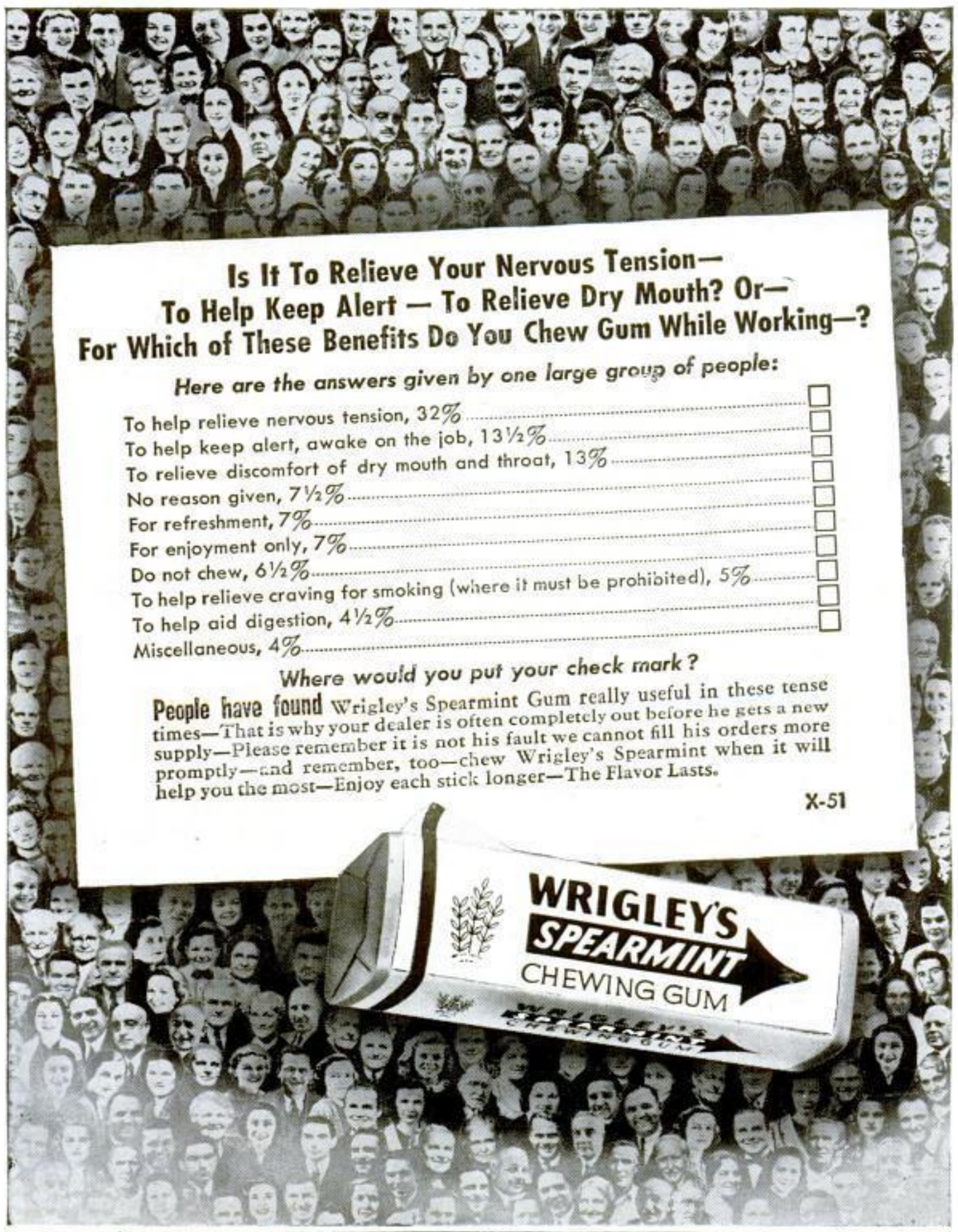
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ADVENTURE IN SICILY (continued)

to conquer western Sicily. Today that campaign is over and western Sicily is in American hands.

Patton's plan was simple. One division was to strike from the southeast. Another division was to sweep along the coast road, run through Castelvetrano and sweep north from the southwest. Both of those divisions were to meet at Palermo.

It was a hot, clear day. About 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning we entered the town of San Guiseppe. Strange things were happening there. An American convoy of half-tracks, assault guns, Sherman tanks and jeeps was halted in a column in the middle of town. Above it, on balconies inclosed by iron railings, girls and old men screamed and yelled and waved white flags and handkerchiefs as if they were banners of joy. Among screams most often heard were the words, "*Bravo, Americano.*"

Flowers and green, unshelled almonds thrown by young girls showered down on the tops of green helmets. The girls' dirty skirts swirling back and forth, hands throwing kisses, and everyone waving something, made the first story of each house seem as if it were in motion, so that the whole street, 20 ft. above the ground, seemed to be swaying back and forth. On the ground a man was rushing up to all halted vehicles and pouring out huge tumblerfuls of wine, begging American soldiers to drink.

Weaving through the shouting people, we emerged on the opposite side of the town and headed toward the hills into which a road wound through a deep, extremely narrow defile.

Some strange intuition made me halt by a parked jeep to ask if the road was clear.

"It is not," said Lieut. Colonel Paul Disney, of Beverly, Mass., commander of an armored reconnaissance unit.

He pointed up the narrow defile toward a geyser of smoke spurting from a brown hill slope and told us that a scout car with six men had just been struck there by an artillery shell.

Bread and wine on the battlefield

Some of our self-propelled artillery came up to shell the mountainside. As shells were clattering from a gun and smoke was flowering on a high crest, an Italian civilian dressed in a blue shirt and black pants, with a boy by his side and a basket in one hand and a bottle in the other, appeared out of nowhere and greeted us. From his basket he took tomatoes and a large loaf of bread which he sliced into great hunks with a large knife. Handing us chunks of bread and pouring us out whole glassfuls of delicious wine, he grinned and shouted and gestured that he would be insulted if we didn't partake of his hospitality. A civilian passing around bread and wine on the battlefield is something I had never seen or heard of before.

Between a celebrating town and a narrow defile blocked by an unknown enemy with an unknown number of guns we didn't know quite what to do. But it is the job of the reconnaissance outfit to find out for the rest of the army what is ahead, so we went forward.

The gun that was holding up our whole Army was in a peculiar position. Around a bend out of sight of us, it was placed across a gully 500 yards farther on, so that it could fire as soon as anything came around the bend. We were a dead duck once we poked a head around the curve.

Evidently soldiers manning that gun were determined men. Once one of our soldiers poked his head up over the hill. A shell promptly took his head off.

The colonel in command of our advanced guard sent out a hurry-up order for a platoon of men in jeeps. They came up and dismounted in back of us. As they did so, there was a singing noise like a bird passing close overhead and a chip of rock flew out of the road. Snipers were shooting at us from the slope in back of us.

Forgetting what was whining though the air in back of them, the men went up the slope to work their way toward the gun. The colonel took a rifle out of the jeep and set off up the slope himself, saying, "Wonder if I couldn't put a bullet in his porthole." For two hours the sound of our rifle fire reverberated like drums in disunison through that narrow shale chasm. Men crept up slopes under the hot sun, their tongues growing dry and thick like rags, and fired down on the German gun, but still they could not dislodge it.

A brigadier general in a natty gabardine uniform drove up smartly in a jeep and after a hurried conference with the officer on the spot ordered an assault gun up to deal with the deadly German 155. It was driven up on a half-track.

In that half-track, which was about to challenge the heavier German weapon were Sergeant Eugene Hatfield, Gilbert, W. Va.; Cor-

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poral Bennie Kulig, Independence, Wis.; Private Edward Shoemaker, Monroe, Tenn. and Corporal Robert Edinger, Plankington, S. Dak.

With a quick twist of the wheel Driver Edinger swung the front wheels of the half-track against a stone wall and brought his gun face to face with the 155 across 500 yards of an open ravine.

Ed Shoemaker swiftly picked up a shiny new shell and slammed it into the breech and slammed the breech closed. Bennie Kulig pulled the string. There was a deafening roar and the hillside shook.

We had got in the first shot.

Across the ravine there was a burst of flame, then a cloud of smoke. In rapid succession Kulig pulled the string nine times. Through the dust and smoke across the ravine we saw running figures, all of whom were soon enveloped in a violent cloud of flame as the enemy's ammunition blew up and filled the air with whistling splinters.

In front of a small cold spring which was issuing from the mountainside about 20 yards from the gun we found the body of a dead American private. He was lying on his back, his rifle by his side, his fair young face looking up at the sky. From the marks on his body it was impossible to tell just how he had died, but it was fair to assume that he had been charging up the slope when he had been hit. He had only been armed with a rifle, but he had gone after the 155 so that the heavy-armored American column behind him could get through.

An identification card in his pocket showed that he came from Vermont. A sergeant shook his head and muttered, "If I could get my hands on the dirty so-and-so's." Just at that moment two Italians walked out of the burning brush with their hands raised over their heads.

Around the body of the dead American soldier were four armed men. When they saw the Italians they jerked their heads up from the dead soldier as if they had suddenly been hit and they raised their rifles to point directly at the prisoners. Somewhere up above voices shouted down from the road, "Shoot the bastards. Kill 'em."

Though they couldn't understand English, the Italians quickly realized their predicament. They stumbled and advanced haltingly. Then they grew panic-stricken and trembled violently all over. One of the Italians—a clean-cut fellow, with a handsome moustache, and stripped to the waist—began to sway as if he were going to faint.

A sergeant loosened his hold on his rifle, dipped a cup of water in the cold spring and dashed it on the Italian.

"Okay now?" he said.

I breathed a long sigh. The tension was broken. The moment for revenge had passed. Three sergeants and a lieutenant shepherded the two Italians onto the road to join the small group of Italians and Germans who were sitting, smoking cigarets, on the porch of a nearby house. They were seemingly content, now that their honor had been satisfied and they had held us up for two hours.

There were two of the enemy, however, who were quite unable to sit at ease on the porch. An Italian and a German, they were lying side by side on the dirt highway. The Italian was mutilated beyond recognition and his clothes were burning. He had evidently been dead many minutes.

The German in khaki was alive. Through a hole in his helmet, blood was slowly oozing. When an American soldier tried to take off his helmet, some gray matter that might have been brains slipped onto the road. The German was unconscious, or so it seemed, but groans kept issuing from somewhere inside him and he was a long time in dying.

Boxed in the shellfire

We wound on inside of the ridge and then suddenly, far below us, was Palermo, a blot of yellow, brown and white, embraced in the blue curve of the sea.

We came into a tiny village called Giacalone—only three or four houses and white flags flying. Here we headed down hill but had only gone a few hundred yards when we heard the sound of tanks firing. Then we saw the tanks come lumbering back along the road, the jeeps wildly backing around a curve toward us. Before we could fathom the meaning of this a shell burst 50 yards in front of us.

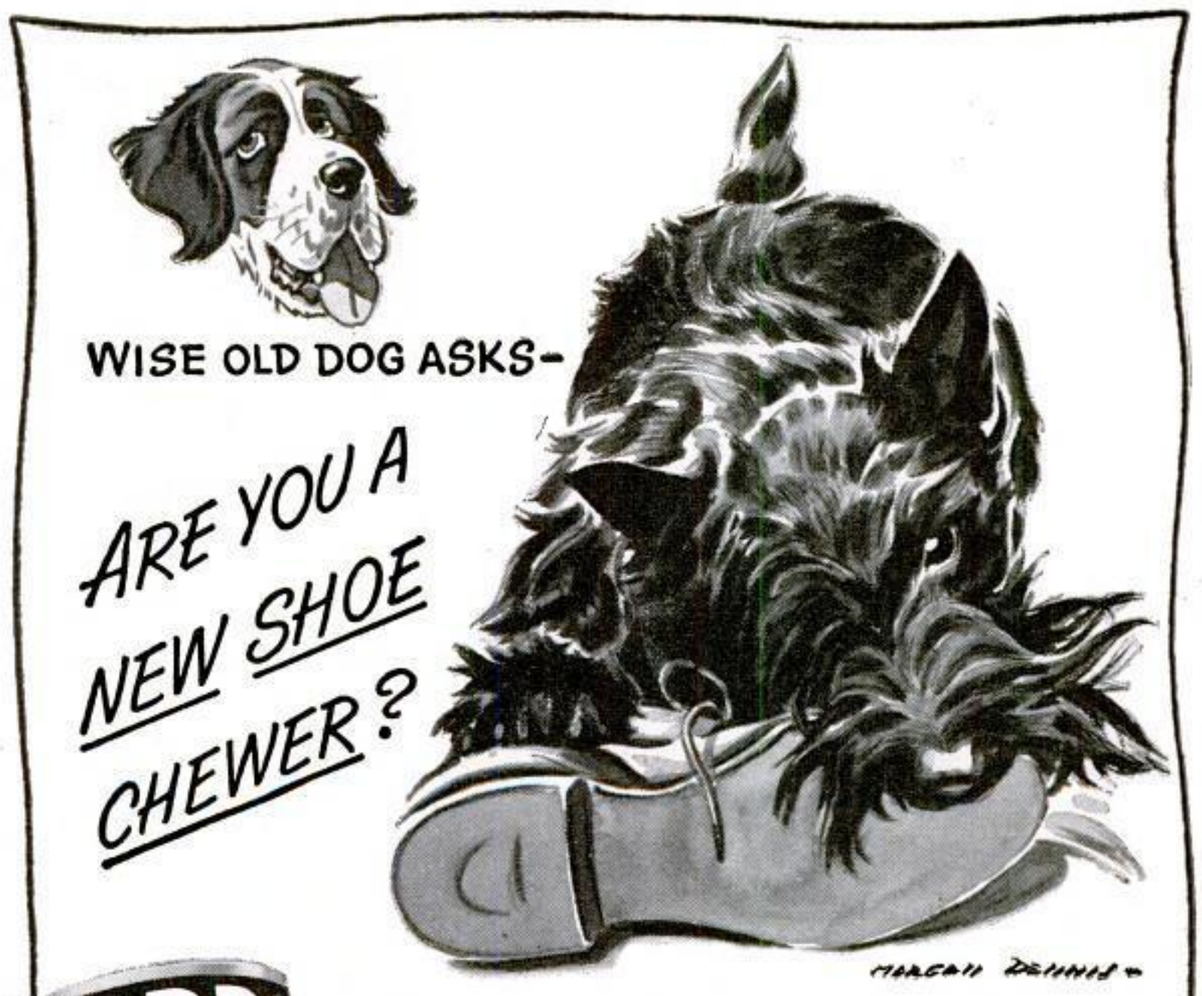
"Whitey, back up, back up," I cried to our jeep driver and we roared uphill in reverse. Then another shell landed in front of us.

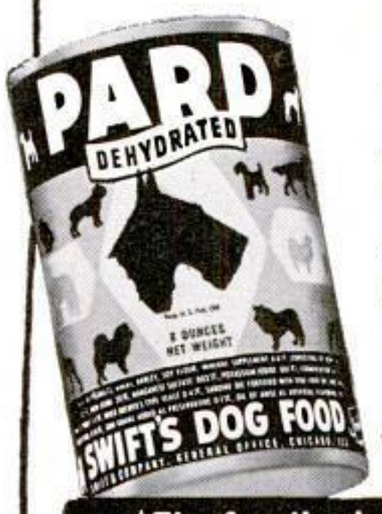
"Faster, Whitey," I said, as we came again into the town of Giacalone.

Just as I said this, a shell shrieked low overhead and burst up the road in back of us. We were boxed in the shellfire. We jumped out and scrambled to the back of a house, where we found ourselves in a garden beneath a grape arbor.

There was a sort of hole under the side of the house where a window led to the cellar and four or five soldiers huddled in it. Through

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





Chewing shoes . . . new ones . . . that's awful, awful bad these days. If you're guilty, Master Pup, you'll catch it from the boss. Besides, chewing on wholesome, appetizing Pard's more fun . . . and better for you.

SWIFT'S DOG FOOD

Pard's so popular—your dealer may sometimes be fresh out. But please your dog and always ask for Pard first.

*The family dog . . . in life our firmest friend, the first to welcome, the foremost to defend. Let's treat him well.



"The Marines have landed and have the situation well in hand." Whether in the matted jungles of Guadalcanal or against Hitler's "Fortress Europa" when the Marines have landed, Americans know they will do their job.

Your Fisk Tire Dealer has the tire "situation well in hand." With the skill of an expert he can help you get every last mile of service from your tires. Wherever you see the sign of the Fisk Boy, America's best loved trade-mark, you will find a friendly, experienced Fisk tire dealer whose business it is to serve you.

TIME TO RE-TIRE
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FISK

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Makers Of The Safety Stripe Tread

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TRUE OR FALSE?



1 Your whiskers are covered with a thin film of oil?

TRUE. That's why it's best to wash your face before shaving. Then try Williams Shaving Cream. Williams thick, rich lather soaks your beard completely soft—lets you get clean, easy shaves.



2 Lanolin is an old-fashioned flower?

FALSE. Lanolin is very like the skin's natural oil. Doctors prescribe it to soothe and soften the skin. Now you enjoy the comforting action of Lanolin when you use Williams Shaving Cream.



3 Battles have been fought over beards?

TRUE. The Tatars and Persians waged bloody wars over beard styles. If shaving is a battle for you, try the new Williams Shaving Cream containing Lanolin. Shave as closely as you like. Soothing Lanolin helps eliminate razor scrape and irritation.

WILLIAMS
shaving cream
CONTAINS SOOTHING **LANOLIN**



A pitcher of wine is offered by a Sicilian to two hot and thirsty soldiers. Wine and watermelons were about all the food the Sicilians had to offer. Many were starving.

ADVENTURE IN SICILY (continued)

the window we could hear civilians scurrying about in the cellar taking safety. Shells were so close that they were bursting almost in the very second we could hear them whistle.

During the height of the shelling, I poked my head out on the street and saw a soldier getting a can of food out of his jeep.

"If I die I'm going to die with a full belly and happy," he said.

Our artillery finally came up and knocked out the German gun. We left our grape arbor for the road.

Sweeping quickly downhill behind the tanks into the valley toward Palermo, our column ran into a procession of civilians, all bearing white flags. At the head of the motley group of ill-dressed men and women was a middle-aged man with his shirt torn and his face covered with sweat.

As we moved past him he shouted in English: "You are my saviour."

In a moment we passed through the town on the side of the hill. From every balcony window and doorstep hung a white flag. Behind these white flags were swarms of ill-fed, poor-looking people cheering, screaming, clapping their hands, at first quietly and then with a swelling tumult.

A priest with red surplice passed, making motions on either side of him with his hands as if he were blessing someone. Frantic hands threw watermelons and apricots in our jeep. Everywhere was noise and gathering riot.

Amid the cheering and welcoming, a column of Italian soldiers marched up the side of the road with hands raised over their heads. I saw one violently cursing as a civilian joyously threw a watermelon in my lap. Another soldier walked with tears streaming down his face.

A strange, wild frenzy

Other soldiers dragged their feet uphill toward our rear, with dumb and stupefied expressions on their faces as they saw the people acclaiming the invaders and conquerors whom a few moments before they had been trying to keep out of this town. Never have I seen a more pitiful sight. The Italian soldiers, as they marched through ranks of their countrymen who were cheering for soldiers of another nation, must have felt bitter indeed.

The welcome we received in this small suburb was mild compared to what greeted us in Monreale, just outside Palermo. As the leading tank followed by our jeep moved down the mountainside, white flags flowered in farmhouses over the whole valley.

When we entered the narrow alleyways of Monreale, still fearful of hidden enemy guns in the hills, a flood of people threw themselves in front of our tanks and around our jeeps, completely stopping us. Men and children rushed up to grab our hands and then as the crowd thickened, a strange, wild frenzy seemed to grip everyone and we were hugged and squeezed and kissed by men delirious and babbling incoherently with joy.

Where the people of other towns had begged us for cigarets, here cigarets were showered on us. Grapes, wine, watermelons were poured into our laps by hundreds of hands.

A sign, handwritten on cloth, was flung on a wire across the

YOU CAN'T BEAT
this to relieve TORTURE of
ATHLETE'S FOOT

As So Many Druggists Say!



If you suffer from itching, burning soreness from cracked, scaly skin between toes—just feel how *promptly* the first applications of medicated *liquid* Zemo relieve distress. Thus Zemo gives the irritated skin a chance to heal *faster*. Zemo is one product that *really* works.

Use Zemo freely—soon your discomfort should disappear. Zemo is a Doctor's formula backed by 35 years' success. Over 25,000,000 packages sold. It *must* be good. The first trial convinces.

NOTE: *Zemo is Also Grand For Tired, Sore Burning Feet*

ZEMO



BUY MORE WAR BONDS

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Use Chap Stick for fast relief. Gently medicated, it soothes the smarting—helps heal blisters and cracked skin and take down the unsightly puffiness. Use Chap Stick before exposure to *prevent* dry, parched lips. Be sure it's *Fleet's*—the one and only Chap Stick. 25 cents at all drug stores. Chap Stick Co., Lynchburg, Va.



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Footlets BE SURE TO GET THE GENUINE

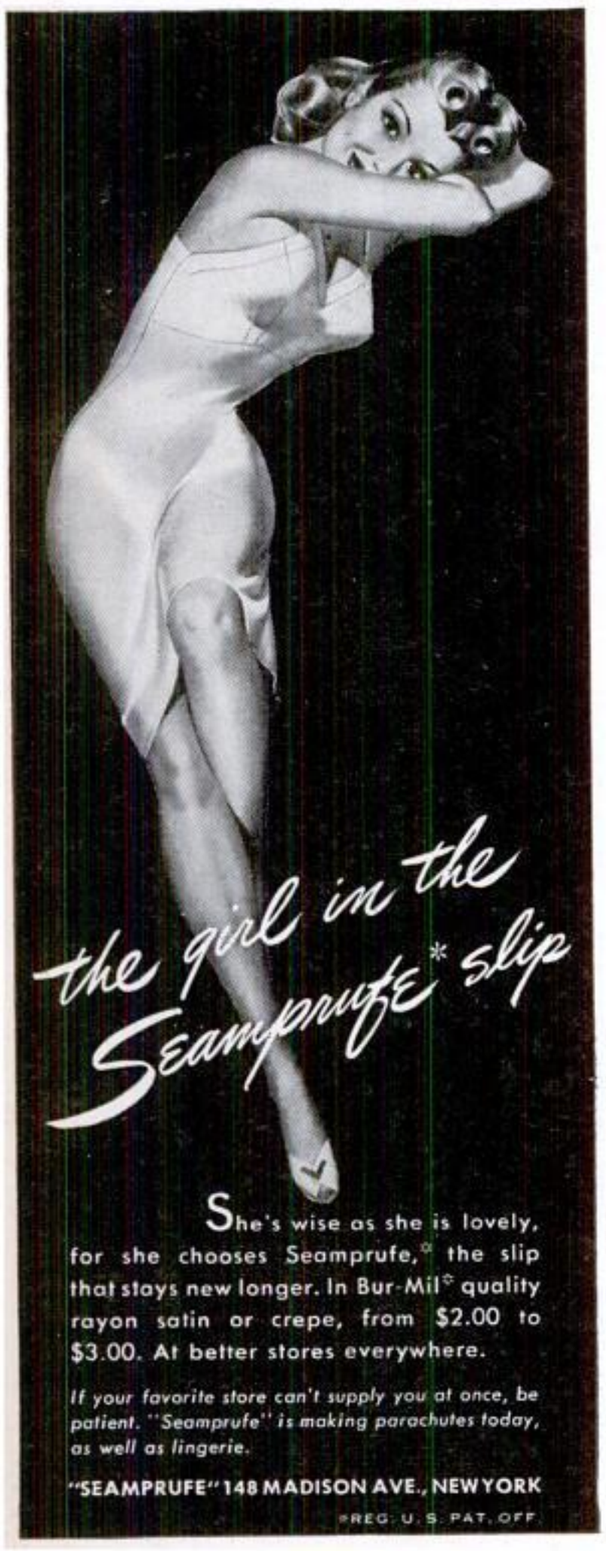
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Lost by Lady at the Beach— ⅓ of her Vacation



No need to lose good swimming days with this monthly sanitary protection

How disappointing it could be for a woman if certain inevitable days came right in the midst of her vacation at lake or seashore while she was depending on external pads for sanitary protection. Don't let that happen to you! Get *Tampax* at once. Thousands wear it while swimming—because Tampax is worn *internally* . . . No pad to show under a trim bathing suit; no contraption of belt and pins. Whether the suit is wet or dry, there is no embarrassment . . . Made of surgical cotton and perfected by a doctor, Tampax is compressed into a one-time-use applicator. It is extremely absorbent. Compact to carry. Quick to change. Easy to dispose of. *Three absorbencies:* Regular, Super and Junior. Get Tampax now and have it when you need it. Introductory box is 20¢. Sold at drug and notion counters. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



She's wise as she is lovely, for she chooses Seamprufe,* the slip that stays new longer. In Bur-Mil* quality rayon satin or crepe, from $2.00 to $3.00. At better stores everywhere.

If your favorite store can't supply you at once, be patient. "Seamprufe" is making parachutes today, as well as lingerie.

"SEAMPRUFE" 148 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

street. Welcome to Palermo, it said. And a voice high up on a third-story balcony cried in English, "Welcome, welcome."

The crush was so great it became terrifying. A boy sat on my shoulders, a man threw his arms around me, another clung desperately to our driver, kissing him. A dozen climbed on the jeep with white flags. Waves of utter emotion engulfed and drowned us. A crowd frenzy such as I have never seen before gripped everyone. Conquerors that we were, we could not escape.

Only when a voice yelled, "That way to Palermo" were we able to break through the crowd and head toward our objective.

At the bottom of the hill we came to a straight broad avenue that led directly into the city of Palermo. Instead of pushing on, our Colonel, acting under orders from above, halted all vehicles.

He said he had no objection to Knickerbocker and me driving in. So I drove our jeep and Whitey sat in back with his rifle and the three of us set out to capture Palermo by ourselves.

We drove very gingerly down a wide street with empty streetcar tracks. There were no crowds as in Monreale. Only a few people were here and there. They turned and stared at us in a bewildered fashion and then scuttled off. We thought we were the only Americans in Palermo and we were scared.

We saw Italian soldiers coming up the street with rifles and thought they might be rear guard. Putting on a bold, nonchalant front, we drove past them and signaled with our hands for them to go to the rear.

Then we saw German soldiers and thought we might be shot at, but when a pedestrian waved and clapped his hands we looked boldly at the German soldiers, rifles and all, and signaled them toward the rear too, just as if we had everything under control.

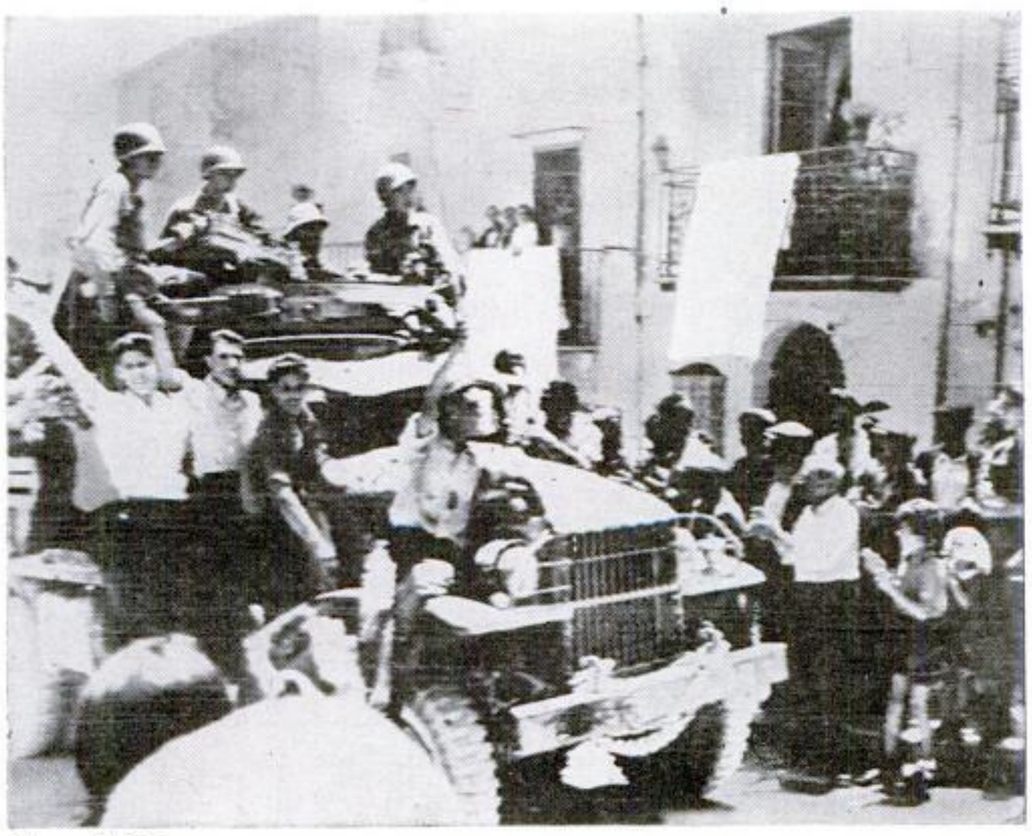
Ahead of us the street passed through a stone arch around which seemed to be a crowd of people. We hurried through the stone arch and ran into an advance column of the division under Lieut. Colonel John Heintges, of Portland, Me., who had just entered the city from the opposite direction.

The soldiers were walking through the streets in a stealthy creep, bent over almost double, with their rifles in front of them and saying to one another: "There's Germans still here." As this was said, a horde of Italian soldiers came marching down a side street with their officers and surrendered.

While the soldiers nosed about the streets looking for the enemy and the crowd stormed the arched gateway, a private appeared abruptly from nowhere with an Italian general whom he was marching ahead of him with an automatic rifle at the general's back. The general was wearing a powder-blue uniform with the Star of Savoy on his collar, rows of ribbons on his breast and a shiny, pale-green helmet on his head. He was short, dignified and military looking. With great ceremony, the police ushered the private and general into an inner compartment in a building near the archway.

There was no formal surrender but Palermo by this time had fallen.

As it grew dark, a number of old crones, toothless and laughing to themselves, came out of dark corners and begged us for food. Also from someplace came a clean-cut man in his 30's who stepped up to our driver, Whitey Beckman, and me and said in English: "I don't know how to thank you. You have rescued us from slavery."



Through Palermo rolls American Army truck while Sicilians scream their welcome. From the balconies hang sheets and tablecloths representing white flags of surrender.

HISTORY... in the making



"BEWARE of synonyms, my dear pupil," said Noah Webster.

"What's a synonym, Mr. Webster?"

"Another name for the same thing, but not the same name for another thing. All Websters are dictionaries, but all dictionaries aren't Websters."

"I get you, Mr. Webster. I'll write that down with my Venus-Velvet."

"What's a Venus-Velvet, my dear?"

"A darn good pencil—er, excuse me, Mr. Webster. I meant—a *synonym for economy*. But look out. All pencils aren't Venus-Velvets."

"Gee, kid! Get me a dozen Venus-Velvets at once!"



VENUS-VELVET-AMERICAN PENCIL CO. ≡ 3557 No 2

Unconfuted *(synonym for right)*, **Mr. Webster! Other pencils aren't Colloidal-Leaded to hold a sharp point, or Pressure-Proofed to stop splintering. Ask your stationer or office-supplier.**



And for color, get Venus Coloring Pencils. They're tough, sharp, and come in 28 shades.

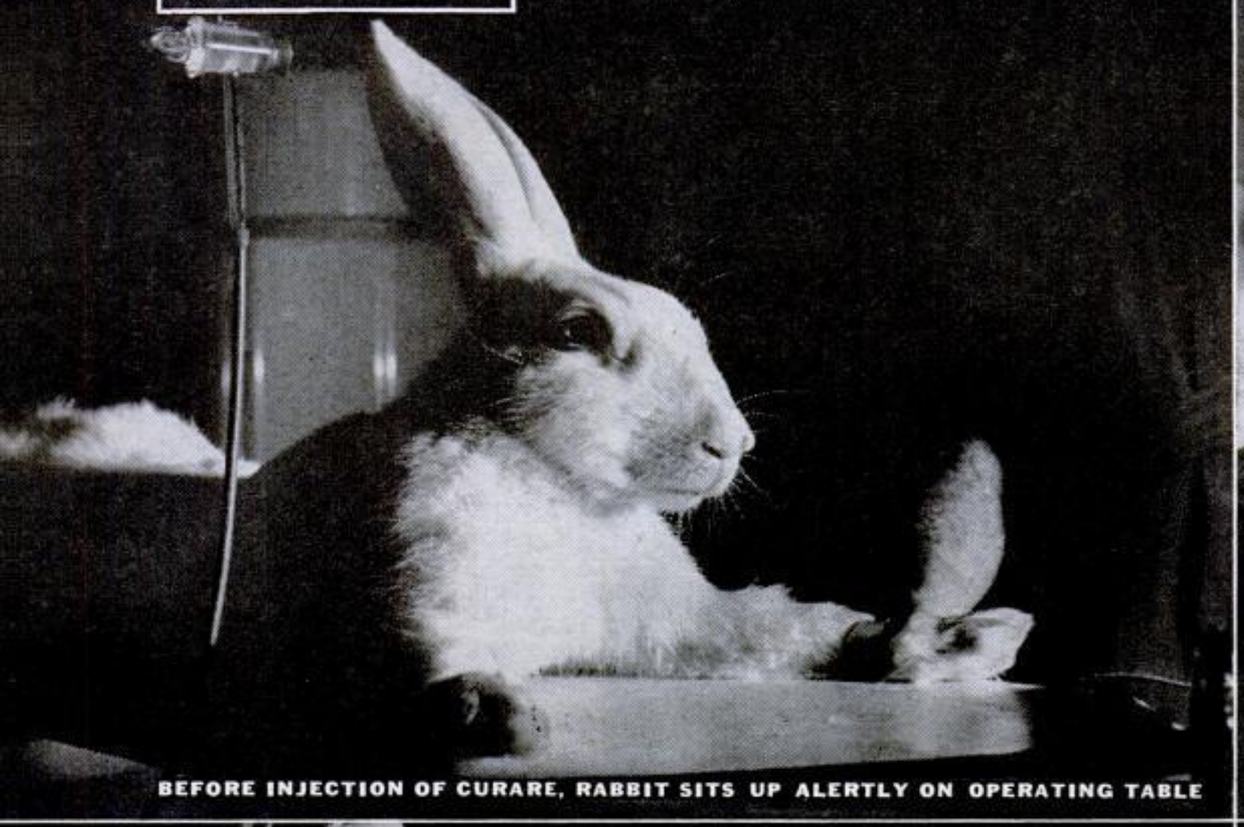
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AMERICAN PENCIL CO., NEW YORK

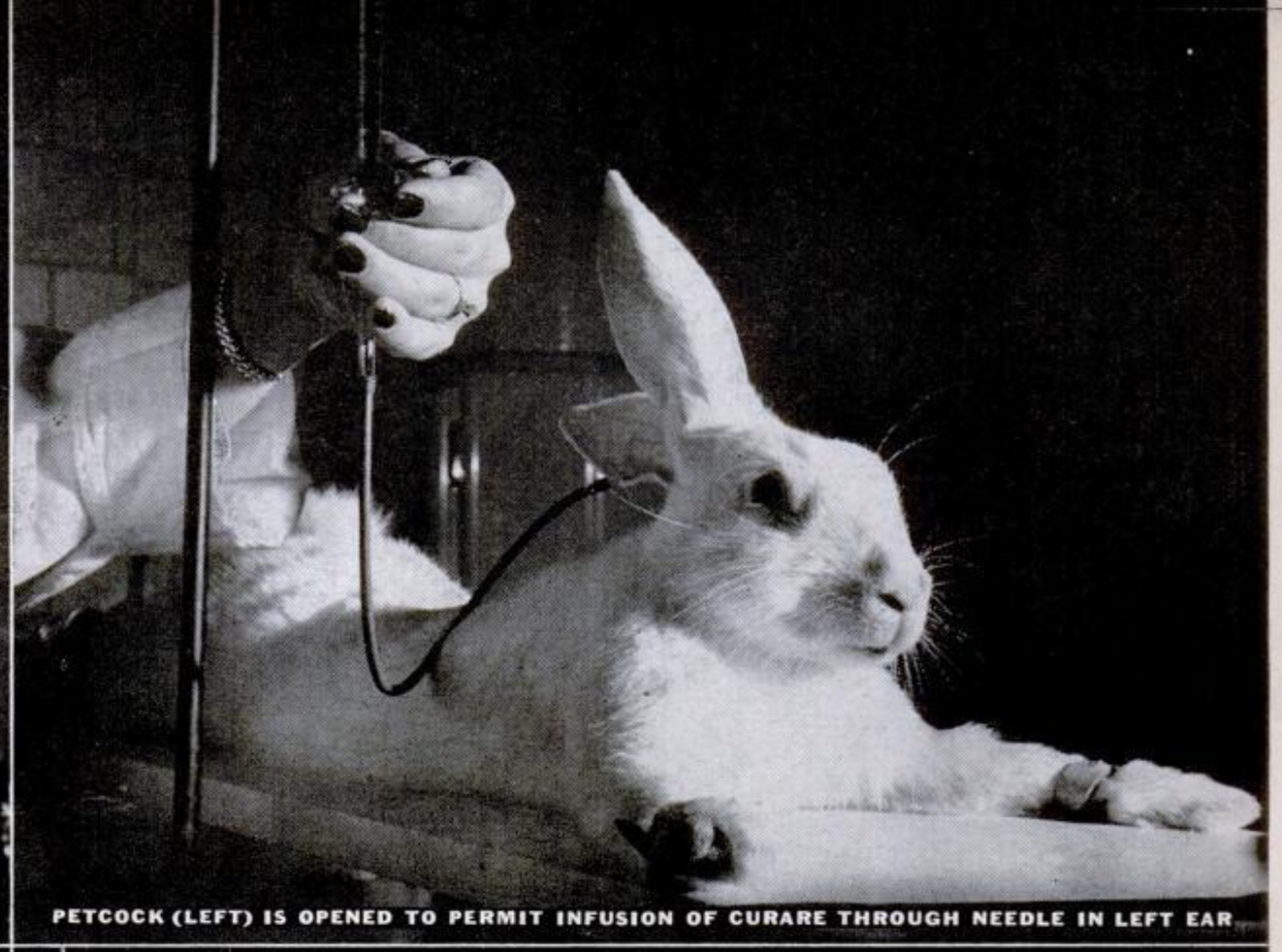
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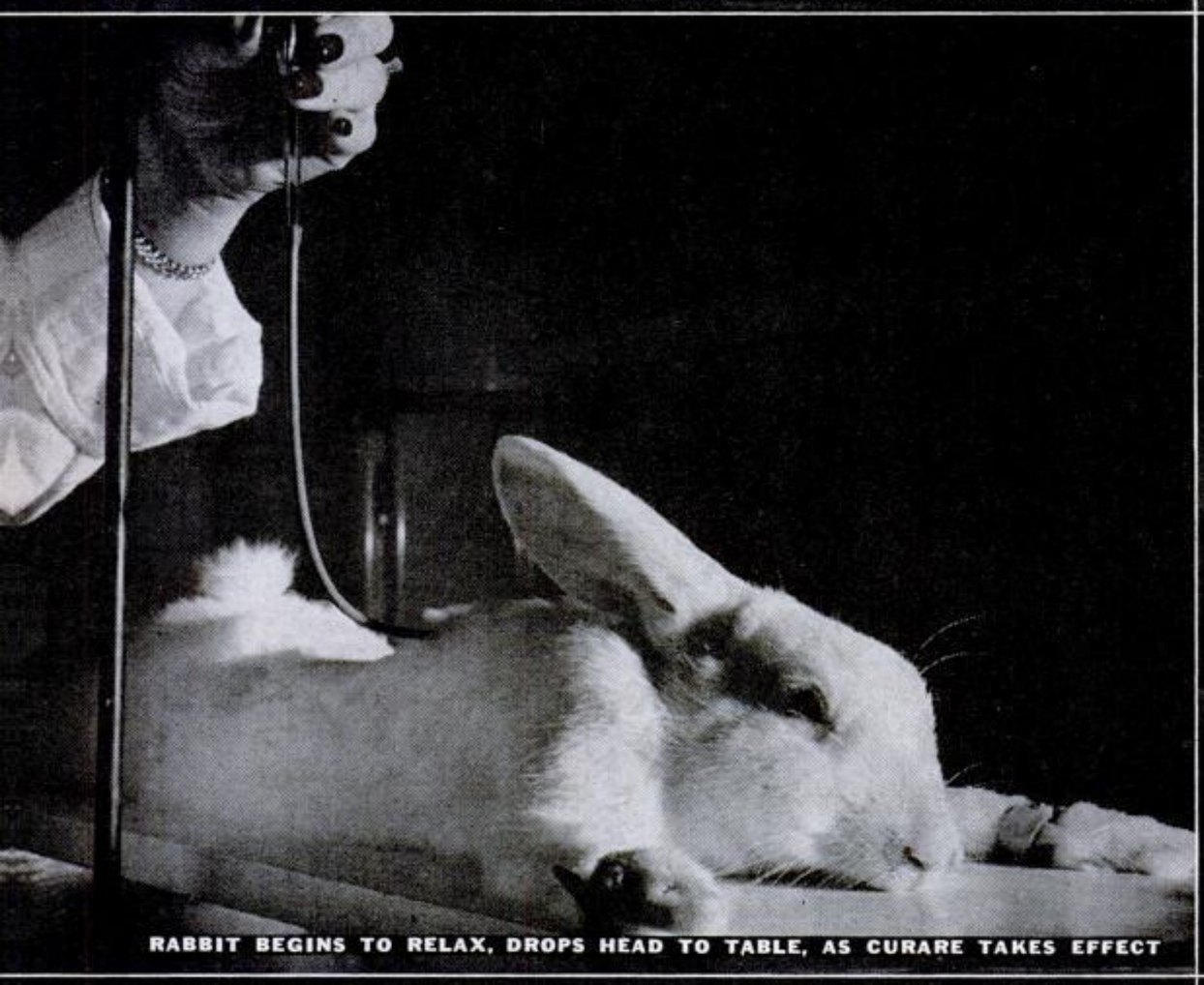
MEDICINE



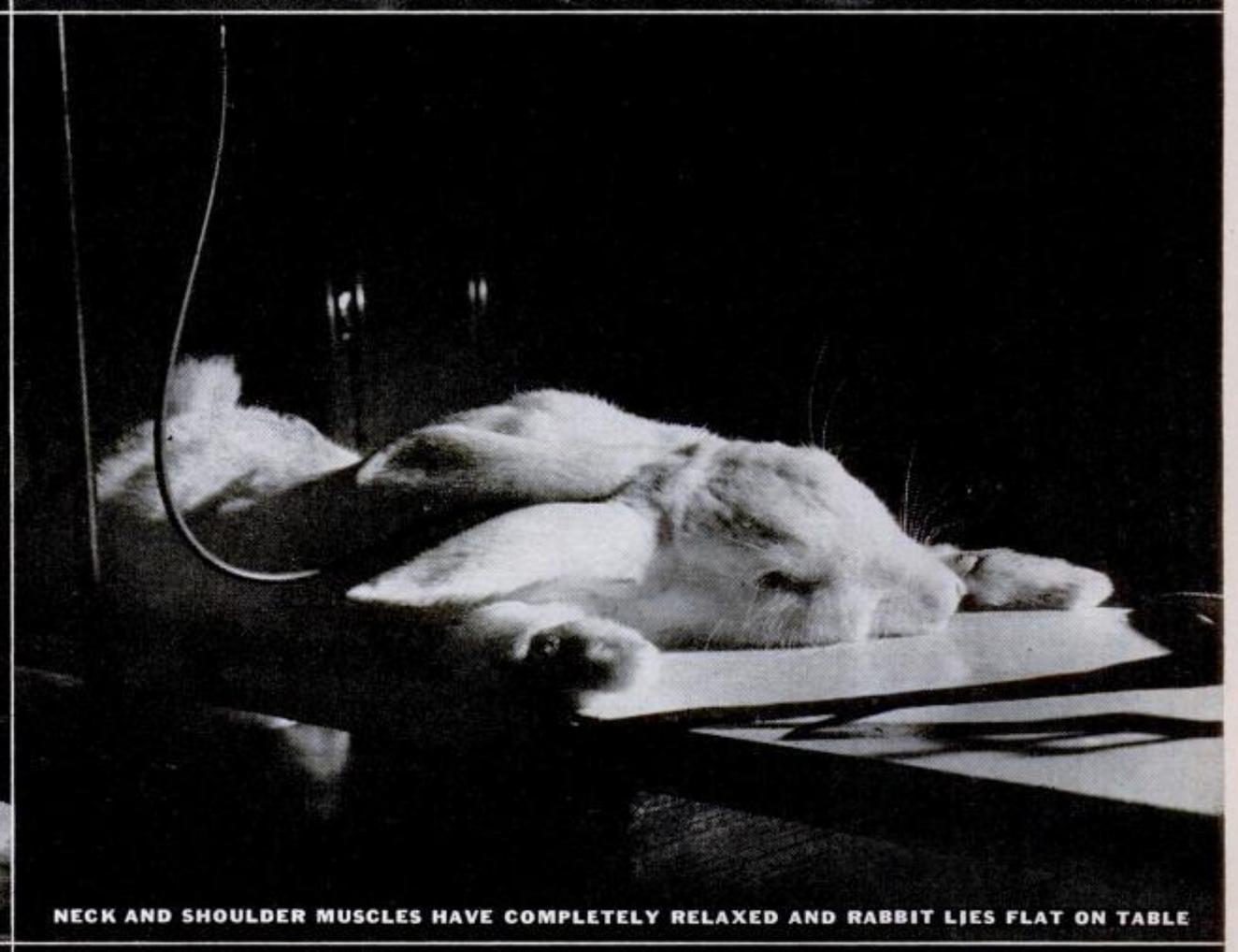
BEFORE INJECTION OF CURARE, RABBIT SITS UP ALERTLY ON OPERATING TABLE



PETCOCK (LEFT) IS OPENED TO PERMIT INFUSION OF CURARE THROUGH NEEDLE IN LEFT EAR



RABBIT BEGINS TO RELAX, DROPS HEAD TO TABLE, AS CURARE TAKES EFFECT

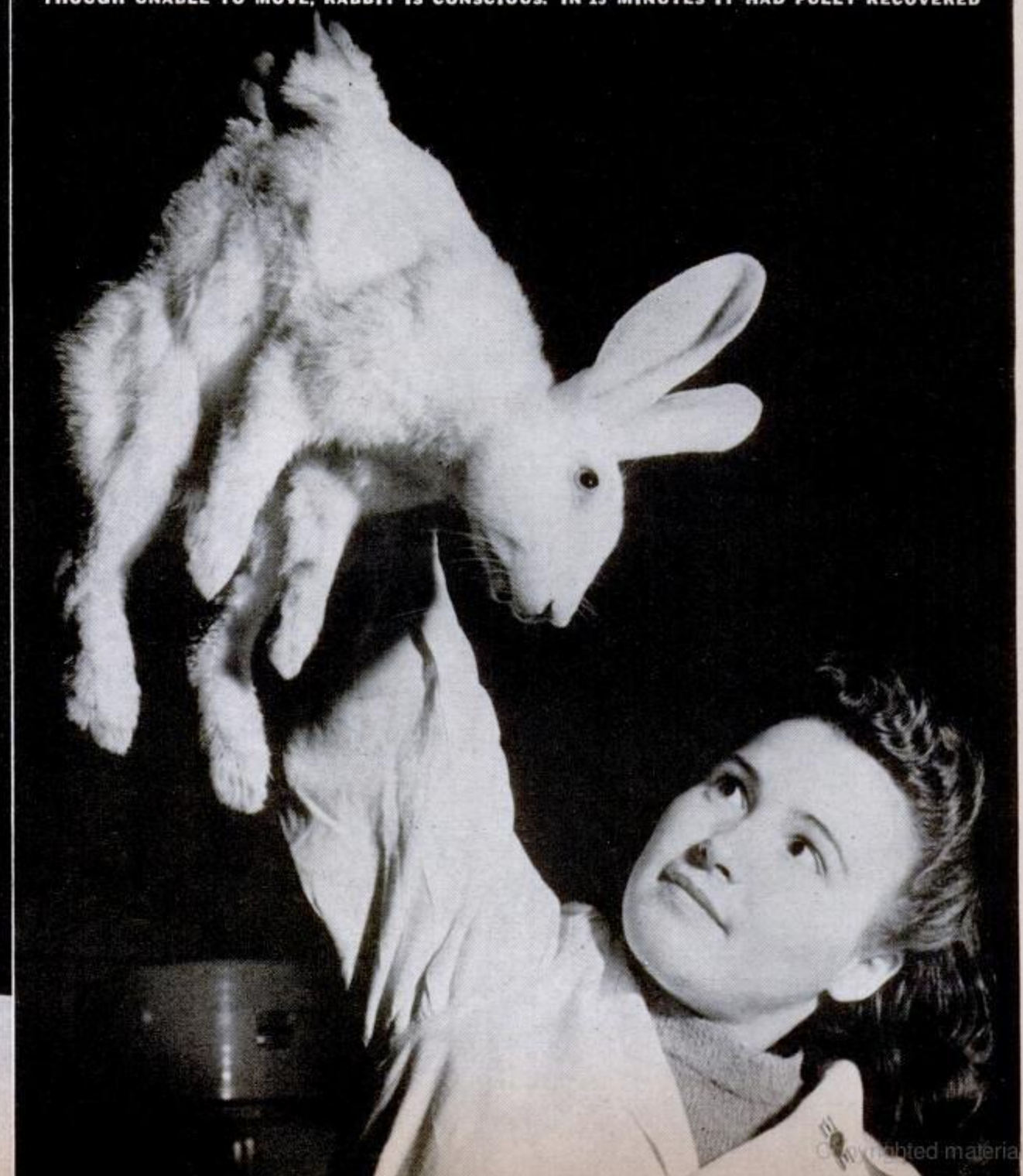


NECK AND SHOULDER MUSCLES HAVE COMPLETELY RELAXED AND RABBIT LIES FLAT ON TABLE

MUSCLES RELAXED, RABBIT SAGS LIMPLY AS TECHNICIAN LIFTS HIM FROM TABLE



THOUGH UNABLE TO MOVE, RABBIT IS CONSCIOUS. IN 15 MINUTES IT HAD FULLY RECOVERED



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Processing of curare starts with jungle vine (*left*). From crude extract (clay pot and flask), come pure crystals (glass dish) which are dissolved for injection (ampoules).

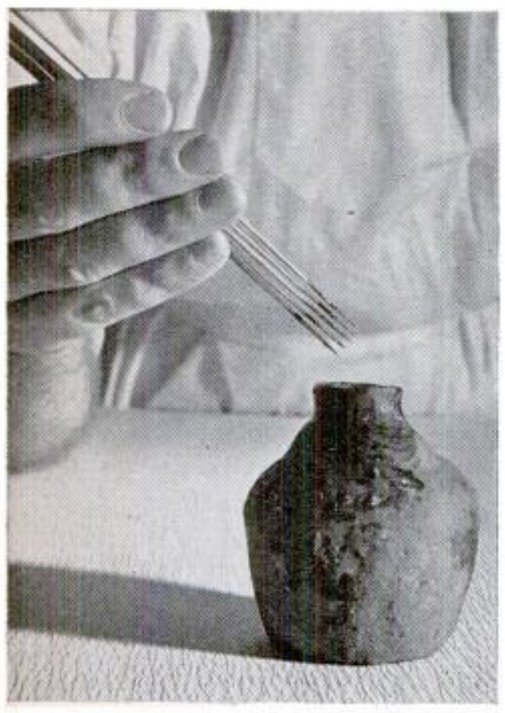
CURARE

Jungle poison is domesticated as healing drug

Curare is a poison that kills by disconnecting the motor nerves from the muscles, thus inducing a complete relaxing paralysis that rapidly involves the muscles of the diaphragm and heart. In the Amazon and Orinoco jungles of South America, Indians smear curare on the tips of blowgun darts to bring sure and swift death to their quarry. During the past three years, this lethal drug has been undergoing domestication in the laboratories and hospitals of the U. S. Administered in controlled doses it can be made to induce relaxation, as demonstrated on the rabbit opposite, without fatal effects. In this milder role, curare has become a powerful agent in treatment of spastic paralysis and in control of shock therapy of psychotics.

The Spanish Conquistadores, to their own dismay, were the first white men to learn about curare. In 1857, Sir Robert Schomburgk demonstrated that the poison is generated by a specific family of plants, and is not concocted from a mixture of the extraneous materials introduced in the witch doctors' mumbo jumbo. Curare has now been standardized largely through the efforts of Richard Gill, explorer who made a study of jungle pharmacology relating to curare and brought back a considerable collection of curare plants in 1939. E. R. Squibb Laboratories established clinical standards and doses.

Curare displaces the chemical medium, acetylcholine, through which nerve impulses are translated into muscular action. The tiny quantity that tips a dart is sufficient to kill an animal in one or two minutes. Indians treat curare wound like snake bite, excising wound, applying tourniquet and then rubbing in rock salt. Taken by mouth, however, curare is not poisonous. Controlled injection in the treatment of spastic paralysis momentarily relieves the patient of his exhausting muscular spasms. In this state it is possible for him to undertake the training of his muscles to obey his conscious direction.

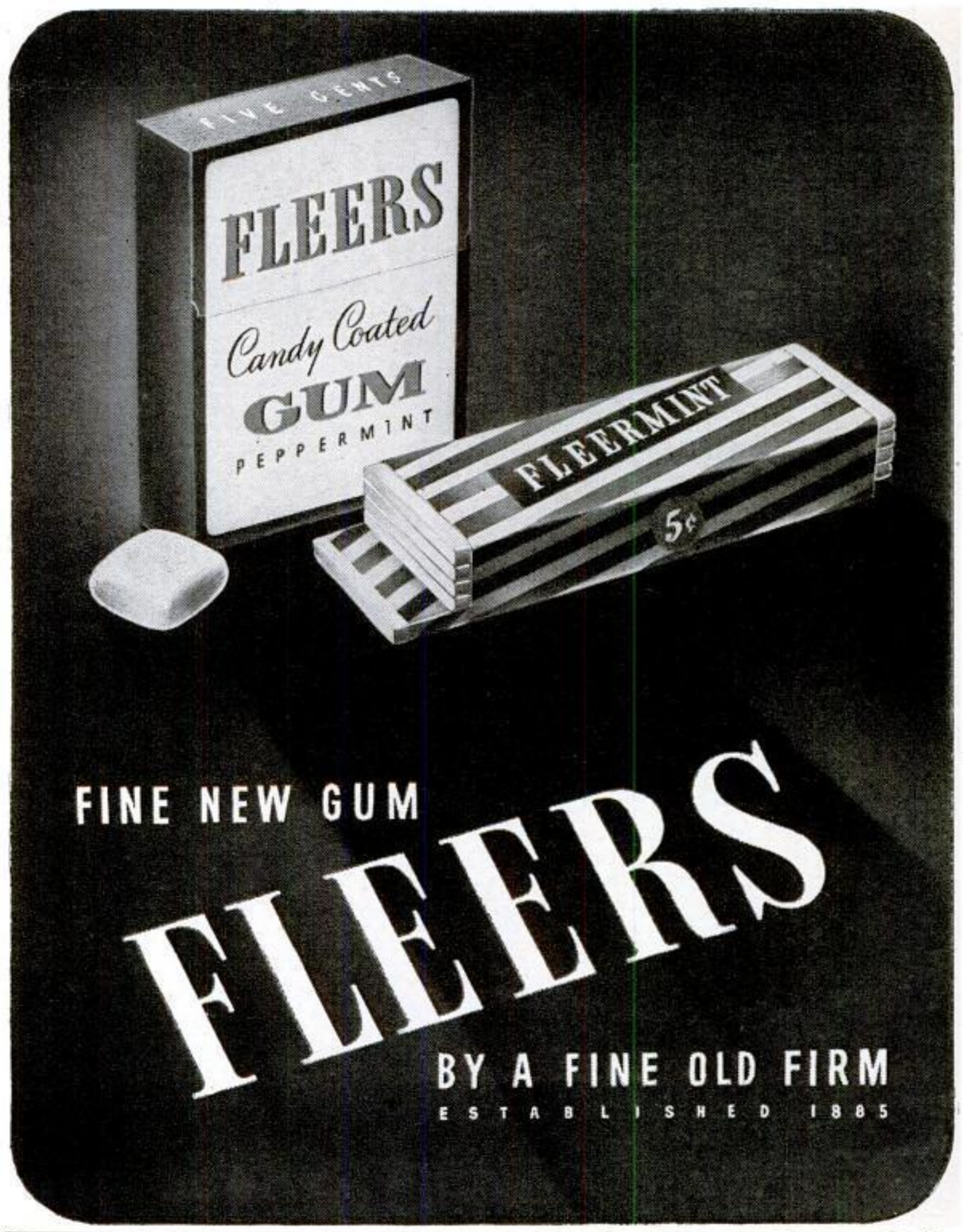


Blowgun darts are smeared with curare which keeps lethal potency indefinitely.



Crude curare, a sticky and tarry liquid, is kept by the Indians in native clay pots.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



How do others eat so well?

Now you can know the truth about how others manage under war-time living conditions. The real secrets of real housewives are told by a famous Home Economist as part of a new radio program brought to you under the joint sponsorship of Mott's Products and Sunsweet Prune Juice. So tune in regularly for tips on saving ration stamps, use Sunsweet Prune Juice and Mott's Jellies to get more good from the points you do spend.

SHE TELLS HOW OTHERS MANAGE

Listen in on Imogene Wolcott, famous Home Economist, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11:50 A.M. Eastern War Time. You'll hear her on your favorite Mutual radio station, east of Rockies.





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Thousands of Americans behind desks, driving cars, on production lines, use NoDoz Awakeners to keep awake, alert and more efficient. When the going gets tough and you have a job to do —*don't take a chance*... TAKE A NODOZ AWAKENER!

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Offer not valid after Aug. 31, 1943.



TIRED? SLEEPY? NODOZ AWAKENERS KEEP AWAKE! HARMLESS AS A CUP OF COFFEE

AT YOUR DRUGGIST 25¢

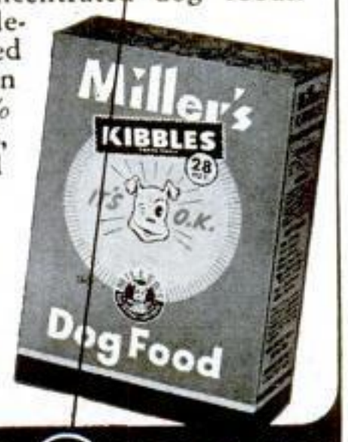
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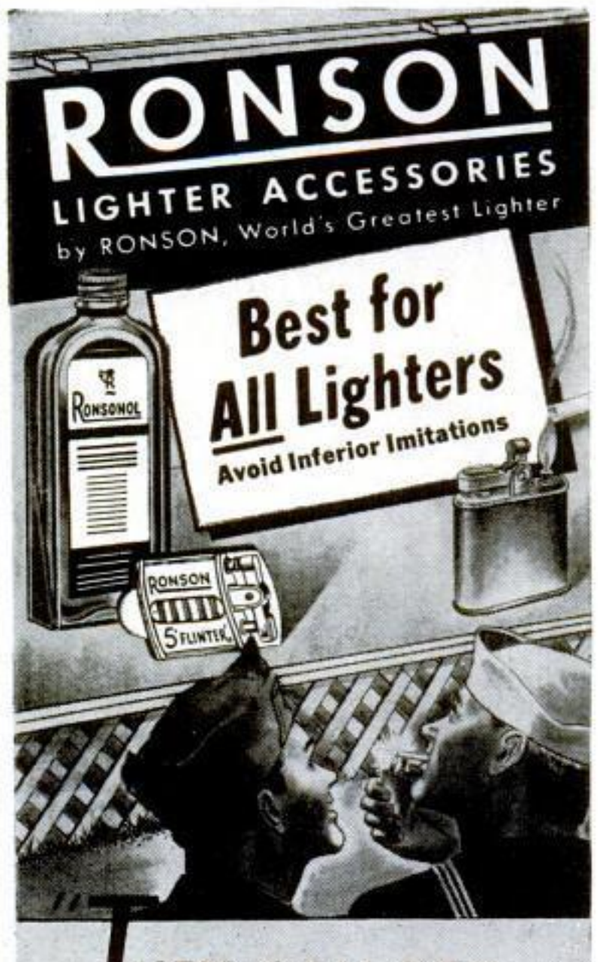


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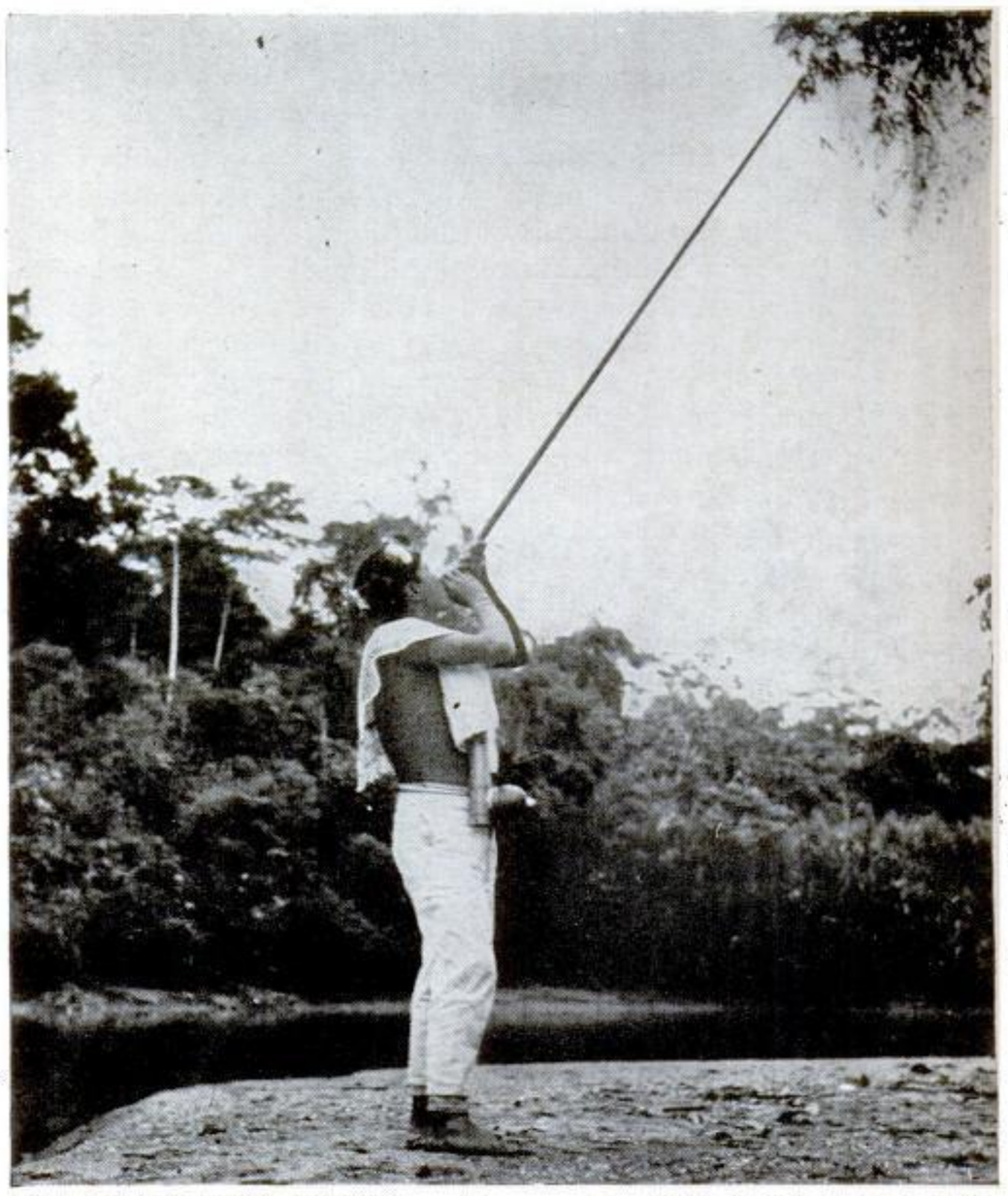
If your RONSON needs attention, send it to RONSON (Service Dept., Newark, 2, N.J.) for servicing at minimum cost.

Curare (continued)



Indian hunter's pot of curare is his most precious possession. The poison is extracted from curare vine by boiling and evaporation, accompanied by strict rituals of magic.

Blowgun darts are tipped with poison by South American Indian hunter, who wears a headdress of fur and brightly colored jungle birds, trophies brought down by curare.



Dart is fired from 9-ft. blowgun by quick, powerful puff, backed by muscles of diaphragm. Curare darts are as effective as bullets at 100-ft., the average jungle range.

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Shown below are a few examples of outstanding Army and Navy aircraft equipped with Curtiss Electric Propellers



NORTH AMERICAN P-51 MUSTANG



LOCKHEED P-38 LIGHTNING



REPUBLIC P-47 THUNDERBOLT



CURTISS-WRIGHT P-40 WARHAWK



CURTISS-WRIGHT C-46 COMMANDO



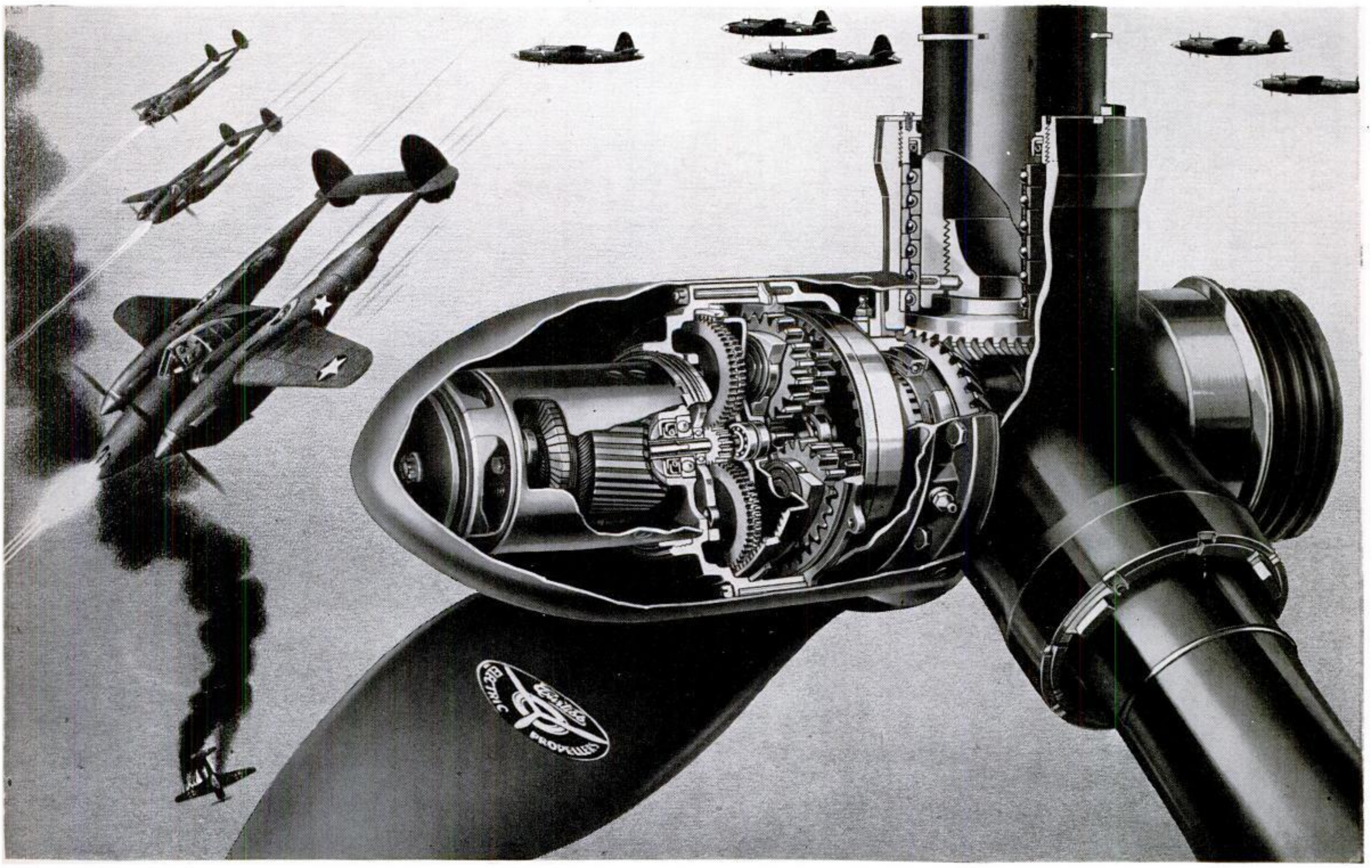
CONSOLIDATED PB2Y-3 CORONADO



GRUMMAN F4F WILDCAT



MARTIN B-26 MARAUDER



When the difference depends upon a split second more or less!

A few extra feet of altitude, a split second more or less — these may be the difference between life and death to America's fighters in the sky . . . Life for them may hang by a thread of time.

It is because of this that the little known story of the modern airplane propeller is an important part of the whole great story of American aviation.

For the propeller alone is an amazing and intricate machine helping to make possible much of the efficiency of today's high-performance airplane under the most extreme conditions of altitude, speed and power.

Few people realize, for instance, that the Curtiss Electric Propeller — in use on many of America's most famous warplanes — actually has a motor in the hub which automatically changes the angle of the blades as flying conditions change. Thus, at take-off, low blade pitch enables the propeller to screw through the air with maximum engine power, like a fine thread screw. With increasing altitude, higher blade pitch gives the propeller a bigger bite in the air, permitting maximum speed in the rarer air of high altitude flying.

It's a far cry from the old wooden blade of years ago to the modern Curtiss Electric variable-pitch propellers. And the difference is greater altitude, speed and maneuverability for such famous American warplanes as those shown here.

The difference, too, is that split second margin of time upon which the lives of American fliers depend . . . The men and women at Curtiss-Wright are helping to give them that margin . . . LOOK TO THE SKY, AMERICA!

CURTISS WRIGHT

Manufacturing Divisions

CURTISS-WRIGHT AIRPLANE DIVISION
WRIGHT AERONAUTICAL CORPORATION
CURTISS-WRIGHT PROPELLER DIVISION

★ *Buy War Bonds Today* ★

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Marines on leave from Navy Pier, including Private Charles Misko and four friends, meet at entrance. Many cities have studied the center preparatory to starting their own.



Private Misko builds a medieval fortress in the sand while waiting for his pals to finish their lunch in the pavilion. Hostess Baskin wandered by, introduced herself and suggested that he add a moat.



S.M.C. GIRLS REGISTER EACH TIME THEY ENTER THE CLUB. IDENTIFICATION CARDS CARRY PHOTOS, CHURCH REFERENCES, PARENTS' NAMES. RUTHE BASKIN IS THIRD FROM LEFT

Sailing in dinghies owned by Chicago Park District is one of club's features. Ruthe, veteran of many sailing parties, is about to hoist the sail. Note "S.M.C." on her suit.



Drifting lazily in the lagoon, Ruthe and Chuck exchanged brief biographies. She is a correspondent for *Esquire* magazine; he worked for Ford Motor Company in Detroit, joined Marines last January.





The lake was cold, and Ruthe and Chuck didn't linger long after they had splashed around a little and got themselves thoroughly wet. He has two brothers in the Coast Guard and a sister in the Wac.



Volley ball warmed the swimmers. Ruthe, in center, teamed up with Chuck who played basketball in high school and starred in ball game with Ruthe and his Marine friends.

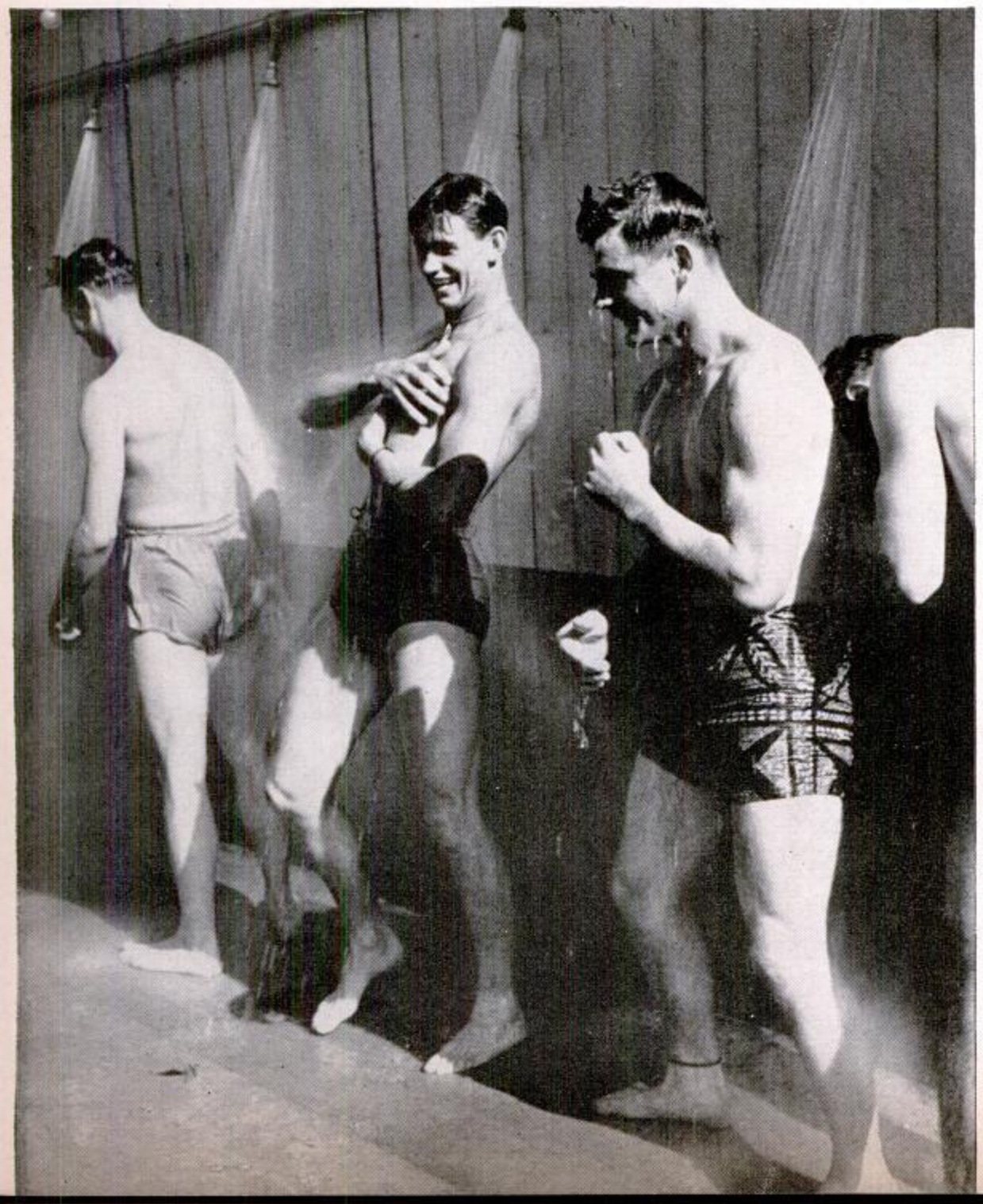
Life Visits a Servicemen's Country Club in Chicago

A Marine on leave from Navy Pier has fun swimming and sailing and dancing with a pretty S.M.C. hostess

Chicago still holds the nation's record for hospitality to servicemen week-ending in the city (LIFE, Oct. 19, 1942). Attendance in the last two years at its four centers has just passed the 7,000,000 mark. Its most ingenious venture is the Summer Center started in August 1942, and recently re-opened with elaborate features that rival those of a civilian country club. Located on Lake Michigan in Lincoln Park, it occupies twelve acres and has a 1,500-ft. beach patroled by comely girl lifeguards. Its clubhouse is built with open-air pavilion, where there is dancing to a different band every night. Everything is free here, as is the rule at Chicago's other centers.

Not the least of the attractions is a covey of S.M.C. (Service Men's Center) girls (*center picture, opposite page*) who teach men to dance, play games with them and generally fulfill their role as hostesses. One of the most efficient is Ruthe Baskin who, on a recent Saturday, piloted Charles ("Chuck") Misko of the Marine Corps around the club. For a record of the day's activities, see Charles Steinheimer's pictures on these pages.

Misko and friends in the shower. They are Marine Privates Wayne Wright, Ashland, Ohio; Misko and Harold Schickel of St. Paul, Minn., proud wearer of gaudy trunks. Shower water was cold as the lake.



Hostesses' bathing suits, regulation blue knit one-piece, are provided by the club. There are 6,000 S.M.C. girls in Chicago and a waiting list of 500 clamoring to be admitted.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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You can serve on a battleship*

No doubt about it, you can share in Naval action . . . you can help send tons of lethal metal hurtling against Axis shipping. You can do it, by *thoughtful buying.*

Thoughtful buying helps provide more and better weapons to our Armed Forces, for it means less waste on the Home Front. It means, don't buy unless you must . . . and then buy only the best and longest-lasting products. Naturally, you'll also take good care of everything you own. These steps help free raw materials, labor, and industrial resources for the more important task of building ships, tanks, guns, and other needed weapons.

Remember, *thoughtful buying* is another way to make savings and help curb inflation. Invest your extra dollars in War Bonds . . . and you'll have them with interest for your post-war purchases.

BUY TO LAST
SAVE TO WIN

*Battleships depend on Exide Batteries for vital services

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO., Philadelphia
Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto

For 55 years the name "Exide" has symbolized dependability, long life.

Exide

WHEN IT'S AN EXIDE YOU START



Chuck's portrait was done in pastels by "Blossom," local artist who donates services to club guests. Afterward Ruthe and Chuck played miniature golf and croquet.

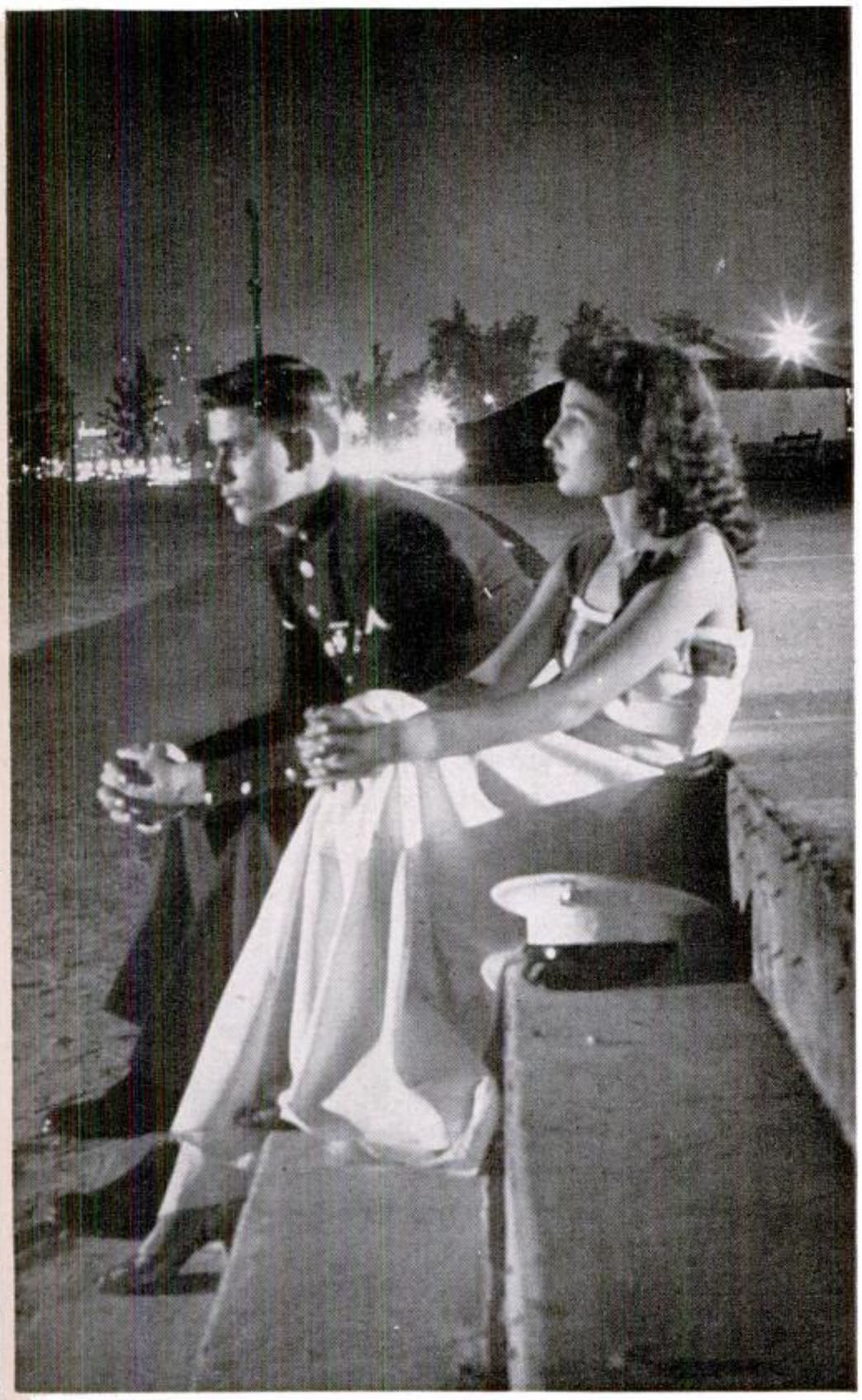


In dress blues, Chuck (*lower left*) cut handsome figure dancing in the open-air pavilion with Ruthe that night. She is instructor par excellence in rumba at the club.

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Chuck told palmist: "My hobby is girls." She told him he had one waiting at home, foretold happy marriage, three children. Ruthe laughed; Chuck was embarrassed.



Sitting out a dance, Ruthe and Chuck listened to dreamy music and waves on the beach. Chuck saw his girl home, got back to Navy Pier just before his leave expired.

YELLO-BOLE



Bulldog Shape, $2.50
Actual size of pipe 5¼"

the honey-cured smoke

The yellow bowl of this pipe is the secret of an extremely mild, fragrant smoke at all times and especially the first few times you smoke it. Nature's pure golden honey (3 kinds, blended) produces a truly wonderful effect for all who are accustomed to having to "break in" a new pipe—there is no "breaking-in" at all, with Yello-Bole, and it stays sweet and serene continuously. Get a Yello-Bole today for the time of your life.

YELLO-BOLE STANDARD $1
YELLO-BOLE IMPERIAL $1.50
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and Nice

Aldens salutes the colorful sister to the jacket that sails the seven seas—alert red, bright green or nude tan Nautical Coat... bright and warm as the smile of a sailor on shore leave. The bravado of a gob's pea-jacket... the quality five million customers expect of an Alden House Fashion, most honored name in style.

Its exterior is a fleecy, warm blend of 28% new wool, 25% reprocessed wool, 47% cotton... its interior an interlining of cozy cotton, under a lining of Earl-glo rayon, guaranteed for two seasons... 12.95

write to
Aldens
CHICAGO MAIL ORDER COMPANY
Chicago, Ill. Est. 1889

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

PHOTOGRAPHER IN A FOG

Sirs:

"Some nut taking a picture?" An anonymous voice coming out of the fog offered this encouragement the night the city editor sent me out "to get a fog picture." I thought I could bring it off because I had a spot in the city park (*below*) all picked out. I made a five-minute exposure at f 4.5 on fast film, which produced a grain on the print that really looks like fog. To get the phantom effect (*center*) I stood in front of the camera for two minutes with the shutter open.

CLIFFORD R. YEICH
Reading *Times*
Reading, Pa.

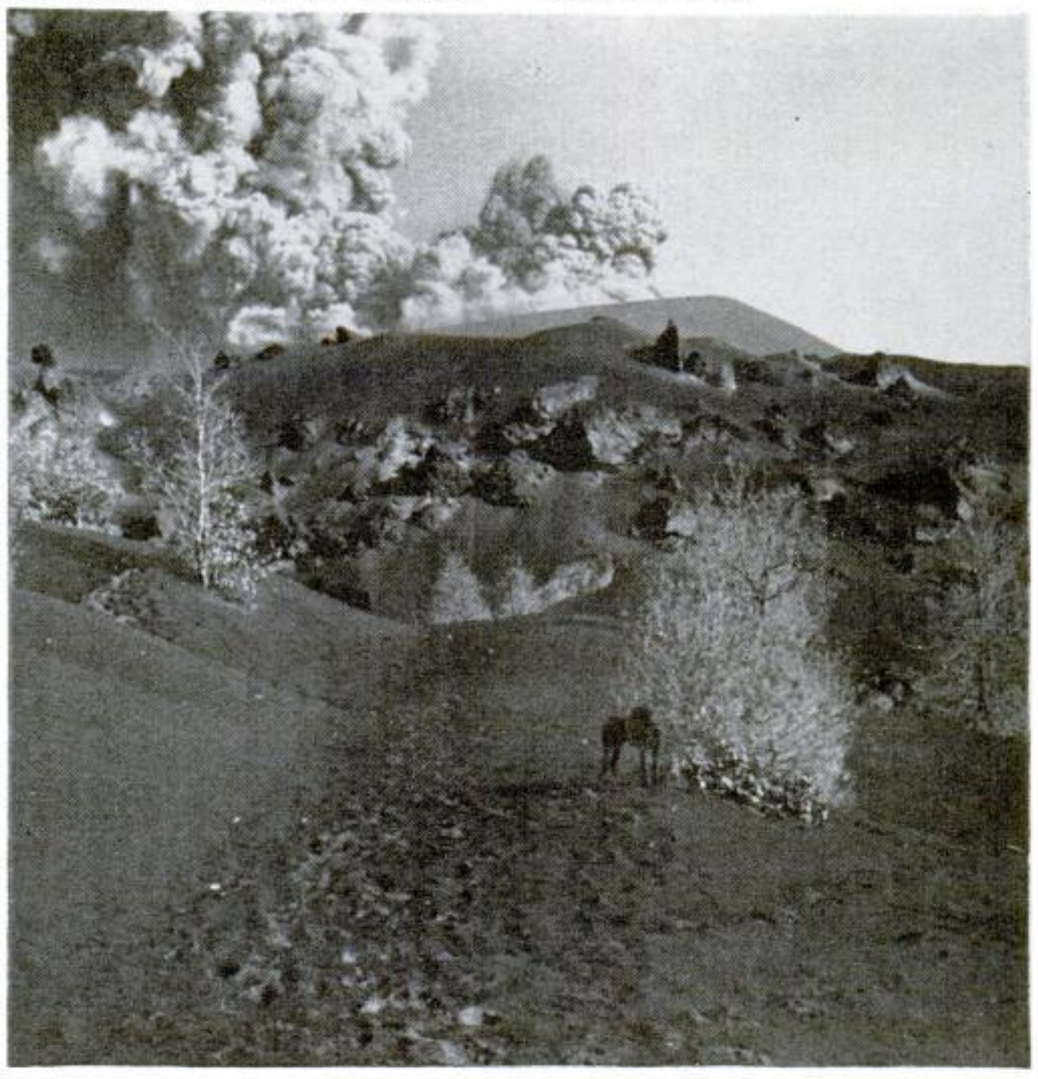


ASHEN SNOWFALL

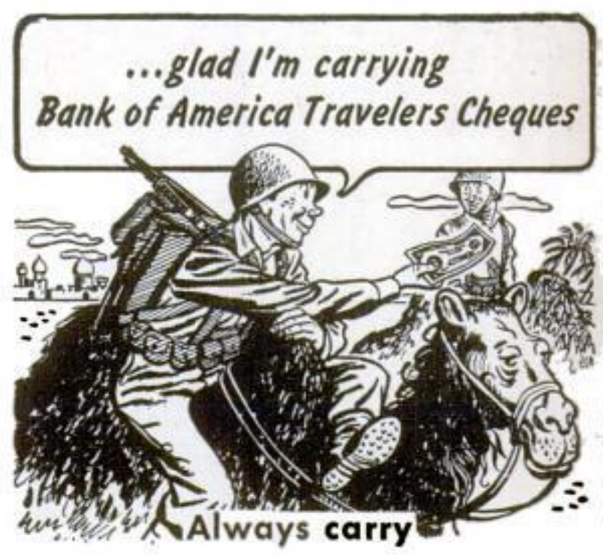
Sirs:

The volcano Parancutin near Uruapan, Mexico, has since February covered the countryside with snowlike ashes up to 3 feet deep. The ashes are particularly noticeable on tree branches as in the accompanying photograph.

MRS. ROESLER DE VILLIERS
New York, N. Y.



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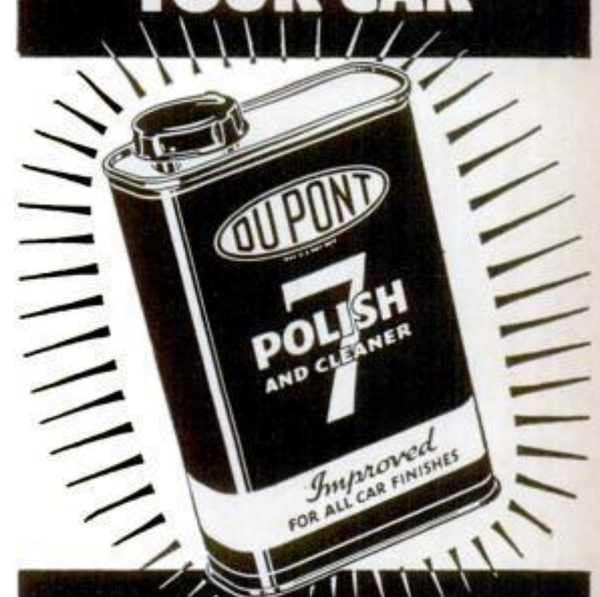


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TRAVELERS CHEQUES
Sold by banks and travel agents everywhere

Backed by the resources of a two billion dollar bank

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TAKE CARE OF YOUR CAR



DU PONT
№7 POLISH
MAKES CARS SPARKLE!

Helps Shorten Working Hours



Eight and twelve hours on the job—here's the way to take the murder out of those hard floors—make those endless hours seem shorter. Tonight, give your feet and ankles a brisk massage with frosty white, stainless Ice-Mint—and repeat again in the morning. The cooling, soothing action of Ice-Mint goes to work at once to relieve fiery burning—to help relax tired muscles. Also helps to soften up stinging corns and callouses. Get a jar of Ice-Mint today.

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KEEP TEEN-AGE
Sparkle in YOUR Smile

BRYTEN UP
with POWDER or PASTE

IODENT tooth powder or paste will help keep youthful charm in *your* smile.

IODENT No. 2, made by a Dentist, quickly and safely removes ugly smoke-smudge—returning a natural, lovely lustre to your teeth.

Enjoy using refreshing, cleansing IODENT twice daily.

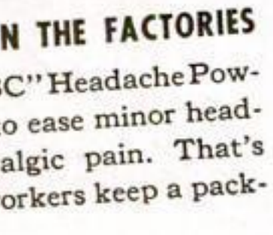
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FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN
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IODENT POWDER
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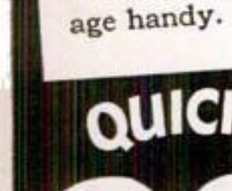


YOU HEAR IT IN THE FACTORIES

Quick-acting "BC" Headache Powders work fast to ease minor headache and neuralgic pain. That's why so many workers keep a package handy.

QUICK-ACTING
"BC"
for HEADACHES
neuralgic and muscular pains





Headache tip to WOMEN

When that dull, headachy feeling adds misery to a trying day . . . and you want quick, comforting relief . . . try a "BC" Headache Powder. 10¢ and 25¢ packages at all drug stores. Use only as directed.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS
(continued)

ADAGE FULFILLED

Sirs:

Curiosity killed the ill-fated cat below. When efforts to release it from a coupling failed, chloroform was applied.

ELMER BRACKETT
Auberry, Calif.

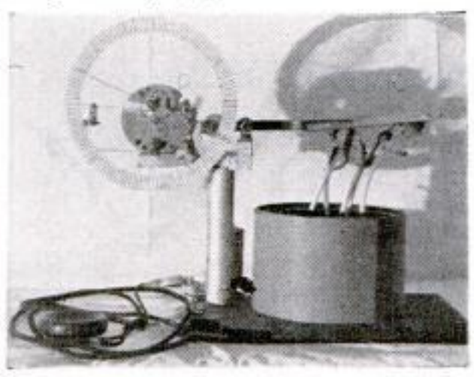


HEY RUBE!

Sirs:

Amazed at the speed of a bean sprout pushing its way through the soil, I fashioned a device which measures the rate of growth, and ear phones through which its growing pains may be heard.

GEORGE K. THOMPSON
Maplewood, N. J.

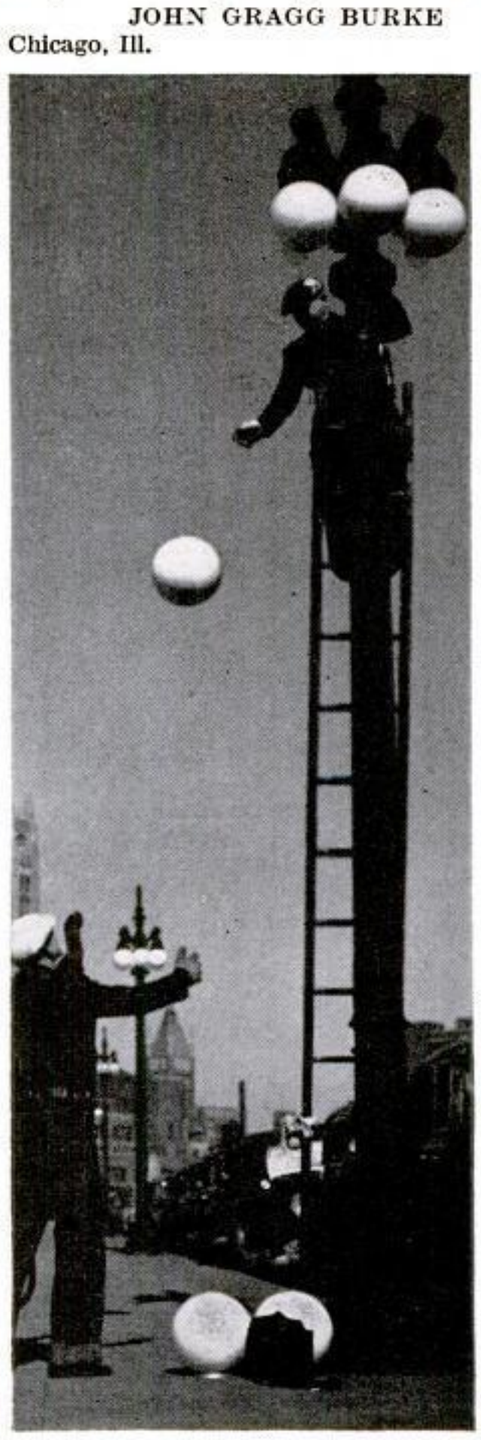


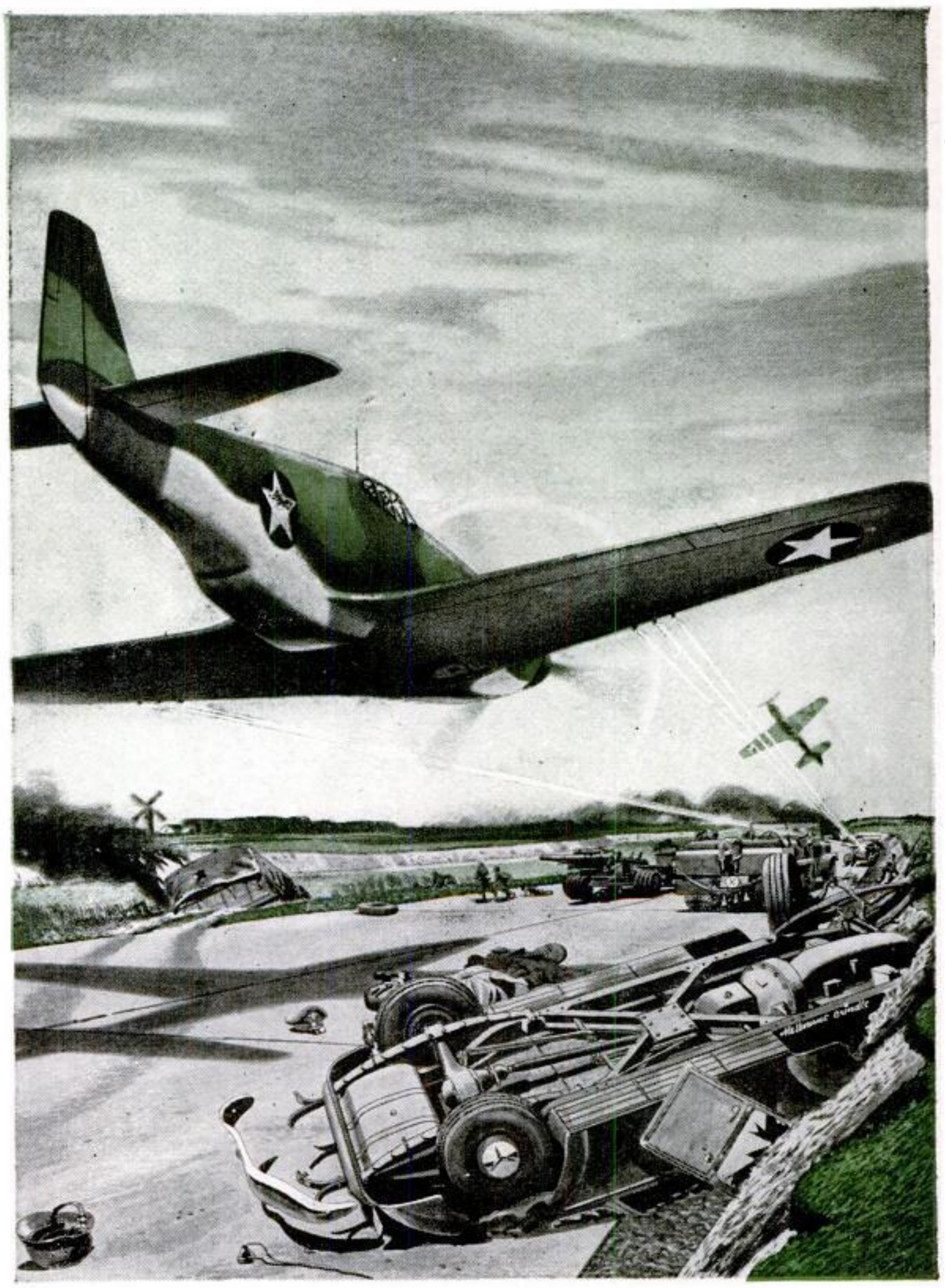
CASUAL GRAVITY

Sirs:

I thought you might be interested in the casual way workmen cleaning street lamps in this city toss globes around.

JOHN GRAGG BURKE
Chicago, Ill.





The Mustang That Feeds on Oil

WHEN this proud steed and its intrepid "rider" come pounding out of the sky, men of the Axis jump for cover. For it's fast, this North American P-51—and furious.

Fast and furious, too, is the way it drinks oil. Naturally, high-spirited, high-compression motors like that in the Mustang must have not only *enough* oil, but the *best* oil. Indeed, wherever fighting men's lives depend on their motors, these motors must have superlative lubrication.

Fortunately, our side *has* such an oil—and the Axis *hasn't*.

From deep under the good soil of Pennsylvania comes the finest crude oil obtainable anywhere in the world. At Quaker State's four great modern refineries, this oil is given the benefit of a half century's experience in processing lubricants unexcelled in quality.

The Axis has no synthetic lubricant, no oil from plundered wells, that will stand up under grueling war conditions as faithfully or as long as oils with that "Pennsylvania Plus."

For *your* car, too, it's more important than ever to provide the finest lubricants you can obtain. Remember, driving your car *less* does not remove the necessity for expert care in selection and use of motor oil and lubricants. So, where you see the familiar green-and-white service sign, stop for Quaker State Motor Oil and Quaker State Superfine Lubricants—Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.



OIL IS AMMUNITION—USE IT WISELY

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SUBMARINES!



THEY GET THERE BY *Hamilton* TIME



The Extraordinary Precision of Hamilton chronometer watches helps submarine commanders navigate uncharted seas. It's another example of wartime Hamilton precision that will be reflected in postwar Hamilton Watches.

HAMILTON
The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

OUR SECRET WEAPON ROUTS FLEAS!



—SAYS "OLD SARGE"

You need the right weapons against fleas. And you need to rout fleas if your dog is to keep in good health and condition.

Our secret weapon for fleas is the ONE-TWO: *One,* a flea-killing (and skin-conditioning) bath with SKIP-FLEA Soap. . . . *Two,* frequent dusting with SKIP-FLEA Powder — it slaughters new arrivals.

Fight your dog's fleas with SKIP-FLEA. At all drug and pet stores. Free Sergeant's Dog Book, too! (Or use coupon below.)

FREE SERGEANT'S, Dept. 52-H, Richmond, Va.
Please mail the NEW, 1943, 40-page, illustrated Sergeant's Dog Book to:

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Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

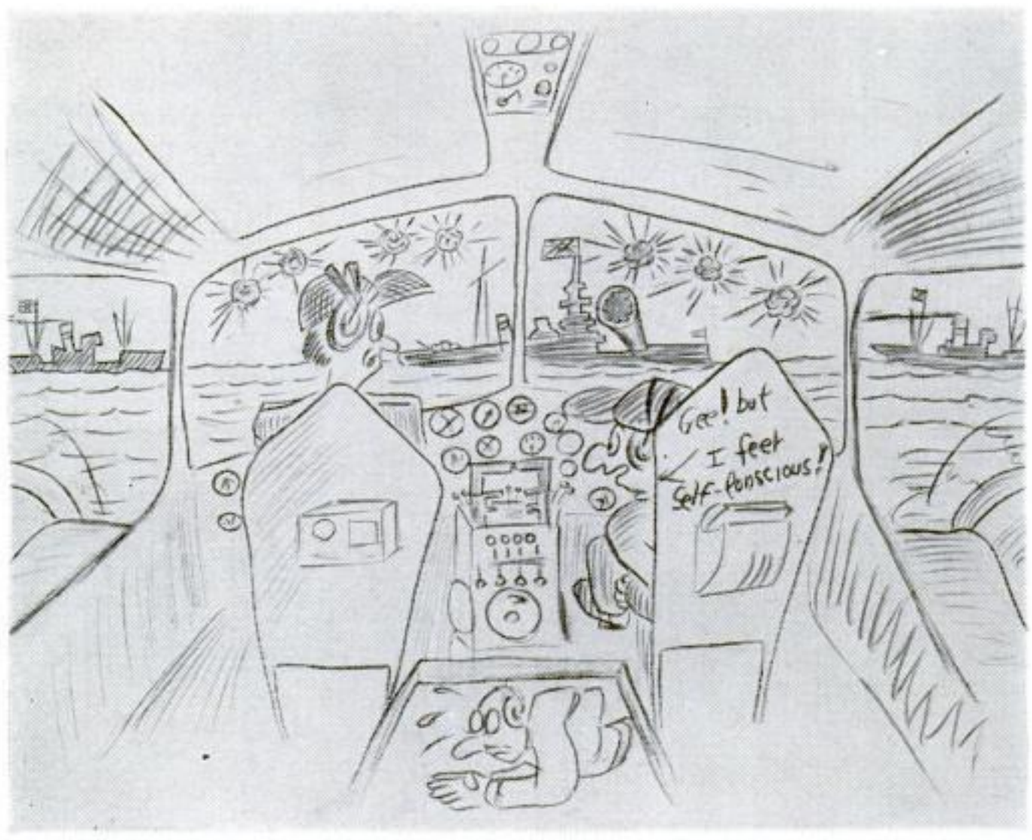
PICTURES TO THE EDITORS
(continued)

AIR-BORNE ART

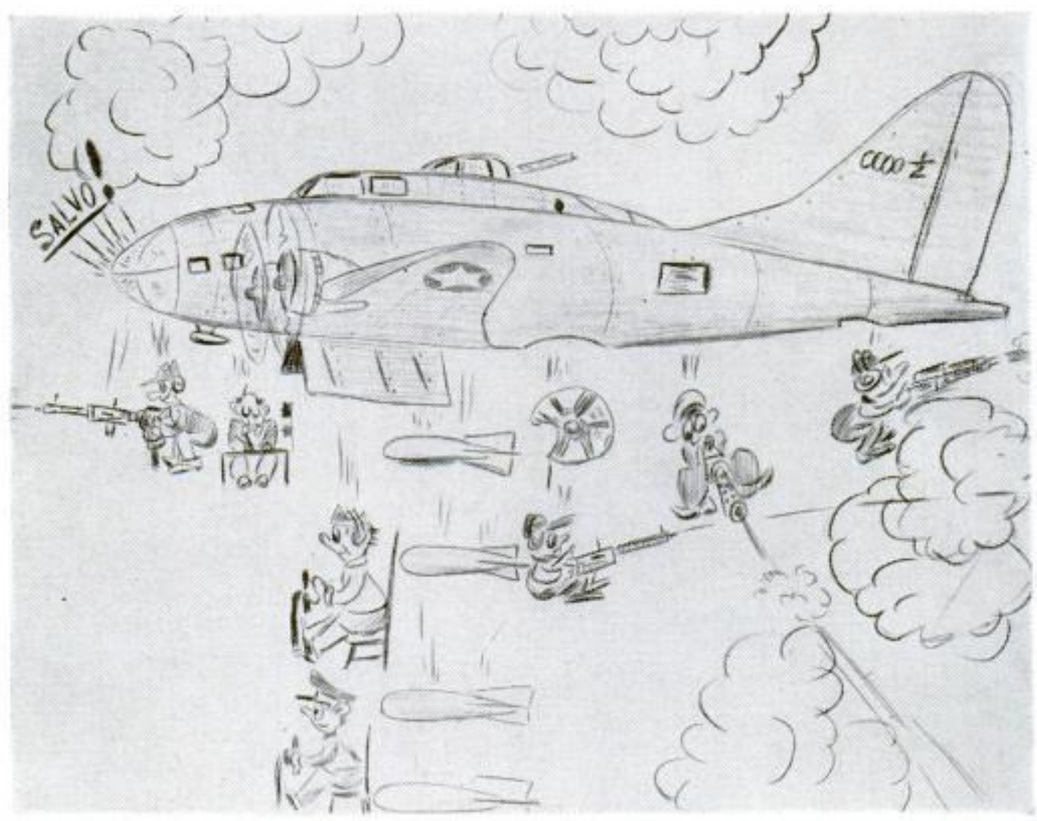
Sirs:

These sketches are intended to give you some insight into the lighter moments of the men who command Flying Fortresses over the wilds of New Guinea. They are the brain-children of Lieutenant Patrick Burke, bombardier from Sacramento, the artist, and Lieutenant J. C. Congleton, pilot, of West Virginia, who supplied the ideas. This team has turned out dozens of such drawings for the edification and amusement of fellow officers and men. They adorn the walls of our new officers' club, which were pitifully bare of decoration until Lieutenants Burke and Congleton got to work. Air Force men here in New Guinea are put to it to provide their own amusement. I think the nature of these drawings will prove morale here is pretty high despite the nature of our activities.

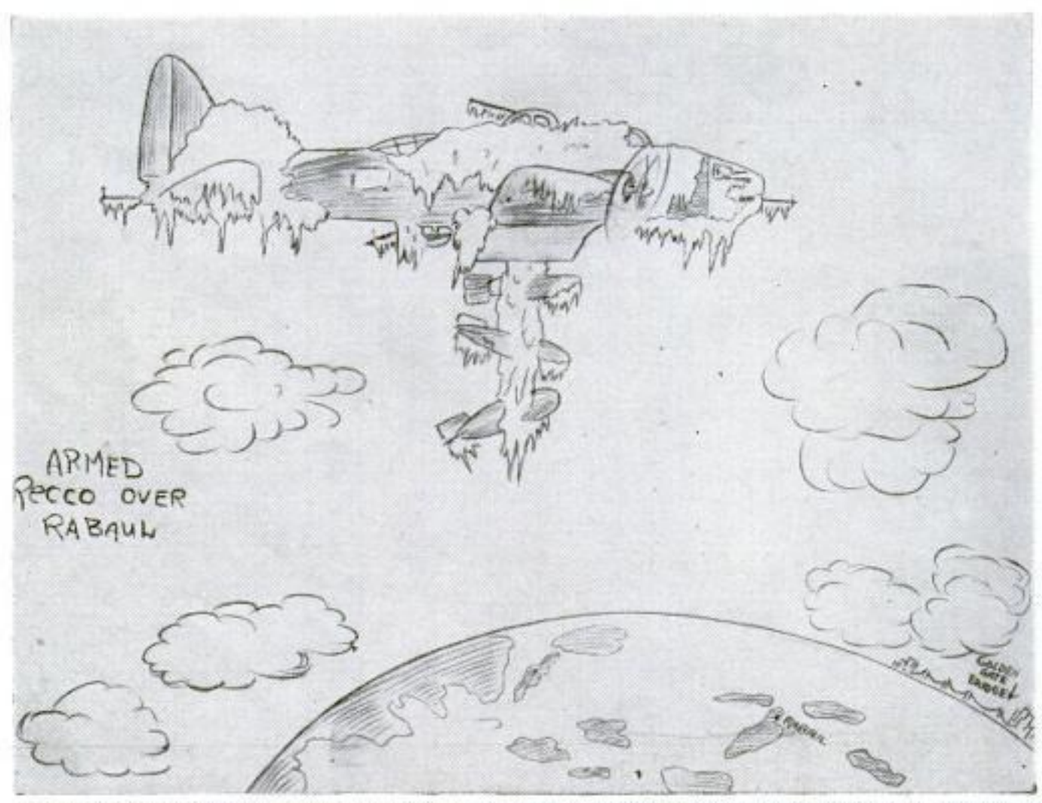
MAJOR RICHARD D. WAGNER
U.S. Army Air Forces
Somewhere in New Guinea



HERE PILOTS IN A UNIT FAMED FOR "SKIP BOMBING" LAUGH AT ITS HAZARDS



SALVO! AS BOMBS ARE RELEASED THE CREW MEMBERS UNEXPECTEDLY GO TOO



CREWMEN WOULD LIKE TO FLY THIS HIGH OVER THE ENEMY BASE AT RABAUL

SMOKERS
Here's Relief From "SMOKE STACK" THROAT!

Be smart! Don't let smoking make your throat feel like a smokestack. Enjoy a Luden's between smokes. Cool menthol clears out that "brown taste" in a jiffy.

5¢
EXTRA HELP LUDEN'S CONTROL OF ALKALINE FACTOR
LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS



NEW! LUDEN'S HONEY-LICORICE COUGH DROPS!
Here's a new flavor in cough relief by the makers of Luden's Menthol Cough Drops. Both are medicated. Both 5¢.

EVERBEST
Preserves and Jellies

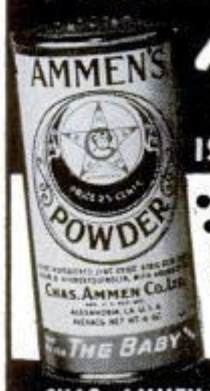
OLD FASHIONED TOMATO PRESERVES
This old-time conserve harks back to grandma's kitchen. To choice, red-cheeked tomatoes we add sugar, spices and lemon peel for a luscious melt-in-your-mouth spread. Pure delight on toast!



Please be patient if your grocer is temporarily out of EVERBEST PRODUCTS. Our armed forces must come first!

★ ★
Buy still MORE *war bonds*
★ ★

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IS BETTER BECAUSE



● IT'S ABSORBENT ● ANALGESIC ● ANTISEPTIC for Prickly Heat, Insect Bites Sunburn, Nettle Rash, Chafing, all minor skin and foot irritations.
At all good drug stores and toilet goods counters.

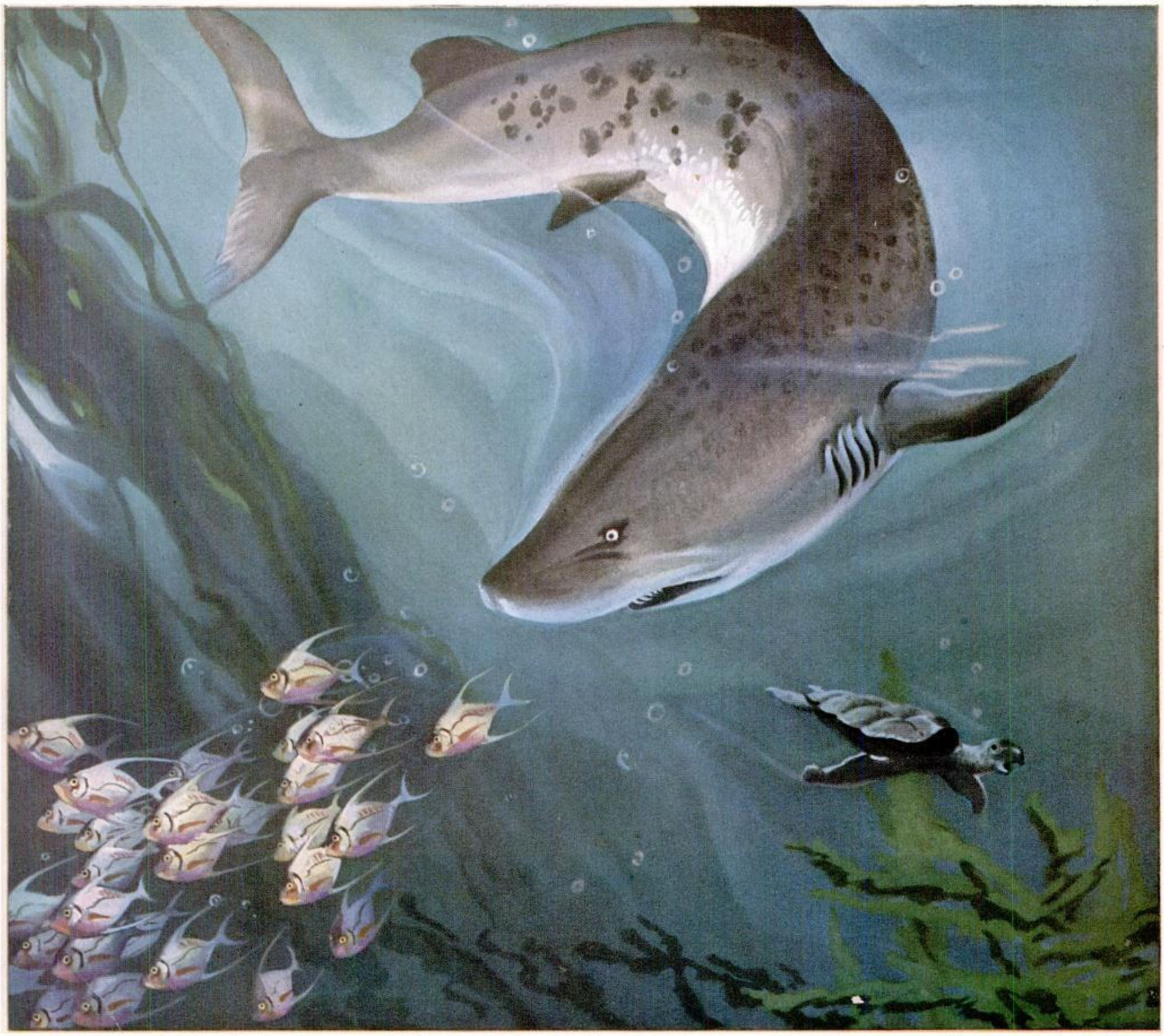
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MENDS 'MOST ANYTHING
Needs no mixing. Mends wood, glass, china, toys, etc. Ask for Iron Glue—largest selling 10¢ glue. Sold 'most everywhere. McCormick Sales Co., 408 Light Street, Baltimore, Md.



AN ELEPHANT FOR STRENGTH

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Mr. Big—no Banquets!

There can't be feasts for the big or there'll be oblivion for the little—that's why needed things must be rationed.

That's why we have rules and restrictions, and curbs and quotas—in fairness to all.

And no American who wants to see this thing through is going to overbuy if it means that someone else may be underfed. Or that someone else may have to do without.

And he will understand—if his dealer limits him to one bottle of IMPERIAL at a time—that this is an effort in fairness to all. An effort to distribute the available supply among as many as possible.

"No feasts" is the best assurance of no famine.

Blended whiskey. Eighty-six proof. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois. Copr. 1943.



IMPERIAL - it's "velveted"

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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They've Got What it Takes!



THEY DIVE AT 725 M.P.H.

THE PLANES

◆ They may not be what the doctor ordered for a quiet ride, but this new Thunderbolt fighter, built by Republic Aviation, is what the Axis asked for—and is going to get!

◆ What's it feel like? "Well," says Joe Parker *(at far right)*, who tests these Thunderbolts, "when you're diving that fast, you feel like you were a part of a solid piece of steel. And when it's over, I sure enjoy a Camel."

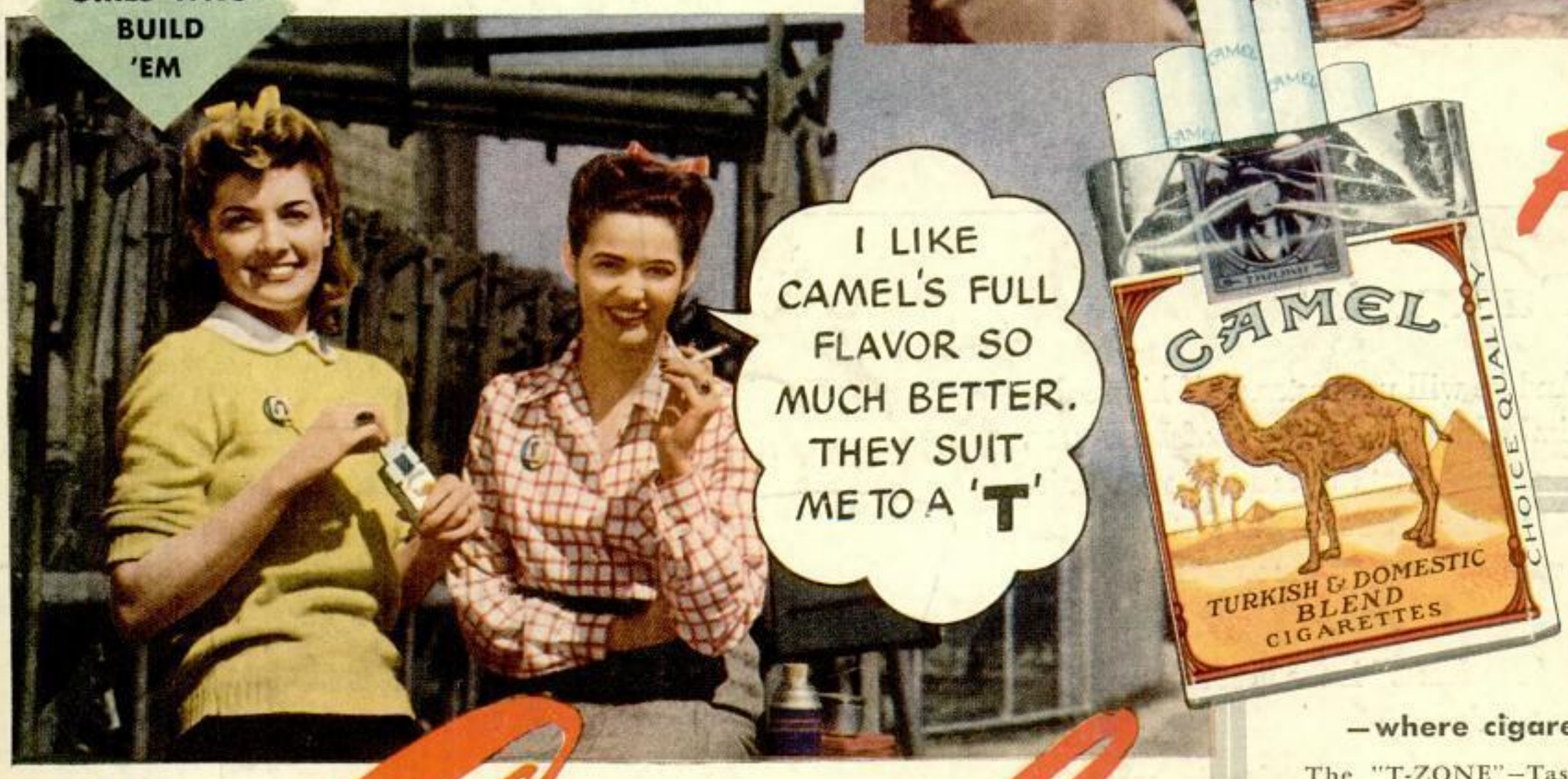
YOU can take it from the men who fly 'em—from Republic Aviation Corporation's chief test pilot Joe Parker *(below, right)* and the young fighter pilots with him: these new Thunderbolt fighters, the Army P-47's, they've got what it takes! And when you've wrestled one of these babies out of a screaming power-dive, you've earned a Camel. For Camels it is, with Joe Parker . . . with men in *all* the services.

THE MEN WHO FLY 'EM



◆ Lunch on the day shift—and then a Camel for these Thunderbolt workers below. Says Josephine Walz *(left)*: "I find Camels milder all ways." Adds Shirley Jordan *(right)*: "And no matter how much I smoke, Camels always hold their same fresh appeal."

THE GIRLS WHO BUILD 'EM



FIRST IN THE SERVICE

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.)

The "T Zone"

—where cigarettes are judged



The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you . . . and how it affects your throat. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

BUY WAR BONDS STAMPS

Camels

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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